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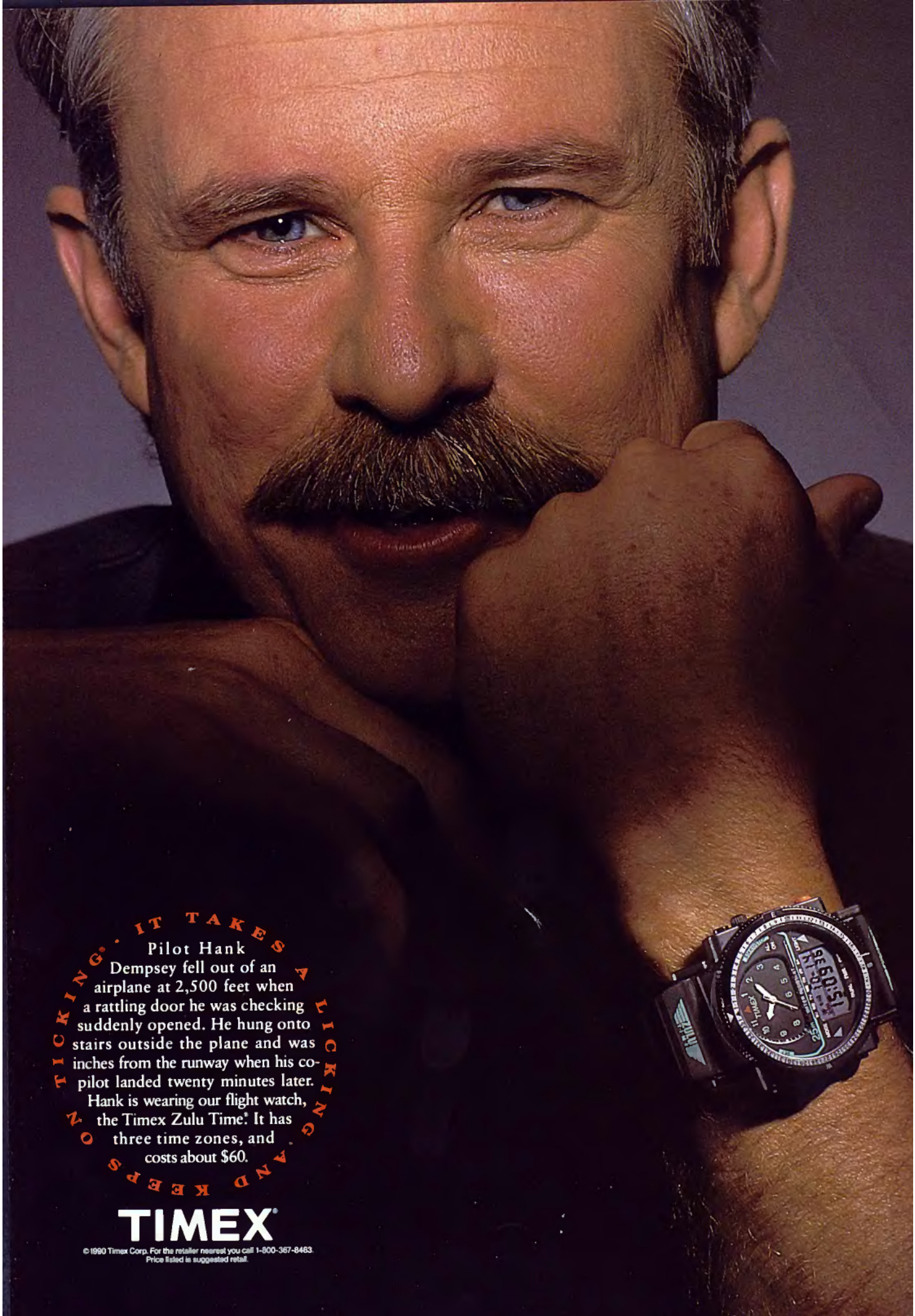
The most remarkable people in this world don't appear on movie screens or in sports arenas or on television tubes. They drive cabs and work in offices and operate machinery. They're just ordinary people like us who happened to have experienced something extraordinary. And survived.



Pilot Hank Dempsey fell out of an airplane at 2,500 feet when a rattling door he was checking suddenly opened. He hung onto stairs outside the plane and was inches from the runway when his co-pilot landed twenty minutes later. Hank is wearing our flight watch, the Timex Zulu Time.® It has three time zones, and costs about $60.

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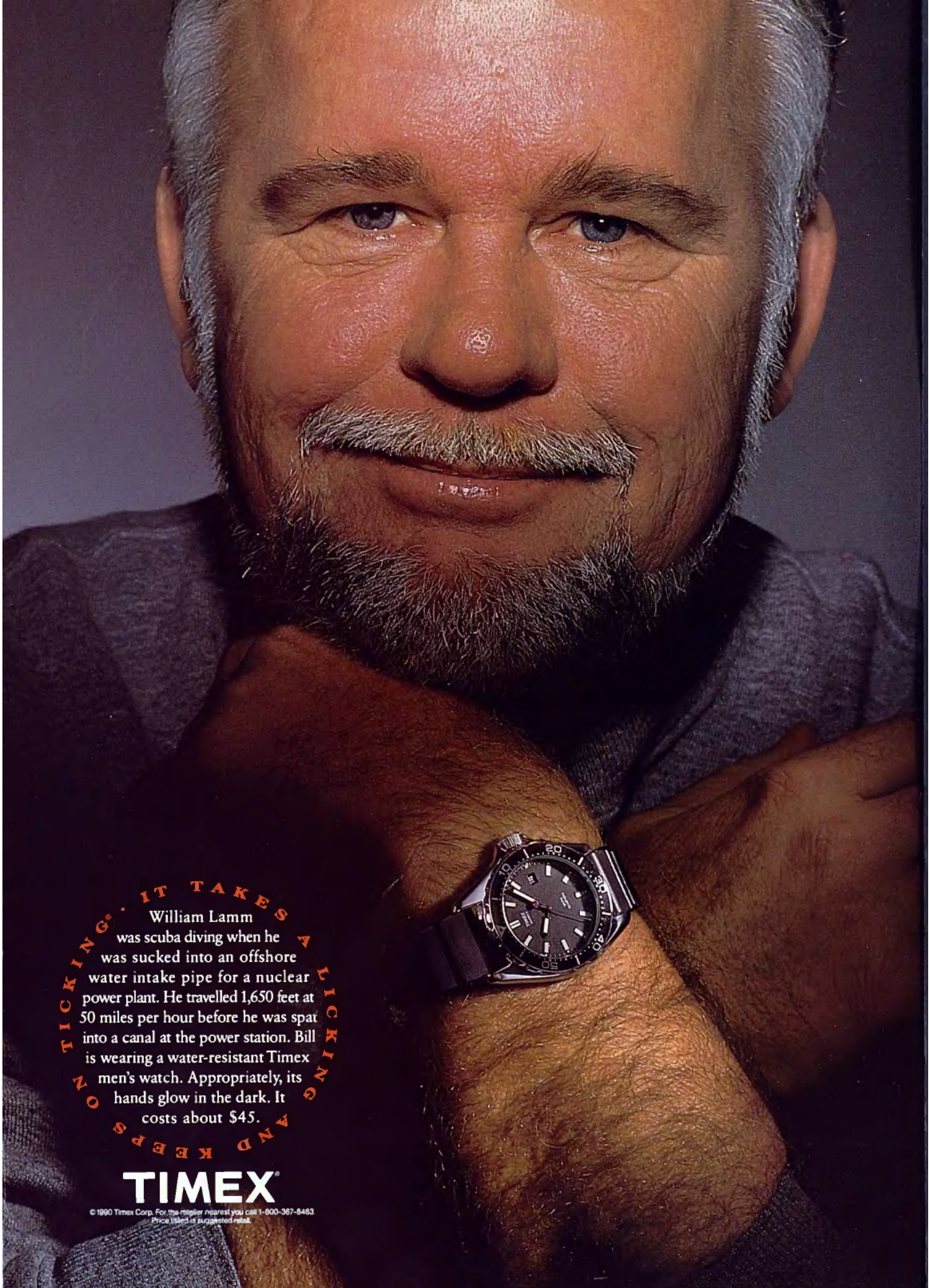

William Lamm was scuba diving when he was sucked into an offshore water intake pipe for a nuclear power plant. He travelled 1,650 feet at 50 miles per hour before he was spat into a canal at the power station. Bill is wearing a water-resistant Timex men's watch. Appropriately, its hands glow in the dark. It costs about $45.

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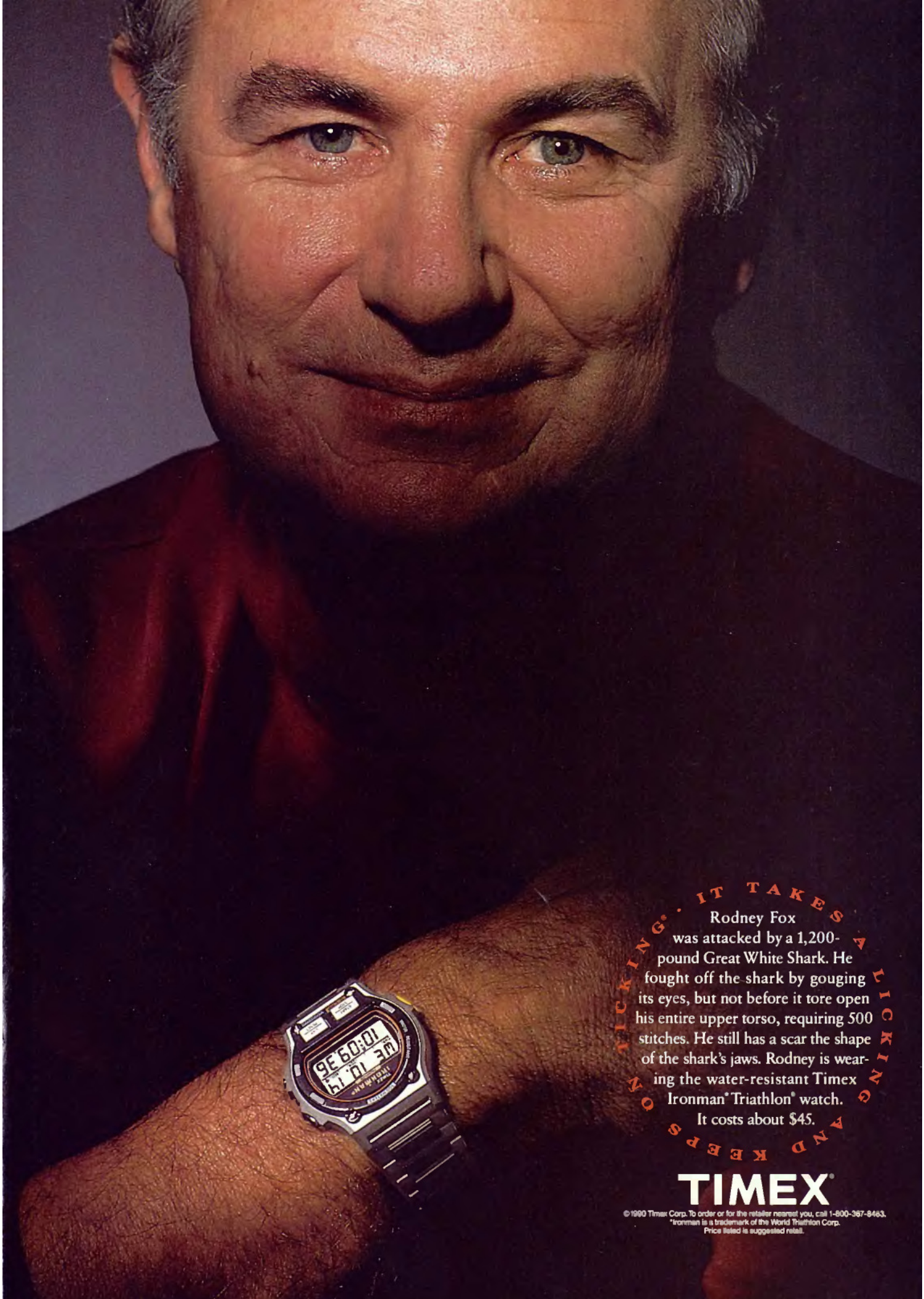

Rodney Fox was attacked by a 1,200-pound Great White Shark. He fought off the shark by gouging its eyes, but not before it tore open his entire upper torso, requiring 500 stitches. He still has a scar the shape of the shark's jaws. Rodney is wearing the water-resistant Timex Ironman® Triathlon® watch. It costs about $45.

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PLAYBOY OPENS the holiday season with a look at what we sometimes forget is the impetus behind all the baubles and lights in December. **Garry Wills,** our keenest student of Presidential elections, reminds us in *Under God* (also the title of his new book, from which this article was adapted) that religion is not only alive and well but growing in America—and remains a potent force in politics. Wills points out that nine in ten Americans have never doubted the existence of God. Eight in ten believe in a Judgment Day. Seven in ten believe in life after death. This article (illustrated by **Roger Brown**) underscores a notion we don't always recognize: Religion does not waver, only the attention of the observer does. Or put it another way: As you sit down to watch the Super Bowl next month, remember that more people go to church on Sunday than attend all professional sports events combined.

To add a note of holiday cheer, we sent **Dick Lochte** to interview **Jay Leno,** a man who spends more than half his nights on the road, making people laugh. "Traveling is just part of the job," says Leno, "but I don't think people want to hear some comedian whining about how bad life is. 'Hey, you're at the Marriott! You're getting paid a lot of dough! Shut up, please!' " He deserves every penny. As we were going to press, Jay was planning to do USO concerts in the Persian Gulf. Can you imagine Leno of Arabia on the back of a Vincent Black Shadow, riding across the desert sands? And you thought Vegas was tough?

E. Jean Carroll's last piece for *Playboy* was titled *In Search of Primitive Man*, about her venture into the jungles of New Guinea. She has continued the trek from Stone Age village to electronic village with her revealing profile of **Peter Jennings** in *The Kiss of the Anchor Man*. That's right—we said kiss. Because behind that trusty, lantern-jawed, silver-voiced image beats the heart of a sexy guy. Just ask the women in his life; our writer did and came up with some lip-smacking insights. The article is based on research for a book of interviews on TV news to be published next year. We wonder what the women in Brokaw's and Rather's lives have to say.

The holidays are also an occasion for a triple-bill fiction package. Consider them the ghosts of Christmas past, Christmas present and Christmas future. **Stanley Elkin** brings us Christmas past with *The MacGuffin*, an excerpt from his new novel published by Simon & Schuster. The story looks at the comings and groanings of courtship in the Fifties, and the hero explains how he ended up marrying his college sweetheart: "Because he loved her, because no one could hold his tongue in someone else's mouth for 80 out of the past 100 nights without developing a certain fondness for the head as a whole, the neck and everything it rested on." Nowadays, people look back at the Fifties as a time of romance, not repression. Elkin's wry story will remind you of hard times in the good old days. **Thomas Berger,** best known as the author of *Little Big Man* and *Neighbors*, gives us a blackly humorous vision of the present. *Gibberish* recounts a day in the life of Ken Phipps, who wakes up to find that he can't understand a word anyone is saying, and that the people around him misunderstand what he says. **Charles Bragg,** whose illustrations seem to come from the Grimm imagination of fairy tales, provides the art. Maybe Phipps should have tried President Bush's "Read my lips" line. For another dimension to the holiday spirit, we give you **Ursula K. Le Guin's** *Unlocking the Air*. In the mid-Seventies, the Nebula- and Hugo-award-winning science-fiction writer invented a country called Orsinia for a collection of stories, called simply *Orsinian Tales*. She uses the lens of fiction to respond to the events that have swept Europe in the past year. Freedom is the ultimate Christmas present. Her mythical Orsinia, long repressed, opens up; its citizens, apprehensive and hopeful, react. The last scene, of crowds gathered in the square, shaking

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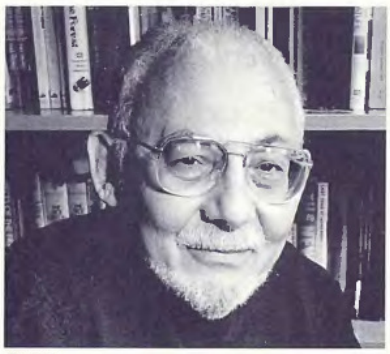
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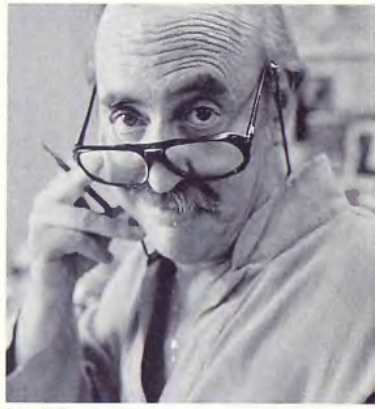
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keys to create a silvery hymn to freedom, is a vision you will carry into the future. **Mel Odom** supplied the visuals.

In *Hooked on the Andaman Sea*, **Al Goldstein,** the notorious journalist, hedonist, *boulevardier* and weight-loss victim, heads off to Thailand in search of the perfect trophy sailfish. What he catches and what he learns while chasing the big one should inspire the sportsman in all of us. Now we hear Goldstein's running for sheriff—of Broward County, Florida—on a First Amendment ticket. You remember the First Amendment: It's the one that lets you get *Playboy*, say what you please and meet with whomever you like. **Robert Scheer's** *Reporter's Notebook* looks at a potential threat to those rights: the homophobia of the new conservatives. A political group that espouses individual liberty has a blind spot when it comes to sexual preferences, urging state intrusion into private lives. Some observers are concerned that with the defrosting of the Cold War, the search for new enemies and new wars will turn inward. Will gay-bashing replace Red-baiting? Maybe we should all make a holiday resolution: Until sexual freedom is guaranteed for all, it exists for none.

Enough seriousness. Next thing you know, we'll be asking you to give your Christmas bonus to charity. Actually, we talked with only one—the folks at NASA. If our space cadets had the budget of, say, the S&L bail-out, what would they spend it on? Our spy in the sky gives us stocking stuffers for the high-tech set. What about gifts in the less-than-12-figure category? Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook,** golf nut, Rotisserie League titan and nice guy, assembled a list of the *Best Gifts Ever Given*. Articles Editor **John Rezek** put together a travel feature for people who are *Not Home for the Holidays*, about where to get away from the madding crowds. Free-lance writer, home owner and stand-up comedian **Robert S. Wieder** contributes a nifty feature: *Celebrity Christmas Cards*, with holiday wishes from the rich and famous. Since Wieder is neither rich nor famous but would like to be both, he asked us to tell the world that he is performing comedy at the Holy City Zoo in San Francisco on December 14 and 15, and that he could use a plug. (Gee, that was easy. Maybe we should audition for Jay Leno's job.) According to Wieder, the Christmas-card gig worked out so well he is creating a light opera based on the suicide notes of historical figures.

Forget what other people want for Christmas. We know what stocking stuffers we like: Most of them are celebrated in **Jim Harwood's** annual *Sex Stars* feature, for which Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet** collected the pictures. Since you've been very good this year, we added a *20 Questions* with **Elizabeth Perkins** (**Tom Hanks's** sexy co-star in *Big*) and a pictorial on **Sherilyn Fenn,** of *Twin Peaks* and knotted cherry stems. **Barry Hollywood** snapped the shutter and **Glenn O'Brien** gathered the inside information for *Fenn-tastic!* Rounding out the visual treats—*A Field Guide to the Birds of Britain*, shot by photographer **Byron Newman,** and a smashing Playmate, **Morgan Fox.** Christmas is the time of year when we yield to the most craven materialistic fantasies. Doing our part to fuel capitalism and show the spoils of the Cold War, we present our annual *Christmas Gift Guide* (photographed by **Don Azuma**) and something that will really ignite stuff lust, a look through Contributing Photographer **Richard Izui's** lens at *Million-Dollar Babies*. Remember when you had wet dreams over the 1962 Ferrari 250 GTO Berlinetta, which at $19,500 was probably a whole year's salary? One just sold for almost $11,000,000. Our automotive expert **Ken Gross** discusses the phenomenon and points out a few collectibles worth acquiring now. Face it, the cost of adrenaline has spiraled over the years. Now a pair of high-performance skis costs as much as what you paid for your first car. But they are worth it: Just glance at Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne's** *Powder Play* (a downhill-skiwear-and-gear collection to let you experience a white Christmas in style).

Tired of Christmas carolers? Turn to the *Playboy Jazz and Rock Poll*, fill it out and put it in the mail. Enter the Hall of Fame sweepstakes for the chance to win a Volkswagen Corrado. Want holiday spirit? Study *Glas Act*, **John Oldcastle's** sampling of premium vodkas, pour one, pull up a chair and settle down for **J. B. Handelsman's** *'Twas the Night Before Christmas*. We've tried to make this a holiday issue you'll never forget.

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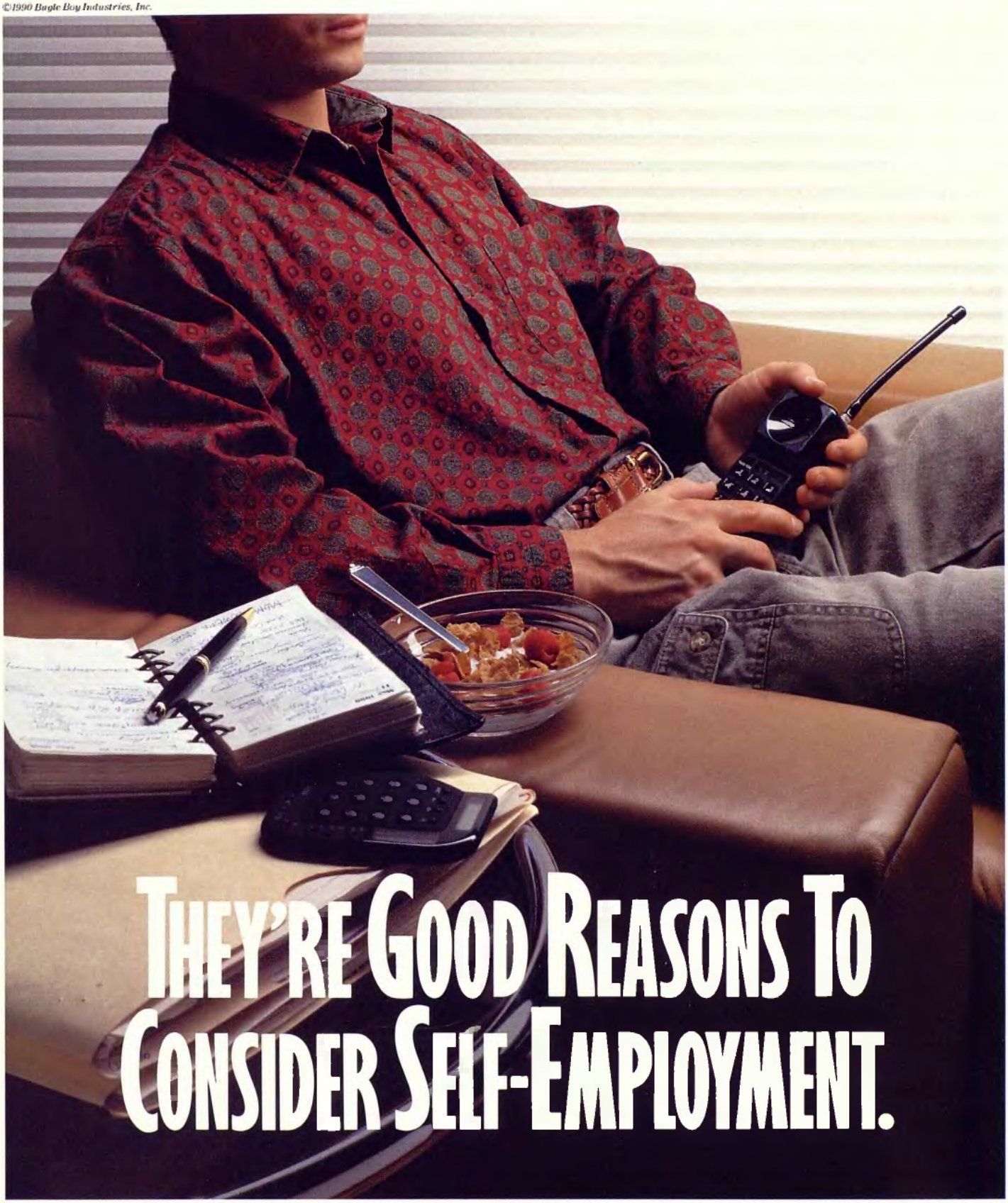

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vol. 37, no. 12—december 1990

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COVER STORY

Meet Sherilyn Fenn, the femme fatale of *Twin Peaks* who used her magic tongue and a cherry stem to create one of TV's sexiest moments. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by L.A. Rep's Denise Steiner and shot by Barry Hollywood. Thanks to Profile's Paul Starr for Sherilyn's make-up, L.A. Rep's Angelo Di Biase for her hair and Butler & Wilson, L.A., for her elegant jewelry. Our Rabbit adds splash to the sash.

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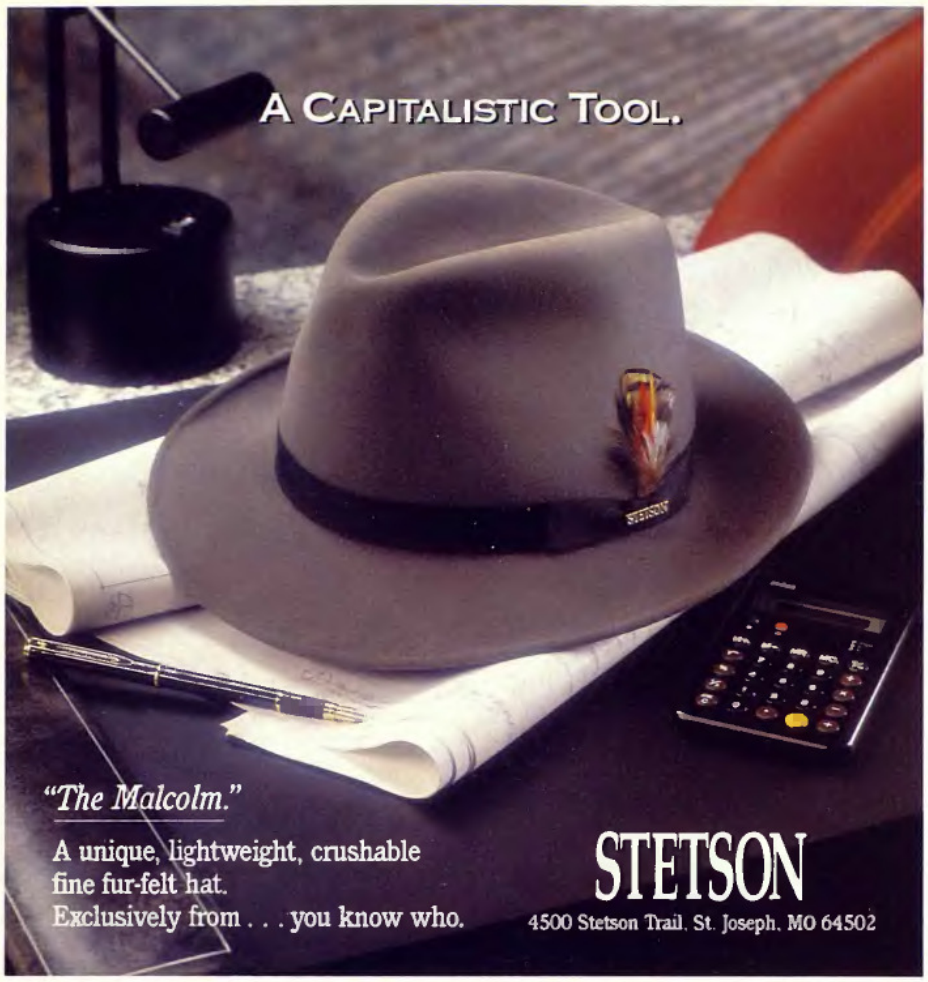
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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RICKEY HENDERSON

Until I read Lawrence Linderman's *Playboy Interview* with Rickey Henderson in the September issue, I had always thought of Henderson as nothing more than a talented hot dog without a functional brain cell. I was truly startled to discover how bright this guy is and how articulate he can be. His description of a good lead-off batter's job—trying to get the opposing pitcher to show every pitch he has so that he can tell his teammates what to look for—is classic. I coach a pony-league baseball team every summer and from now on, I'm going to give every kid who leads off for me a copy of Henderson's description of his job.

Lee Thomas
Los Angeles, California

I was amazed and touched that a man with such a gargantuan ego as Rickey Henderson's could actually break down in tears when discussing the death of Billy Martin. However, I wonder if, were the situation reversed, Martin would have cried over the loss of Henderson.

Frank Allen
Washington, D.C.

LITTLE TYRANNIES

In his article "Keeping the Sin Out of Cincinnati," in the August *Forum*, Stephen Chapman states, "This policy [prosecuting purveyors of 'objectionable' material] gets noticed in the rest of the country only in exceptionally absurd cases."

Long before the Robert Mapplethorpe exhibition, local "authorities" were abridging the rights of artists to express and create. In 1970, I (then a high school art teacher in Fulton, New York, working on my master's at SUNY, Oswego) was instructed by a school administrator to forbid my students to work with the colors red, white and blue, because those were the colors of our country. I was also told to keep a "suspects list" and that I must report all student confidences to him. I was warned that if I didn't do those things, he would see that I never worked again.

The place to look for tyrants in America is not in Washington but in the small towns across the nation, where "the policy gets noticed only in exceptionally absurd cases."

Many good people are silenced and relegated to obscurity, their credibility destroyed by the lies and innuendoes of petty tyrants armed with the authority of school principal, school superintendent, county sheriff, town supervisor, highway superintendent or, perhaps, arts-council president. Alexis de Tocqueville warned more than 100 years ago that America might become a nation of petty tyrants. Forums such as yours provide a valuable—indeed, precious—vehicle in which to fight such abuses.

Archie Q. White, President
and Executive Director
County Arts Council
Hebron, New York

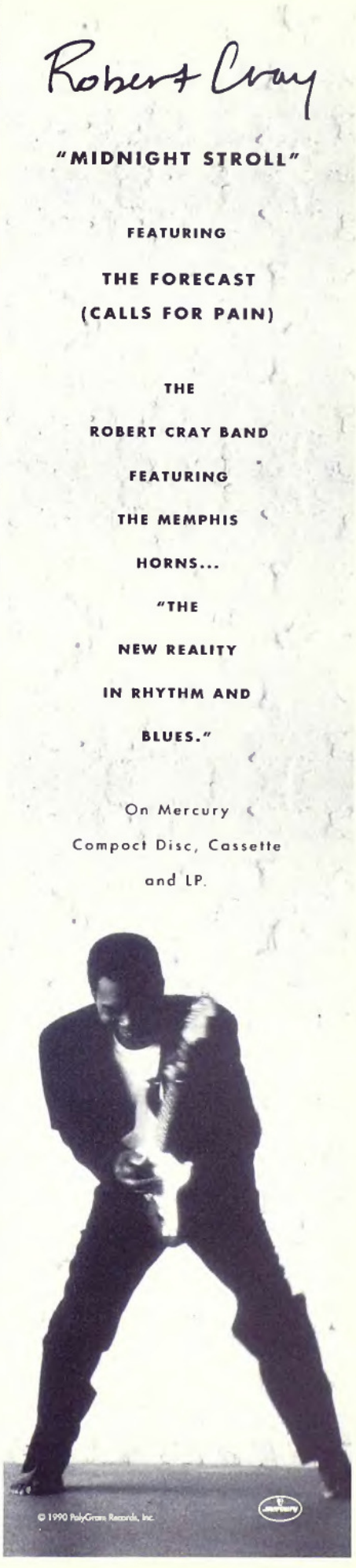
CAPTIVE HONOR

The article *Captive Honor*, by Geoffrey Norman, in the September issue tells an incredible story. Unfortunately, the story continues. On the day that our POWs were released, the Vietnamese checked off their names as they went to the table and the Americans did the same. However, the American team had the names of more than 70 additional men (the so-called discrepancy cases) who were thought to be alive and in the prison system. Not one of them has been returned alive.

Nearly 600 men disappeared in Laos. The Laotians claimed on many occasions to have American prisoners. To this day, not one has come home.

A $2,400,000 reward, pledged by 21 Congressmen and a few businessmen, has been offered to any Asian who returns an American POW.

On October 3, 1988, a reporter and I were captured in Laos passing out money with the reward message stamped on it. We were held for 41 days and then



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expelled from the country.

I am enclosing a copy of a Defense Intelligence Agency cable dated November 1988, the time of my release. It describes how a Laotian went to the Joint Casualty Resolution Center in the U.S. embassy in Bangkok, told them he had 260 Americans in his camp, provided photographs of nine of them and asked how to get the reward. He was told not to be too quick to believe every rumor one hears.

When I asked the agency's Colonel Joseph Schlatter about the cable, he claimed that the DIA had never received any photos and that the information was unverifiable. He explained away everything except why an agency of our Government was discouraging the return of American Servicemen who had been abandoned long ago by implying to people in Asia that the reward was just a rumor.

The final chapter has yet to be written.

Jim Copp
Hampstead, North Carolina

Your article on the POWs is incomplete in that it makes no mention of the POWs who are still held captive in Southeast Asia.

In my work as a POW activist, I have met many returned POWs and have seen a common bond among all of them: their overpowering concern for their countrymen who have not yet returned. Many, such as Red McDaniel and former Senator Jeremiah Denton, have devoted their lives to the frustrating task of obtaining the release of our POWs.

Perhaps their plight is a subject for another article, but at least they should be given honorable mention.

Gloria Pollard, Colorado Coordinator
The Release Foundation
Meeker, Colorado

PLAYMATE BETTER THAN COFFEE

We are sure everyone in the U.S. is aware of the current Persian Gulf crisis and the American troops in the Middle East. We, the pilots of the 33rd Tactical Fighter Squadron, are among those over here to defend and execute U.S. interests and policies.

We are not writing, though, to talk about the political situation but to thank *Playboy* and Miss December 1989, Petra Verkaik, for helping us make the longest (16½ hours) nonstop flight in history in single-engine, single-seat fighter aircraft. Very few people understand what it takes to complete a flight like that. One thing that all pilots are familiar with is check lists. Well, intermixed throughout our deployment check lists that detail air routes, in-flight refueling points, emergency divert bases and navigation points were pictures of Miss December. As some of us were about to fall asleep before our 12th air-to-air refueling, a glance at the well-proportioned Playmate gave us the energy and motivation to stay alert! Across the Atlantic, over the Strait of Gibraltar, over Sardinia, Italy, Greece, Egypt, the Red Sea and on to our final destination, Petra traveled with us in the most combat-capable, sophisticated fighter in the world—the F-16.

33rd Tactical Fighter Squadron
APO New York, New York

Always glad to do our part for our men overseas, guys.

KLIBAN

Shortly after I received my September issue of *Playboy*, I read about the death of B. Kliban, the cat creator and frequent contributor to *Playboy*. Kliban always made me laugh. I'm sure I echo the sentiments of many other readers who enjoyed his cartoons in saying that Kliban will be missed.

John Shellenberg
Offutt AFB, Nebraska

We, too, regret the loss of such a talented cartoonist. However, you and other fans should know that we're planning a Kliban retrospective for our January issue, including

DO NOT WASTE FOOD
DO NOT SPILL WATER
WASH PAWS AFTER EATING
KEEP CAT BOX NEAT
REMEMBER, YOU ARE A GUEST IN THIS HOUSE!
NO MICE IN HOUSE!
KITTY

some of his funniest cartoons published in Playboy *over the past two decades. You can also be heartened by the knowledge that* Playboy *owns a sizable collection of his unpublished cartoons, so we'll be able to keep his wonderfully mordant vision alive for many issues to come.*

PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST UPDATE

While Gary Cole is proudly carrying the flame lit by the late Anson Mount, he needs to pay a little more attention to this year's N.F.L. play-off changes in format (*Playboy's Pro Football Forecast*, September). Three teams, not two, from each conference are being included as wild cards in this season's play-offs. According to Cole, the Redskins, the Lions and the Packers are slated to go 9–7 in the N.F.C., and the A.F.C. has the Broncos and the Oilers 9–7. Who else gets in, Gary?

Craig A. Gummer
San Francisco, California

Cole's reply: Oops! Of course you're right. We discussed the change in the wild-card format in our article but then neglected to include the additional teams in our winners' chart.

Something in our nature must have rebelled at the thought of the N.F.L.'s making its play-off system similar to the N.H.L.'s, a format that renders the regular season almost meaningless.

The omitted wild-card picks: Houston in the A.F.C., Washington in the N.F.C.

CHARLIE SHEEN

Laurence Gonzales' profile of Charlie Sheen (*Charlie Sheen Goes to War*, *Playboy*, September) reveals once again that actors by and large are empty vessels into which someone pours an idea. Unfortunately, being surrounded by a coterie of slobbering sycophants and being paid amounts of money disproportionate to their value to society, they develop an unrealistic sense of their own importance.

While showing these generalities to be only too true for Charlie Sheen, Gonzales gives us insight into not only the son but his father, Martin Sheen, as well. With all the senior Sheen's professed concerns about injustices, he has been able to do no better than to raise a sadistic monster whose first reaction to the sight of a microwave oven is, "Let's get a hamster and a video camera."

Roger Brincker
Fort MacLeod, Alberta

RUBBER JUMP

I just finished reading Craig Vetter's article *Rubber Jump* (*Playboy*, September) and am disappointed that there is no information about how to contact Bungee Adventures. I've been interested in bungee jumping for some time but have no idea how to go about it. I would greatly appreciate any information you can give me.

Gregory P. Amer
Fort Richardson, Alaska

Write to Bungee Adventures, 2218 Old Middlefield Way, Suite G, Mountain View, California 94043.

A REAL DISH

In the Sixties, you published a recipe for steak Diane to be prepared entirely at the table, using a chafing dish.

I have attempted but have been unable to locate the issue that contains this recipe. Any help you can give me would be greatly appreciated.

Earl S. Tate
Longview, Texas

Glad to help, Earl. That recipe has probably been used by more bachelors than any other for a romantic dinner for two. "Table Steaks" ran in the September 1969 issue of Playboy.

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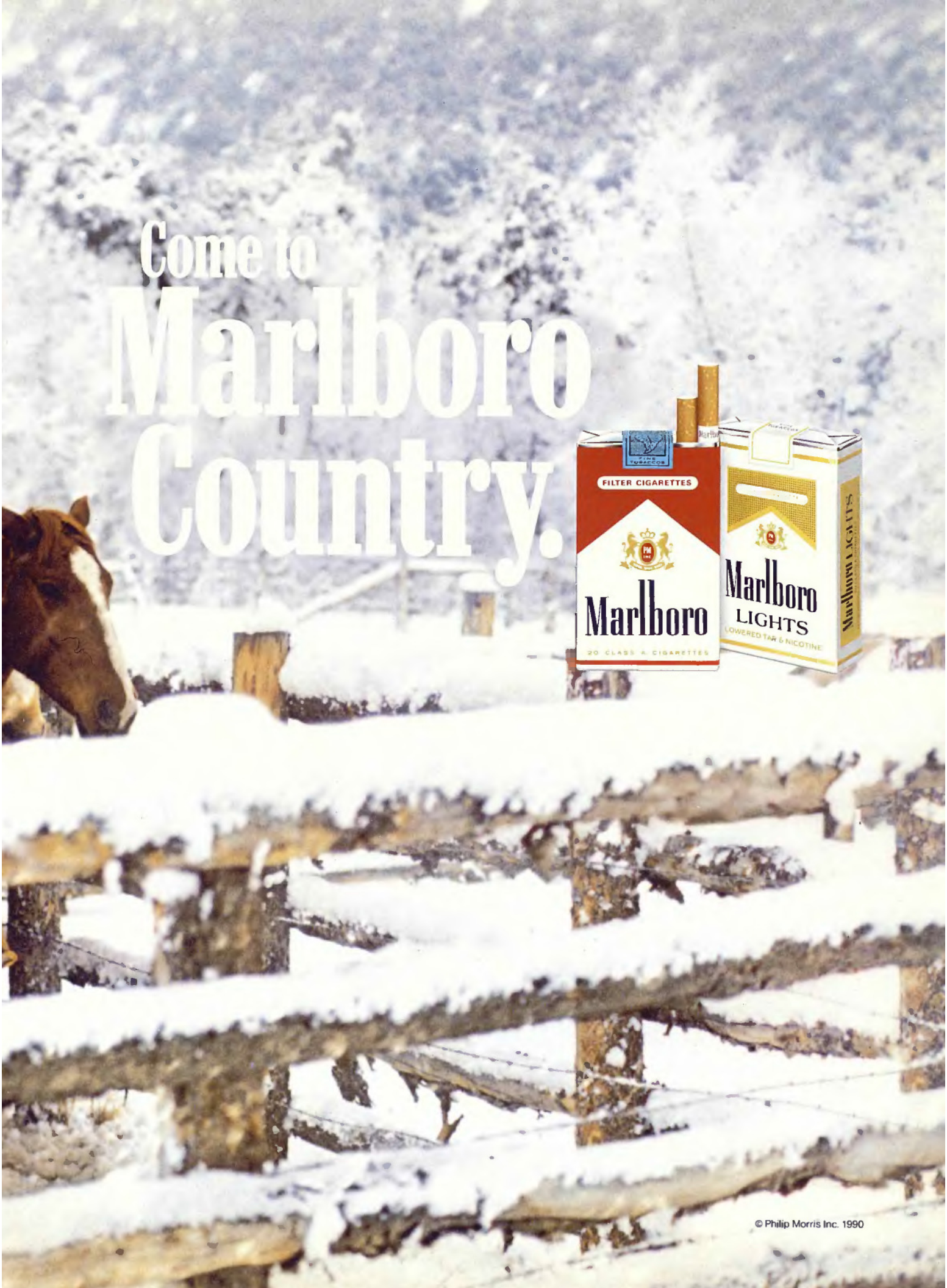
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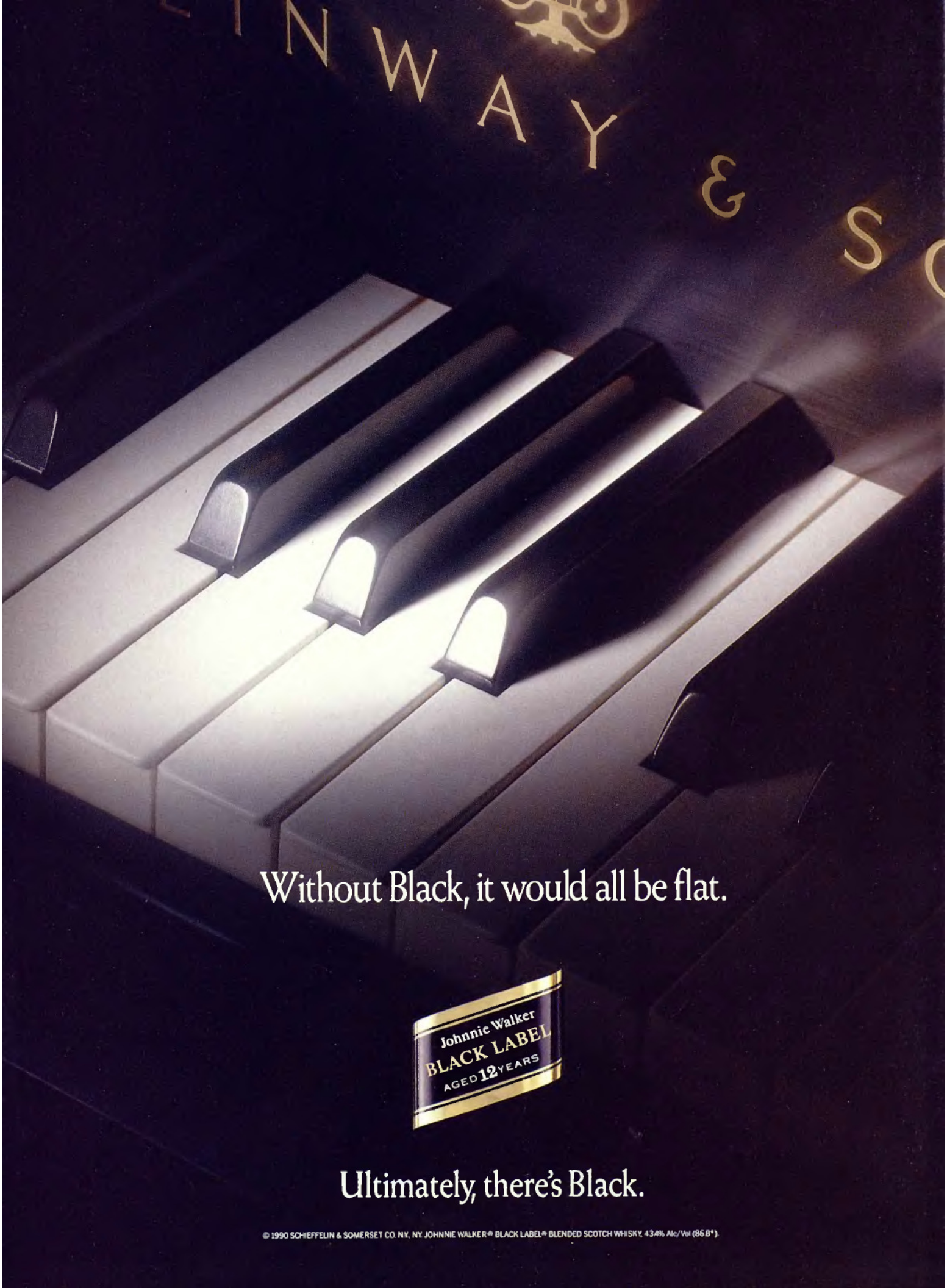

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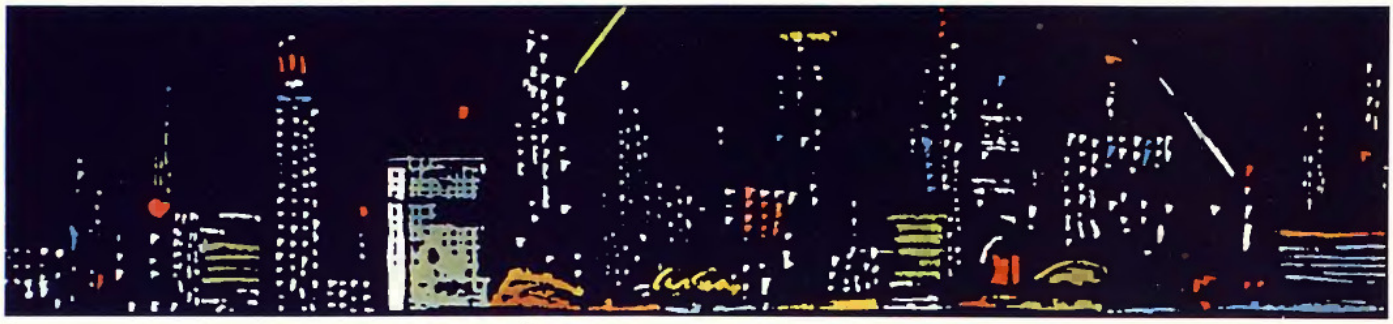
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SWINGING TIME

The black swing bands of the Thirties were the ultimate in rhythm machines, and now a group of New Yorkers has found a way to put them into a time machine. Once a week, The New York Swing Dance Society turns The Cat Club into the Savoy Ballroom—Harlem's Home for Happy Feet—with a live band and a dance floor full of lindy hoppers. The scene swings around Frankie Manning, a member of the original Whitey's Lindy Hoppers, who performed at the Savoy, and winner of a Tony for his choreography of *Black and Blue* on Broadway. Today's bands include musicians who actually performed at the Savoy, such as guitarist Al Casey, whose recording career started with Fats Waller. But most players, such as the members of 30-year-old saxist and Goodman scholar Loren Schoenberg's 18-piece band, hadn't even been born when the Savoy closed.

The inspiration for the society came from Manning's annual monthlong trips to Scandinavia to teach the jitterbug. "Those Swedes are just crazy for black jitterbugging," explains Rebecca Reitz, one of the society's board members. "Our goal is to keep the music and the dancing sustaining each other. This isn't nostalgia night for people to sit around and listen to medleys of big-band themes."

Dancers young enough to be his grandchildren flock to the lessons that Manning gives. And this time, the time warp has a real Nineties benefit: For keeping in shape, it's a lot more sociable than jogging in the park.

FAR EAST STOMP

With the possible exception of San Franciscans, nobody's more conscious of earthquakes than residents of Tokyo. Which explains why hyperkinetic rock-concert fans are worrying the Japanese construction ministry. Seems they've taken to jumping up and down to express their enthusiasm, resulting in one case, on the second floor of the 10,000-seat Budokan arena, of a jolt recorded as equivalent to a four on the Richter scale. At a private club in a Tokyo suburb, the practice has created large cracks in the floor. Ministry officials are urging music lovers to do a little less footwork.

EUROPEAN SUITS

In the land that gave the world Perry Mason and Judge Wapner, it's easy to assume that America holds permanent title to the cup in the arena of litigational oddities. But we take some comfort in noting that we aren't without our competitors abroad.

Take the lawsuit filed by an Italian man and woman over an "accidental" pregnancy that occurred at a popular *parco di amore* in Naples. While they were engaged in traditional amorous activities in a Fiat Panda (now, *that* we'd like to see), the car was rear-ended by another—inevitably larger—vehicle. The impact caused a momentary loss of control, which in turn resulted in unplanned parenthood. The couple is seeking damages from the insurance company to cover the cost of auto repairs and an unanticipated wedding.

Near Marseilles, another loss of control led to a $1,000,000 suit filed by a French teenager, but in this case, the wedding is off. An 18-year-old woman is seeking emotional damages inflicted at a swimming party. Rather than seek out the W.C., she found relief in the pool. Unfortunately, four classmates had thoughtfully laced the pool with a chemical that turns water red in the presence of urine. The woman claims the incident caused her fiancé to break off their engagement and necessitated eight months of psychiatric counseling.

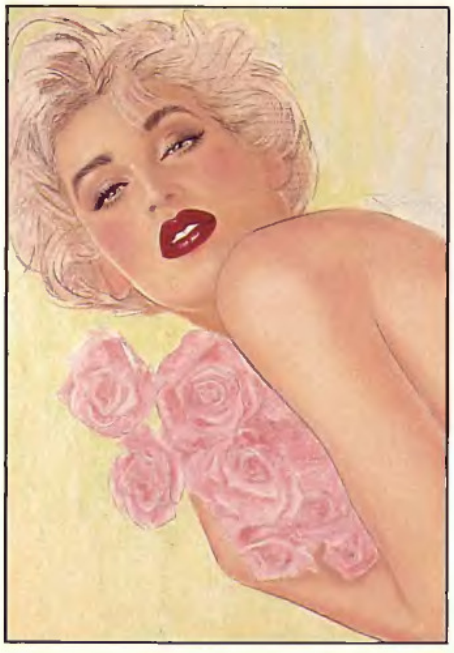


ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

HOG BUTCHER

The wild West is alive and well, albeit semimechanized, in Montana.

Near the town of Ronan, a 40-year-old lonesome cowboy donned a full suit of Western gear, including chaps, mounted his horse and took off in the direction of his ex-girlfriend's place. There he discovered a Harley-Davidson parked outside her mobile home.

According to police reports, the cowpoke allegedly roped the cycle, dragged it out onto the lawn, shot it in the cylinder head with a rifle, remounted his horse and rode off into the sunrise. He was subsequently apprehended and charged with felony assault and criminal mischief.

HEAVY DIETING

According to the Center for Science in the Public Interest, the regular Taco Bell taco contains 183 calories; the Taco Light has 410. At presstime, Taco Bell had just announced it had phased out the Taco Light.

RABBIT, DO YOUR THING

The rabbit may be the last creature you expected to see on the Federal endangered-species list, but *Sylvilagus palustris hefneri*, which got its unique name because the Playboy Foundation funded the work that led to its scientific description as a new subspecies about ten years ago, has made it. The dark-brown bunny, which now numbers only about 200, resides exclusively in the marshes of the Florida Keys. Maybe there were too many bachelors among them.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

TEEN TALK

Nothing is older than old slang. *Groovy?* And nothing is newer or more cutting-edge than teenage slang. But who over the age of 21 can speak it? With that thought in mind, we've put together this glossary of what's on the tip of teen tongues today, linguistically speaking. Our thanks to Paul Dickson's *Slang! The Topic-by-Topic Dictionary of Contemporary American Lingoes.*

•

agro: mad; pissed off.
ass out: in trouble.

•

bake: to smoke marijuana.
bald: bad; terrible.
beat: terrible.
betty: a hot girl.
biftad: a preppie (as in "Say, Biff!" "Yes, Tad?" according to the *San Francisco Chronicle*).
biscuit: easy.
buff: muscular; tough.
burly: a hard thing to accomplish.
burn: (1) to be put down; (2) a put-down (as in "What a burn, Dad").
buzza: What's up?

•

chuborian: fatty.
cob: not cool; dopey.
costing: expensive (as in shoes that look costing).
cozy: dull or lacking in interest.
crushin': looking good, especially clothes.
cujine: cousin; same as homeboy, but in an Italian neighborhood. Female version: *cujette.*

•

daddylac: an expensive car that has been given to a young driver by his or her parents.
def: outstanding; terrific.
dis/diss: to show disrespect; to harass.
dual: good.
duker: massive bowel movement.

•

fat: nice; good.
fresh: fine; very good.
full hank: nerd.

•

gank: flirt.
gay: not cool; totally stupid.
geed: looking good.
gel: to relax.
get naked: not what it seems, but rather a way to say "get going."
"Get up!": "Good job!"
goob/gooker: nerd; loser. But "to gooker" is to spit through one's two front teeth.
"Good answer!": cool; good—from the *Family Feud* television show.
gooey: girlfriend.
guns: muscles.

•

hein: person who is ugly and/or possessed of a rotten personality.
hittin': good-tasting.
homeboy: a neighborhood friend.
hubba: stupid.

•

jank: all-purpose noun.
joanin': insulting publicly (as in "They were joanin' me about my car").
junks: basketball shoes, especially expensive ones.

•

lampin': hanging out, as one does when standing by a lamppost.
load: car.
loaf: a fat person.

•

money: friend.
"My bad": "My mistake."

•

queef: fart.

•

rack up: kick someone in the rear end.

•

Shot who?: What? Pardon me.
stole: to punch out; to "stole him" is to hit him with a knockout punch.

•

woebetide: bad news.
woof: to brag.

•

zoiks: what to say when there is nothing else to say. It has no meaning.

FACT OF THE MONTH

Seven American communities have actually banned "repetitive driving," known to most teenagers as cruising. Phoenix, Arizona, plans to limit its cruisers to a "jam zone."

HOT ROCK

For years, tourists on the island of Molokai, Hawaii, have visited Kauleonānāhoa, which means "the penis of Nānāhoa." Locals and tour-bus drivers call it "the phallic rock." Native legend reveres Nānāhoa as a symbol of sexuality—not to be confused with Kauleolī, named after Lī, who "traded his penis for someone else's."

Now a new twist—Japanese tourists have been spotted lately in sleepy Kaunakakai, the island's main village, wearing T-shirts with the familiar brown-and-yellow Hard Rock Cafe logo. The inscription reads, PHALLIC ROCK CAFÉ/MOLOKAI/HAWAII/BETWEEN A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE.

SPOTLIGHT

Say uncle.

This may be hard to believe, but Uncle Buck, as **Kevin Meaney** plays him in the new TV series ("Nowhere is the talk more foul," observes *Newsweek*), is actually a toned-down version of Meaney's stand-up-comedy persona, a guy who likes to see how far he can bend the rules.

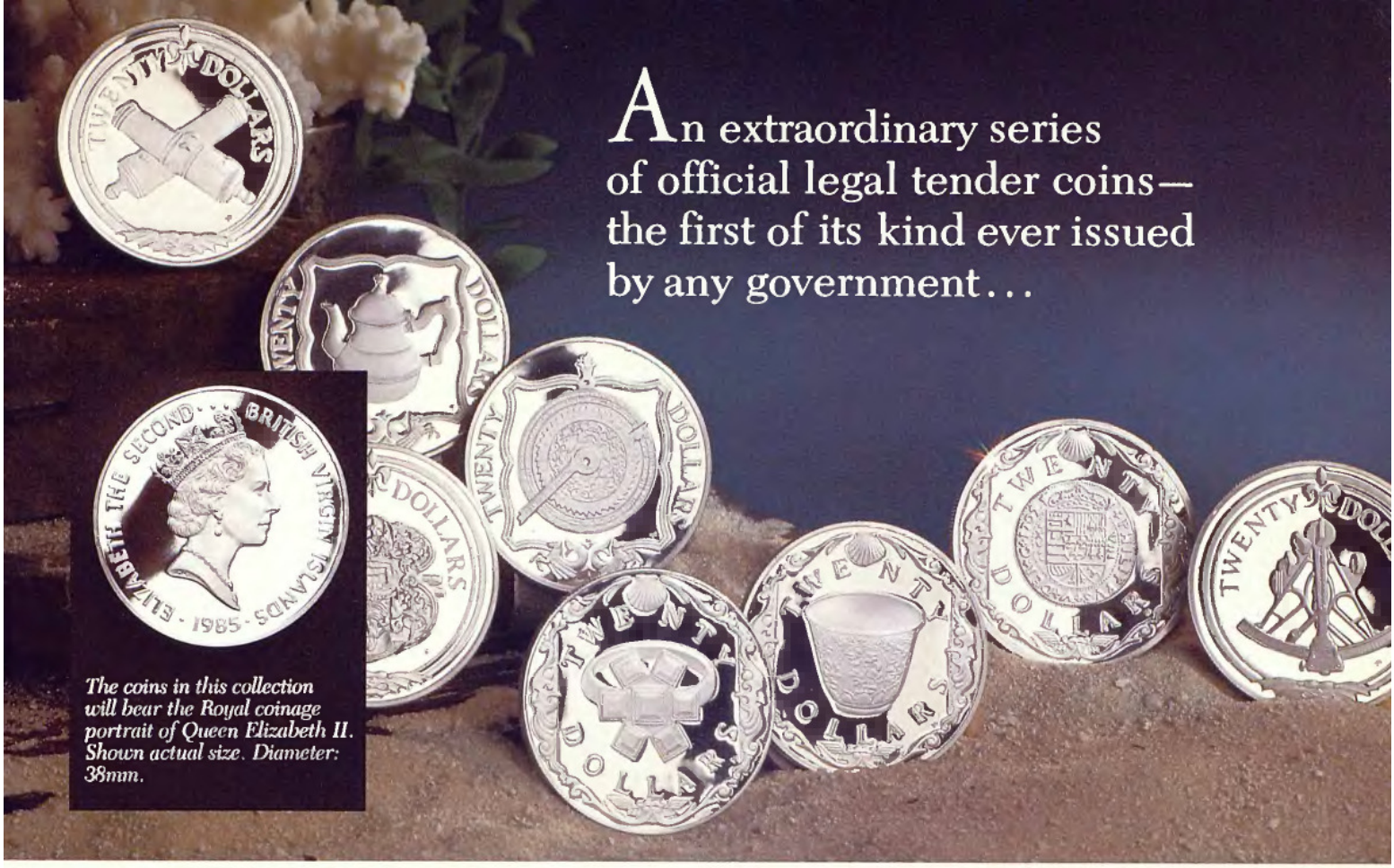
After a decade spent developing his own brand of comedic madness, Kevin was noticed by CBS producers who caught his HBO special last year. They approached him to star in *Uncle Buck*, the sitcom spin-off of last year's movie starring John Candy as an avuncular baby sitter.

"I don't think they looked at anyone else," Meaney says modestly, "and if they did, heads will roll."

How closely does life imitate art? "My sisters won't let me baby-sit their children," says the 34-year-old bachelor. "But I've always been good with kids, except when I was one myself. Then I'd get everybody into trouble doing things like climbing the water tower. The police and fire engines came. At least we didn't sign our names in spray paint. We used black masking tape, which would be a good idea for kids today."

Outside of prime time and club gigs, Meaney maintains a presence on The Comedy Channel, HBO's 24-hour laugh network. "I'm the Charles Kuralt of The Comedy Channel," he says. "I travel with a camera crew and talk with people on the streets of America. They have no idea who I am."

Now they do, Kevin. But they'll probably call you Buck.



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STYLE

FORMAL FLANNEL

Thin is in for flannel, lighter-weight fabric that's comfortable enough to wear around the house but tailored enough to wear with a tie to the office. Boston Traders adds a buttondown collar and pleated back to its traditional lumberjack print, updating the colors with teal, berry and gold. These brushed-cotton flannel shirts have the look and feel of an old favorite the first time you slip your arms into the sleeves ($35). Henry Grethel offers cotton flannel plaids (shown here) in ecologically inspired colors such as vineyard grape and olive ($46). These shirts look great with Grethel's wool blazers ($180) and floral-print ties ($35). Calvin Klein's flannels, which combine classic rugged plaids with muted colors ($77.50), can be livened with bright, but not busy, ties. If you'd prefer to leave the ties on the rack, check out Timberland's full-cut, foulard-print flannel with leather accents ($80) or try a lavender, moss and beige plaid shirt from Byblos ($185). Both of these styles look best on their own. (Where & How to Buy information on page 240.)

HOT SHOPPING

Why spoil your Christmas in a battle with frenzied shoppers, when some of the best stuff's in catalogs and just a toll-free phone call away? • Beverly Hills Motoring Accessories (800-421-0911): A wish book for connoisseurs of fine wheels. • Tweeds (800-999-7997): Everything you need for a laid-back weekend look. • J. Crew (800-562-0258): Sporty clothing for the ultimate preppies. • Victoria's Secret (800-888-8200): The sexiest collection of men's and women's intimate apparel. • The Sharper Image (800-344-4444): The leader in high-tech gadgetry and electronic toys. • Hammacher Schlemmer (800-543-3366): The place to shop for the person who has everything. • Critics' Choice Video (800-367-7765): 2200 video titles and 48-hour turnaround.

VIEWPOINT

"I like wearing eight-hole Doc Martin boots with orange stitching and big, black, baggy knee-length shorts," says actor Dana Ashbrook, who currently plays bad boy Bobby Briggs on the quirky TV series *Twin Peaks*. When it comes to clothing, Ashbrook says the bigger the better. "I love this double-breasted baggy suit I bought in Paris last year. It's huge and very comfortable. Who knows? In five years, I may be into the upwardly mobile look."

GIFTS WITH A CONSCIENCE

If holiday materialism has you "Bah, humbugging" your way to the bank, consider these socially redeeming gifts: Environmentalists on your list will love to preserve an acre of a tropical rain forest. For $100, The Children's Rainforest (207-784-1069) will do just that and then send your pal a note of thanks. . . . Give the gift of music, with albums that benefit causes ranging from Romanian orphans to the Special Olympics. Check out two of the newest, *Knebworth: The Album* and *Nobody's Child*. . . . Adopt a finback whale for a seafaring friend. For only $30, the College of the Atlantic (207-288-5644) will provide new parents with a photograph and history of their whale, along with adoption papers and a biannual newsletter. . . . For arts enthusiasts, there's *a hundred LEGENDS* ($100), a portfolio of art, poetry and other media created by people with AIDS. *LEGENDS* was created by DIFFA, the Design Industries Foundation for AIDS (212-727-3100), to fund U.S. AIDS organizations.

LONDON AT CHRISTMAS

For a holiday steeped in tradition, there's no better place than London. . . . Take a nighttime stroll down Oxford and Regent streets for the spectacular light displays. . . . Stop by Trafalgar Square and see the Norwegian Christmas Tree and carolers. . . . Catch *Joy to the World* on December 18 at Royal Albert Hall, where a cast of 700 performers and celebrities tell the story of Christmas. You may even catch a glimpse of royalty in the audience, as this is the season's biggest and best benefit concert. . . . Get to Hyde Park by nine A.M. on Christmas morning for the Peter Pan Cup Swimming Race, an annual holiday rite in the park's chilly Serpentine Lake. . . . Spend Boxing Day, the day after Christmas, at the Lygon Arms in the tiny village of Broadway and watch aristocrats take off on the traditional fox hunt. . . . On New Year's Day, catch the Lord Mayor of Westminster's holiday parade, which travels from Piccadilly to Hyde Park. . . . And don't miss Harrod's famous after-Christmas sale, which kicks off on January second.

STYLE METER

LEATHER JACKETS	IN	OUT
STYLE	Drawstring-waist anorak, hooded parka and three-quarter-length car coat	Patched aviator bombers, short motorcycle and multicolored baseball jackets
SURFACE TREATMENT	Nubuck, quilted-pattern suede, sueded, worn-looking or matte finishes	Shiny, polished or distressed finishes, nailhead decoration
COLORS	All shades of spice tones	Any ultrabright color

IN his SIGNO VINCES
his blues
THE BLUES IN MODERN JEANS
THE FAMOUS NAME IN BLUES
THE STAR WITH THE STRIPES
THERE'S NO BLUES LIKE his blues
his
© 1990 his MADE IN THE U.S.A.

THE SPIRIT OF JEANS.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

CYRANO DE BERGERAC (Orion Classics) boasts one of the meatiest parts ever written for an actor. No fewer than four previous cinematic *Cyranos* have been made of the hammy hyperbolic hero, not including Steve Martin's modernized tour de force in the 1987 *Roxanne*. José Ferrer won an Academy Award for 1950's mediocre American version. This year, Gerard Depardieu was deservedly named Best Actor at Cannes for his very French and feeling performance as Edmond Rostand's flamboyant, big-nosed duelist. Enamored of his beautiful cousin Roxane (played here with wilting airiness by Anne Brochet, making the most of a part usually lost in the male star's shadow), Cyrano wastes his life ghostwriting love letters for Christian (Vincent Perez), the handsome soldier she thinks she loves for his poetic soul. It's a frustrating story, with one of the longest death scenes on record. In Jean-Paul Rappeneau's scenic, shrewdly subtitled (by author Anthony Burgess), richly atmospheric *Cyrano*, Depardieu wins by more than a nose. ¥¥¥¥

•

Rebecca Jenkins' charmingly honest, unaffected performance in ***Bye Bye Blues*** (Circle Releasing) won her a Genie award, the Canadian equivalent of an Oscar, as this year's Best Actress. Struggling through an identity crisis or simply singing her heart out, Jenkins is marvelous. She plays Daisy, a World War Two wife and mother whose husband (Michael Ontkean) is captured by the Japanese soon after she leaves him in India. During the long years of not knowing whether he's alive or dead, Daisy goes home to the bleak countryside of Alberta, hauling along kids and piano, and starts getting local gigs as a so-so pianist and occasional singer. In the band, she meets a nice guy named Max (Luke Reilly) and learns tolerance from her rowdy sister-in-law (Robyn Stevan, another Genie winner as Best Supporting Actress), who gets pregnant while her spouse is far away in uniform. Sensitively written and directed by Anne Wheeler against a tinkling medley of old-fashioned tunes, *Blues* prods its audience to wonder whether a woman is better off as a whole person or as a perfect wife. ¥¥¥

•

The hero of ***Avalon*** (Tri-Star) is a winning Russian-Jewish immigrant who says, often and with feeling, "I came to America in 1914." As Sam Krichinsky, who becomes a paper hanger in Baltimore, German-born Armin Mueller-Stahl fills the screen. He's the grandfather of Michael, the boy representing writer-director Barry Levinson (played in childhood by young Elijah Wood). The Oscar-winning Best Director of *Rain Man*, Levinson also made the pointedly autobiographical *Diner* and *Tin Men*, and now adds *Avalon* as another loving valentine to his Baltimore roots. Spanning several generations of the Krichinsky family, the movie is overlong, crowded with detail and drenched in nostalgia. It is also a rewarding American saga, ethnic but universal as a panorama depicting how Old World ties are loosened by prosperity, time, the advent of television and the inevitable move to suburbia. Aidan Quinn plays Sam's son, Jules, in a marvelously evocative performance as a discount-sales merchant who goes broke. Equally strong emotional anchors are provided by Joan Plowright as Mrs. Sam Krichinsky and by Elizabeth Perkins as Jules's wife, whose impatience with the clan is understandable when her mother-in-law refuses to ride in a car with a woman at the wheel. Squabbles, heartbreaks and humor abound in *Avalon*, named for the neighborhood that obviously left its mark on Levinson. His trenchant human comedy leaves the American dream looking wistful if not altogether wasted away. ¥¥¥¥

Depardieu, Brochet in *Cyrano*.

A sampling of period pieces, new takes on crime and punishment.

•

Mickey Rourke is chillingly persuasive as a raging homicidal psychopath, the best part he has had in years, in ***Desperate Hours*** (MGM/UA). Otherwise, there's no good reason for director Michael Cimino's remake of the thriller, originally a wow on the Broadway stage (with Paul Newman in Rourke's role) and in William Wyler's expert 1955 movie version starring Humphrey Bogart. Cimino has added some trashy sex appeal (Kelly Lynch plays Mickey's lawyer/accomplice), and Mimi Rogers and Anthony Hopkins turn in nice work as heads of the broken family Rourke is holding hostage. Still, why did he bother? Presumably, to please those moviegoing masses who are enthralled by blood, guts and gunfire. ¥¥

•

Crime is definitely on the rise in recent mainstream movies, the latest of which is ***The Grifters*** (Miramax), directed with shrewd *film noir* detachment by Stephen Frears (who did *Dangerous Liaisons*) from a down-and-dirty novel by the late Jim Thompson. Author Donald E. Westlake wrote the tough-minded adaptation, and Frears delivers the goods about some L.A. grifters who include Anjelica Huston, John Cusack and Annette Bening. All peroxided hair and short, tight skirts, Huston is dynamite as Lilly, a professional grifter working a race-track scam and double-crossing her boss (Pat Hingle). Cusack plays her estranged son, who may have a thing for his mother but pretends to detest her, while Mom vents *her* animosity on his girlfriend, a trollop named Myra (played with cuddly, lethal zing by Bening). They're an amoral lot, not a scruple among them, but you can't tear your eyes away from the gleaming evil of *The Grifters*. This is adult meanness—greed, incest and skulduggery presented by Frears in an icy style that makes director David Lynch's celebrated movie miscreants look like mere juvenile offenders. ¥¥¥¥

•

The saga of Claus von Bulow, the European aristocrat charged with putting his wife, Sunny, into a drug-induced coma, might have made a passable TV docudrama, ripped from yesterday's headlines. ***Reversal of Fortune*** (Warner) treats it as a major feature film, with Jeremy Irons—looking disconcertingly like a youngish Boris Karloff—heavily made up as Claus opposite Glenn Close as the sometimes comatose Sunny, possibly the only brain-dead narrator in cinema history. Ron Silver plays feisty attorney Alan Dershowitz, whose book about his work on the Von Bulow case inspired the movie. Performed with zest by stellar talents, director Barbet Schroeder's *Reversal* nevertheless comes up elegant and empty, dwelling on cold, unattractive rich people whose guilt or innocence seems less important than the decor of their Newport "cottage." ¥¥

•

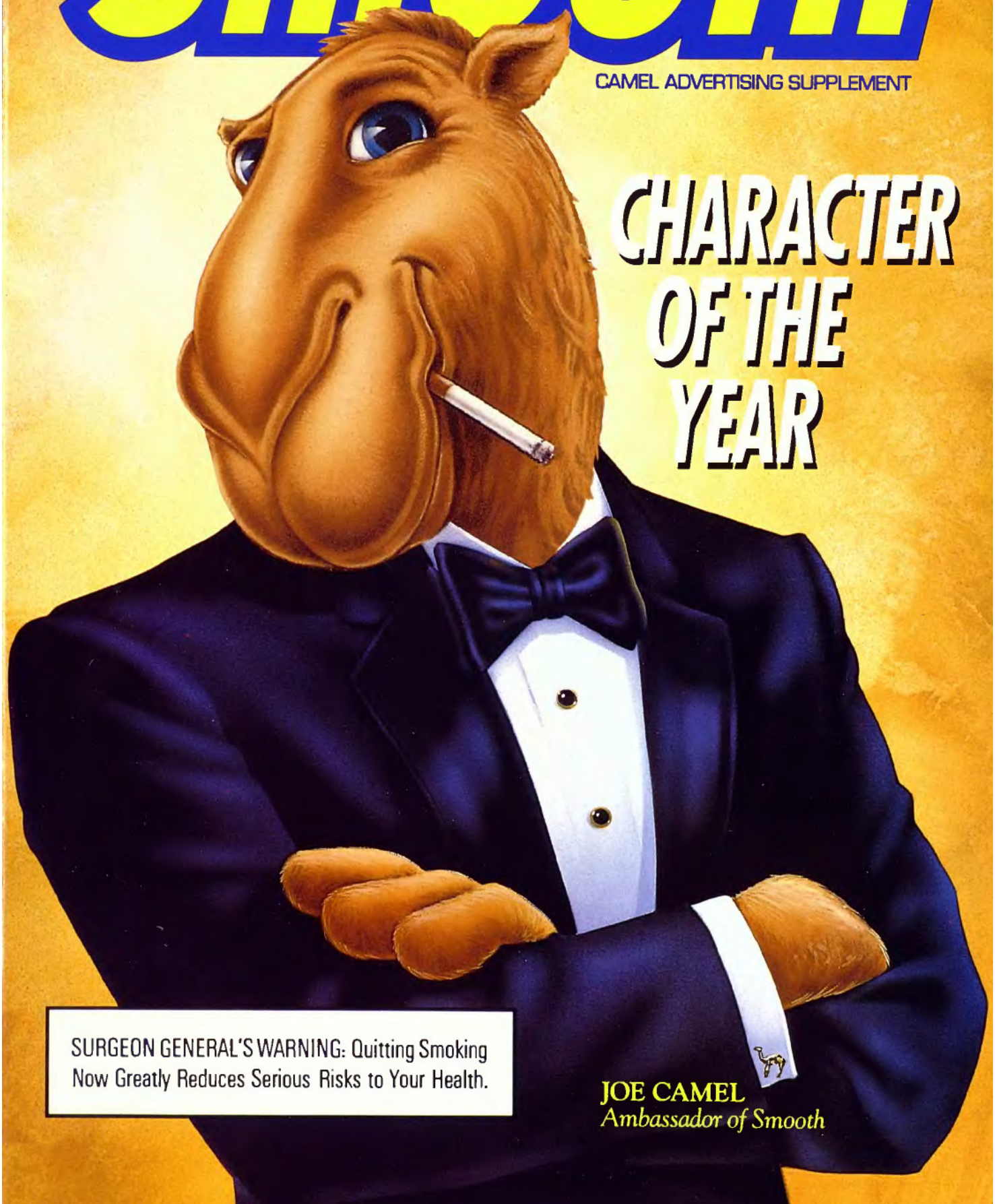
England's old-boy network of privileged aristocracy is the real subject of ***Dark Obsession*** (Circle), all about a titled landowner (Gabriel Byrne) who has two pressing problems: He is pathologically jealous of

THE PREMIER OF

Smooth

CAMEL ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

CHARACTER OF THE YEAR



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

JOE CAMEL
Ambassador of Smooth

Smooth

IS A CAMEL ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

FEATURES

Letters

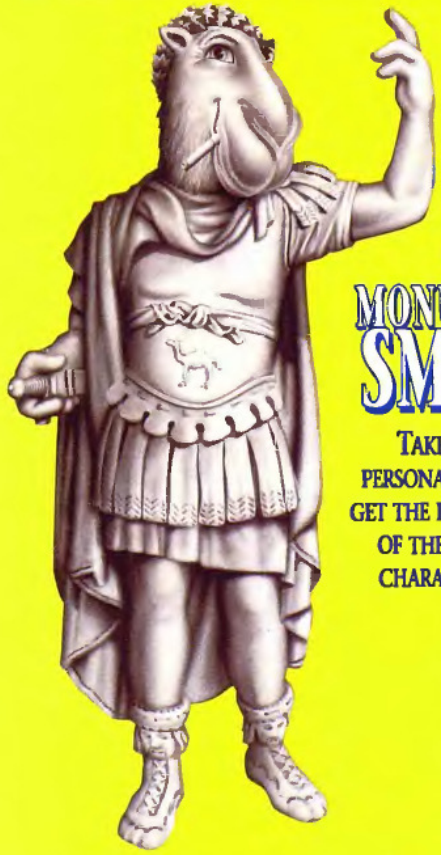
We dug out some of the best from our files

8

EXCLUSIVE 3

Joe's Smooth Philosophy

"Travelling first class," and other pearls of wisdom straight from the camel's mouth.



IV

MONUMENTALLY SMOOTH

TAKE A TOUR OF JOE'S PERSONAL HALL OF FAME AND GET THE INSIDE SCOOP ON SOME OF THE STONE SMOOTHEST CHARACTERS OF ALL TIME!

MIDNIGHT AT THE OASIS

S I X

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

JOE'S SMOOTH PHILOSOPHY

on TIMING:

"The early bird usually falls asleep before the party starts."

on MONEY:

"A penny saved is another one you can't get rid of that hangs around in your pocket gathering lint and eventually makes a hole, so you lose it anyway."

on TRAVEL:

"When at all possible, travel first class. If no camels are available, however, other forms of transportation may be used."

on LIFE:

"Don't ask for whom the bell tolls–let the butler get it."

on DATING:

"When all else fails, pick up a pack of Camels."

on IN-LAWS:

"The only difference between in-laws and outlaws is that outlaws are wanted."

MONUMENTA

NEANDERTHAL CAMEL

First of the illustrious Camel line. "N. C." was big on the club scene as the first big rock promoter. Granite, quartz, basalt—he worked with them all. Archaeologists also believe he invented the first wheel, and 15 minutes later, got the first speeding ticket.

CAMELIUS MAXIMUS

Every citizen from Carthage to Gaul was familiar with Crazy Camelius's Used Chariot Dealership and their motto, "I came, I saw, I got the best deal in town." He posed in front of the pyramids for the famous Camel Filters pack while on a date with Cleopatra.

GHENGHIS KHAMEL

The fiercest camel ever to wear a weird pointy hat. In 1258, Ghenghis Khamel set out from Mongolia with one purpose in mind—to get out of Mongolia. For the heck of it, he ended up conquering Europe instead.

ALLY SMOOTH

Sir Joseph Of Camelot

There wasn't enough room for him to sit at King Arthur's Round Table, so Sir Joseph had to sit at a card table in the basement. However, Sir Joseph was renowned for his bravery, having once turned a fire-breathing dragon into the first disposable lighter.

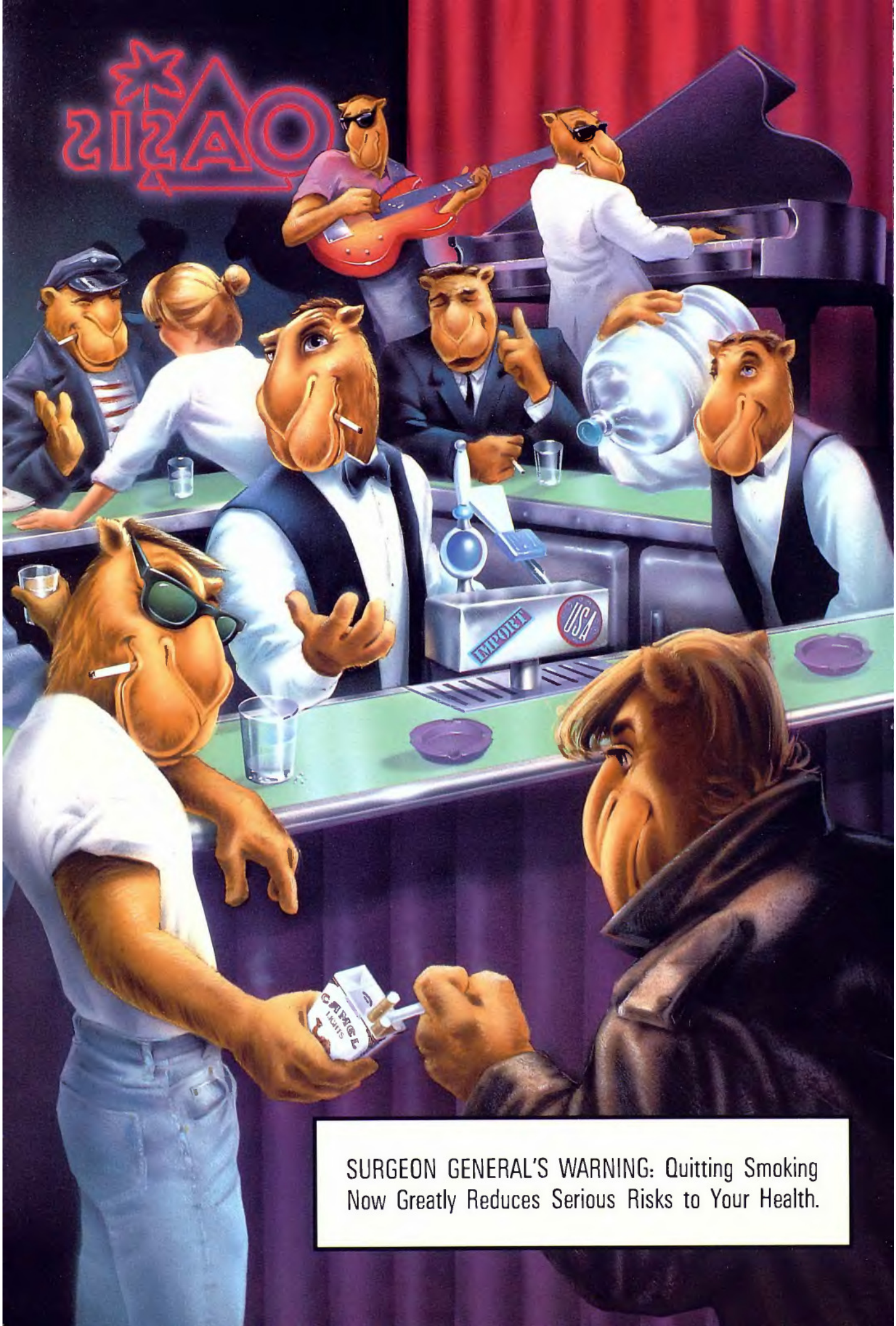
Leonardo da Camel

Owner of Leonardo's 1-Hour Portraits, he became the subject of scandal when it was revealed that his masterpiece, the "Mona Lisa," was crafted from a paint-by-numbers kit. In his own defense he said: "Hey, at least I stayed within the lines!"

Stonewall Camel

The top of his class at West Point, Stonewall cut a dashing and unusual figure as a camel riding a horse. Not wishing to offend either the North or the South during the Civil War, he decided to fight for the West. He never lost a battle.

Midnight at the Oasis
When Joe throws a party at his favorite watering hole, only smooth characters need apply.
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF SMOOTH
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL


OASIS
CAMEL
LIGHTS
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Letters:

Dear SMOOTH:
A smoking camel?!! Who ever heard of that?!! That's ridiculous!!

Mr. Ed Palomino
Burbank, CA

Dear SMOOTH:
Remember that old Camel motto, "I'd walk a mile for a Camel"? Well, I walked a mile from my house, and all I found was an empty lot. There was a dog there, but there wasn't any Camel. What's going on?

Juacane L. Reynolds
Baton Rouge, LA

Juacane–You walked in the wrong direction. Try going out of your house, making a right onto Maple Avenue, and walking a mile to the Baton Rouge Convenience Mart. Walk up to the counter and look to your left—there's a Camel display. Glad we could help.

SMOOTH

Dear SMOOTH:
It's interesting that on your planet, you have advertising that features a camel smoking a cigarette, because on my planet, we have advertising that features a Zwork imploding a Q-Multiplier. Small universe, eh?

BD4+5
Neptune City, Neptune

Dear SMOOTH:
Yesterday, a certain suavely attired character, calling himself the "Ambassador of Smooth," dented the fender on my car and claimed diplomatic immunity. Do you know where I can contact him?

Diana C. Hirsch
St. Louis, MO

Diana–We don't know anything about it. Besides, you didn't signal when you were making that left turn onto Pennsylvania Avenue.

SMOOTH

Dear SMOOTH:
I suspected someone was stealing my Camels because every day, when I came home from work, a few more cigarettes would be missing from the carton I keep on my dresser. Well, yesterday I came home early and discovered our pet German shepherd, Walter, smoking my Camels in the garage while wearing my bathrobe and slippers. Boy, was I relieved! I thought things had gotten weird or something.

Craig S. O'Keefe
Trumbull, CT

Dear SMOOTH:
I feel it is my civic duty to inform you of a rumor about your mascot that has been circulating throughout my community. Apparently, when you turn a picture of Smooth Character upside-down, his face looks just like an upside-down camel who's smoking a cigarette. I know this sounds incredible, but I thought you should know. That is all.

Pamela A. Hunt
New York, NY

COMING SOON

A Smooth DOUBLE FEATURE

A MID-WINTER LIGHTS DREAM

&

REQUEST FOR FIRE
A CAMEL FILTERS ADVENTURE

CAMEL

LIGHTS HARD PACK: 9 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine, FILTERS: 15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, FILTERS HARD PACK, FILTERS 100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, REGULARS 22 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

his working wife (Amanda Donohoe) and he has recently killed a woman in a hit-and-run accident while driving drunk. Director Nick Broomfield's movie, rated X by the M.P.A.A., will open without a rating. Actually, the X might have added pulling power to this rather obscure, class-conscious statement, mostly memorable for its explicit but not entirely relevant sex scenes between Byrne and Donohoe. ¥¥

•

The aerobatics are more fun to watch than the dramatics in ***Memphis Belle*** (Warner), a movie named for the B-17 bomber whose crew was made famous after flying 25 successful missions over France and Germany back in 1943. Under pilot Matthew Modine, with Eric Stoltz as his radio operator, most of these hot-shots scarcely look old enough to shave. But that's the way it was during World War Two. The movie consists mainly of heroics aloft—with irrelevant bits of poetry and fatalism thrown in—during that final crucial bombing run to Bremen, Germany. Meanwhile, an obnoxious public-relations expert (John Lithgow) waits back in England for the chosen crew to land safely, scoot home and boost flagging U.S. morale. There are moments of excitement as flak hits the fuselage or the fuel runs low, but overall, this *Belle* doesn't quite ring true. ¥¥½

•

The impressive credentials of ***Tune In Tomorrow*** (Cinecom) promise considerably more than they deliver. Formerly titled *Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter*, the movie is based on a novel by famed Peruvian author-politician Mario Vargas Llosa, adapted by British novelist William Boyd and directed by Jon Amiel, no less, who did the same for TV's fabled series *The Singing Detective*. The assembled hot company of performers, unfortunately, struggles through a comedy that provokes mostly strained smiles. Barbara Hershey and Keanu Reeves play the distant "aunt" and a much younger man whose budding romance scandalizes their families. Peter Falk, meanwhile, keeps popping in as an eccentric radio writer who pens a soap opera rife with incest and shocking sexuality quite out of sync with the place and period (New Orleans in 1951). Worse yet, the soaps are played on mikes by one set of characters and simultaneously *dramatized* in a lush period style by other good actors such as Peter Gallagher, Elizabeth McGovern, Buck Henry and John Larroquette. If *Tune In* were a TV comedy, you'd abruptly tune out. ¥

•

Banned in Poland in 1982, writer-director Richard Bugajski's harrowing ***Interrogation*** (Circle) won a best-actress prize for Krystyna Janda at this year's Cannes festival. Janda plays a neurotic blonde in transition to adult awareness, unexpectedly discovering her own strength. As a cabaret singer railroaded into a jail cell during the Stalin era, she is tortured, stripped, denounced by her husband, all but drowned and even impregnated by one troubled inquisitor before her release. Janda is a revelation in an angry, unremitting psychodrama not intended to show its audience a good time. ¥¥¥

Epper: Stunt woman *extraordinaire*.

OFF CAMERA

When Kathleen Turner tumbled down a muddy cliff in *Romancing the Stone*, the double taking the fall was **Jeannie Epper.** It was also Epper as Linda Evans in the famous swimming-pool scrap with Joan Collins on TV's *Dynasty*. She took falls for Lynda Carter's *Wonder Woman* and endured Shirley MacLaine's wild car ride in *Terms of Endearment*. At 49 one of movieland's leading stunt women, Epper is passing on a family tradition: Dad, on horseback, doubled for such movie stalwarts as Gary Cooper and Ronald Reagan. Says Epper: "My parents' six children were all stunt people. So are my three kids, and my only grandson, Christopher, who's now six, did *his* first movie stunt when he was five."

Taking risks runs in the family, says Epper. "There's a rumor in Hollywood that every Epper kid is born with elbow and knee patches." She recalls the days when her dad ran a local riding stable. "We were just wild kids. We'd jump off our horses onto a moving train, or ride 'em under a tree and swing onto one of the low branches. Of course, our parents didn't know." Jeannie has never broken a bone but incurs plenty of bruises on the job. She keeps in shape with gym workouts to earn a stunt woman's pay, which starts at more than $400 daily. Much higher rates are negotiable, depending. "A smart stunt person doesn't lock up the price," says Jeannie. "But what we do is *fun*. Waaay back, I realized it was dangerous, but I couldn't believe they'd *pay* me for this."

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Avalon (See review) Back to Baltimore with director Barry Levinson. ¥¥¥¥

Book of Love (Listed only) Teen dreams in some wry, soft-centered flashbacks. ¥¥

Bye Bye Blues (See review) A Canadian war widow beats the band. ¥¥¥

Cyrano de Bergerac (See review) Depardieu in top form. ¥¥¥¥

Darkman (Listed 11/90) Ireland's Liam Neeson as a *Phantom*like avenger. ¥¥½

Dark Obsession (See review) Sex and subterfuge in jolly old England. ¥¥

Desperate Hours (See review) Rourke dandy in a dubious remake. ¥¥

Fools of Fortune (Listed only) Julie Christie, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio and Iain Glen act up a storm. ¥¥

The Freshman (9/90) Brando, Broderick and some extracurricular fun. ¥¥¥

Ghost (10/90) Demi Moore's love brings Patrick Swayze back to life. ¥¥¥

GoodFellas (11/90) Scorsese's sharp take on being married to the Mob. ¥¥¥¥

The Grifters (See review) A bountiful harvest of bad apples from Frears. ¥¥¥¥

Interrogation (See review) Sheer hell. ¥¥¥

King of New York (Listed only) This time, it's Walken as the gang leader. ¥¥

The Krays (11/90) More crooks—real, brutal and veddy, veddy British. ¥¥¥¥

Memphis Belle (See review) High-flying U.S. heroes in wartime Europe. ¥¥½

Miller's Crossing (10/90) Vintage gang war according to the Coens. ¥¥¥¥

Mo' Better Blues (Listed 11/90) Denzel Washington stars in Spike Lee's fairly conventional musical drama. ¥¥½

Narrow Margin (11/90) Suspense on a train, with Hackman and Archer. ¥¥¥

The Nasty Girl (Listed only) Subtitled, German and a bit disturbing. ¥¥½

Postcards from the Edge (11/90) Streep and MacLaine will send you. ¥¥¥¥

Presumed Innocent (10/90) With Harrison Ford, from the book. ¥¥¥¥

Pump Up the Volume (10/90) As a radio pirate, Christian Slater soars. ¥¥¥

Reversal of Fortune (See review) A major movie retread of rich bitchery. ¥¥

State of Grace (Listed only) New York, New York, and the Irish Mafia. ¥¥¥

Texasville (Listed only) Muddled, boring sequel to *The Last Picture Show*. ¥

Tune in Tomorrow (See review) Static comedy. Try another station. ¥

Vincent & Theo (11/90) The Van Gogh brothers in Altman's skewed view. ¥¥¥½

White Hunter, Black Heart (11/90) Clint Eastwood sort of like John Huston. ¥¥¥

Wild at Heart (11/90) From David Lynch—shock-it-to-me moviemaking, less than meets the eye. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥¥ Outstanding
¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Heart like a Wheel: Before she got *really* hot in *Presumed Innocent* and *Die Hard 2*, Bonnie Bedelia was a smash as trail-blazing race-car driver Shirley Muldowney.

The Last American Hero: Car racing again, this time the real-life tale of Junior Jackson—played by Jeff Bridges—in Lamont Johnson's cynical, tough drama about the cost of winning.

The Mighty Quinn: Local color plus a great *reggae* score back up Denzel Washington—clearly bound for stardom as a Caribbean police chief on a murder case.

The Ruling Class: Peter O'Toole dominates a literate, ingenious comedy about an English earl who's convinced he's Jesus Christ.

The Scalphunters: Droll cowboys-and-Indians spoof about a runaway slave (Ossie Davis), a trapper (Burt Lancaster) and a trollop (Shelley Winters). Circle the wagons and smile. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

BROADWAY ON VIDEO

With Broadway ticket prices at $60, check out the Great White Way from a good, cheap seat: the one in front of your VCR.

Death of a Salesman: Dustin Hoffman rates a standing O in Arthur Miller's classic portrait of a man tormented by his unfulfilled dreams. Taped for TV in 1986, after its successful Broadway revival (Warner Home Video).

Sunday in the Park with George: Mandy Patinkin is Impressionist Georges Seurat in Stephen Sondheim's Pulitzer Prize–winning musical. Despite a beautiful set and a passionate score, the plot gets as messy as a painter's palette (Warner Home Video).

The Best of Broadway: The Philadelphia Story: Originally broadcast on TV in 1958, this rehash of the Kate Hepburn–Cary Grant movie comedy is half as long—and half as good; flubbed lines and missed cues abound. Tape's saving grace: bygone commercials featuring Betty Furness hawking G.E.'s 1958 Christmas line (Video Yesteryear).

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music: From Gershwin to *The Wiz*, Lena sings her hit songs and talks about weathering storms as a beautiful black in Hollywood. Great music, great lady (Turner Home Entertainment).

Oh! Calcutta!: One of Broadway's longest-running musicals, loaded with skits on spouse swapping, bawdy songs and nude dance numbers. You'll recognize Bill Macy's face (from TV's *Maude*), but the rest of him may come as a surprise—not necessarily a big one (VidAmerica). —DICK SCANLAN

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

The Better Sex Video Series: Three-vid tour of everyone's favorite subject, produced especially for couples. Hot footage is maddeningly cooled by sugary commentary—but that's what the FF button's for (Learning Corp., 800-866-1000).

Lost Man's River: An Everglades Adventure with Peter Matthiessen: A Huck Finn–style journey through the beauty of the Ten Thousand Islands with the award-winning author, who waxes poetic about the Everglades and explains how they inspired his novel *Killing Mister Watson* (Mystic Fire Video).

The World's Greatest Stunts! A Tribute to Hollywood Stuntmen: Car chases, fistfights and more in this homage to Hollywood's greatest death defiers. Includes behind-the-scenes peeks at 40 action films; hosted by Christopher Reeve (MPI).

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Color Us Blue: And now, every man a Ted Turner. The Video Equalizer from Videonics lets you do your own home colorization. Your reds will turn green with envy ($299).

Shake It Up, Baby: Hitachi now offers a twist-and-shoot VHS-C camcorder with a turning hand grip that activates the camera and opens the lens. It's called The Thin Man, weighs just over two pounds and will fit into your briefcase.

—MAURY LEVY

GUEST SHOT

"Can America stand more Morton Downey, Jr.?" wonders the big-mouth of the small screen, regarding his latest projects: a TV special with Mary Tyler Moore, *Predator II* and *Down and Dirty*, a film Mort predicts "will go to video six minutes after it opens." Ah, video. When he and his companion curl up at home, they usually watch a movie of her choice—such as *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* or *Betty Blue*. "But my favorite movie of all time," he says, "is *Weekend at Bernie's*. Hilarious." On the other hand, he notes, "Violence is my life! Give me *Rambo* or give me *Death Wish*." Then there's his copy of *High Noon* . . . subtitled in *French*? "Yup. Gary Cooper says, 'Howdy, Sheriff,' and the subtitle reads, '*Bonjour, Monsieur le constable.*' I got it for laughs, you know?" *Mais oui*, Mort.

—CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

SHORT TAKES

Fishiest Dance Video: *Beluga Ballet*; **Best Oh-Shut-Up-and-Pass-the-Butter Video:** *Lady Fishbourne's Complete Guide to Better Table Manners*; **Best Video Paradox:** *Brains by Revlon*; **Most Confused Vid Superhero:** *Ossian: American Boy/Tibetan Monk*; **Highest-Anxiety Video:** *Conflicts! Conflicts!*; **Most-Pleased-to-Meet-You Video:** *I Am Joe's Kidney*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Sanitary Landfill—You're the Operator.*

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING COUPLED	***Pretty Woman*** (corporate raider Richard Gere makes call-girl Julio Roberts his guinea Pygmalion; delightful); ***Bird on a Wire*** (Mel Gibson bounds back into Goldie Hown's life amid wacky gunfire); ***Stanley & Iris*** (Fonda's a widow, De Niro's illiterate; a slow but sweet lesson in love).
FEELING FEARLESS	***Back to the Future Part III*** (Michael Fox and Christopher Lloyd align history again; Mary Steenburgen makes it palatable); ***Mountains of the Moon*** (bad title, good film: Explorers hunt for Nile's source); ***Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles: The Movie*** (men in latex drive kids nuclear—find out why).
FEELING SPIRITED	***Shock to the System*** (weary ad exec Michael Caine gets fed up and turns to murder; actually a comedy); ***Heaven Can Wait*** (Rams Q.B. checks out in car wreck, gets second chance, scores; vintage Beatty); ***Celebrity Guide to Wine*** (down-to-earth cork sniffing with the stars; best oenophiles: Whoopi Goldberg and Dudley Moore).
FEELING CONSCIENTIOUS	***Help Save Planet Earth*** (celebs offer ways to protect our oceans, animals and ozone; Ted Danson hosts); ***Common Threads: Stories from the Quilt*** (moving portraits of five AIDS victims; 1989 Oscar winner); ***Baka: People of the Forest*** (lush footage of African rain forest and inhabitants; from National Geographic).

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606-303

By STEPHEN RANDALL

MEET SQUIRMY, the world's most famous gerbil. As you may have noticed, gerbils keep a low profile. There are no Teenage Mutant Ninja Gerbils on TV, toy stores don't carry cute stuffed gerbils for kids to play with and there are no known songs—not even country-and-western songs—about pet gerbils. And that makes Squirmy's notoriety even more impressive.

What did Squirmy do to warrant this fame? Perhaps you've heard this story:

A friend of mine knows a nurse at Cedars-Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles. She told him that [insert name of a handsome male actor here] visited the emergency room the other night. The actor confessed that he had been engaged in a kinky gay sexual game that involves sticking a live gerbil up your rectum. Only this time, the gerbil got stuck. The nurse actually saw the X ray. It's absolutely true.

That gerbil was our friend Squirmy, of course. In the story, Squirmy dies—it's hot up there and the air's none too good, so we can assume he expired quickly—but his legend was just beginning. People started telling the story, and retelling the story, always about the same actor and always attributing it to someone who worked at the hospital. Someone made a mock movie poster—a take-off on the actor's current hit film, giving Squirmy his name and making him the film's co-star, replacing a less furry but more attractive actress. That poster wound up being faxed hundreds, even thousands of times. With amazing speed and efficiency, the saga crisscrossed the country, until it became a story that was pointless to tell—everyone, it seemed, had already heard it.

There was one problem. The story wasn't true. In fact, the *real* story isn't about Squirmy at all but about our eagerness to spread and believe weird misinformation.

At least one person was not surprised by how widespread the story became. "I no longer think it's remarkable," says Jan Harold Brunvand. "I see so much of it." Some people collect baseball cards; Brunvand, a professor at the University of Utah, collects urban legends, those fables that travel the country mostly by word of mouth and get taken as fact by large, gullible segments of the population. Brunvand has amassed enough urban legends to fill four books, and many of the tales he repeats sound familiar: You may remember the one about the married conventioneer who meets a woman in Las Vegas, takes her to his room, has sex with her and awakes to find her gone the next morning. She has left behind a message, written in lipstick on the bathroom mirror: "Welcome to the AIDS club." Sure enough, medical tests show that the man has been infected with AIDS.

That story's not true, either. Brunvand has learned to tell the fictional tale from the errant news story. Within a week (yes, they travel that quickly), he'll hear reports of the same incident—such as the AIDS story—from all over the country, with each area claiming it as its own. And most important of all, none of these myths can be verified—there are never police, medical or newspaper reports to back them up.

Squirmy: A star is born.

The gerbil, the actor and other urban legends.

It's no surprise to Brunvand that Squirmy is currently a star. Urban legends are a form of cheap therapy for the masses, allowing people to vent their fears and concerns. Right now, when AIDS has frightened some people into a frenzied state of homophobia and gay-bashing crimes are on the upswing, stories like Squirmy's and the conventioneer's are commonplace. It makes the insecure feel better if they can convince themselves that gays are somehow peculiar, not like the rest of us. That's not unusual. In the Forties, anti-Semitic tales accusing Jews of bizarre rituals were popular; a few years ago, when every milk carton carried the picture of a missing child, urban myths reflected the feeling of panic. This story was typical: *This family was visiting an amusement park with their small daughter. The parents lost sight of her for a second and she was gone. They couldn't find her anywhere. Later, security guards noticed a suspicious couple carrying a sleeping boy out of the park. They investigated and discovered that the sleeping boy was actually the missing girl. The couple had dragged her into a rest room, drugged her, cut off her hair and put her in boys' clothing.*

Not all urban legends are so grim and Gothic. When microwave ovens were still a novelty, the big story on the folklore grapevine was about a woman who shampoos her cat (or poodle) and then sticks it into the microwave to dry, causing the animal to explode. Other times, they're just funny, like the one about the man who is driving down a street. A woman passing in the other direction rolls down her window and yells "Pig!" at him.

"You're not so hot yourself," he hollers back, as he turns the corner and promptly runs over a pig.

Of course, the more revealing stories betray a darker side. A large percentage of urban legends, for instance, are blatantly sexist—it's women who do evil or stupid things, such as dry the pet in the microwave or infect innocent men with AIDS. Brunvand first started hearing about the Squirmys of the world in 1984, and in his third book, *The Mexican Pet*, he gave them their own section, called "The Colo-Recto Mouse," about people who had supposedly rushed to emergency rooms with this embarrassing symptom. It's a persistent story, often aimed at local TV newsmen who are uncomfortably handsome, and Brunvand's file of examples continues to grow.

Like most urban myths, the one about Squirmy made its way across the country without benefit of media assistance. Occasionally, professional hysterics such as Ann Landers and Dear Abby will retell a morality tale, usually to scare teenagers into avoiding sex, but most legends don't get published in the mainstream press. When they do, they're usually debunked as the fictions they are. But it hardly matters. "Truth never stands in the way of a good story," says Brunvand. "I have four hundred and fifty legends in my files, and only a minuscule percentage have any factual basis. Yet people still believe them."

Squirmy was no different. Journalist Catherine Seipp dissected the Squirmy saga for the gay newsweekly *The Advocate*. She made an impressive case for the unlikelihood of the story and revealed an overlooked fact that made the rumor even harder to believe: Gerbils are illegal in the state of California. The actor would have had an easier time buying an assault rifle. What did he do? Steal Squirmy from a zoo? Was Squirmy smuggled in from out of state? Is there a gerbil underground?

Recently, Seipp was having lunch with her editor, who introduced her to three friends. "Two of them told me how much they liked my article," she reported. But the third friend was not impressed. "I happen to know that the story about the gerbil is true," the woman insisted defiantly. "In fact, I have a friend who knows someone at Cedars. . . ."

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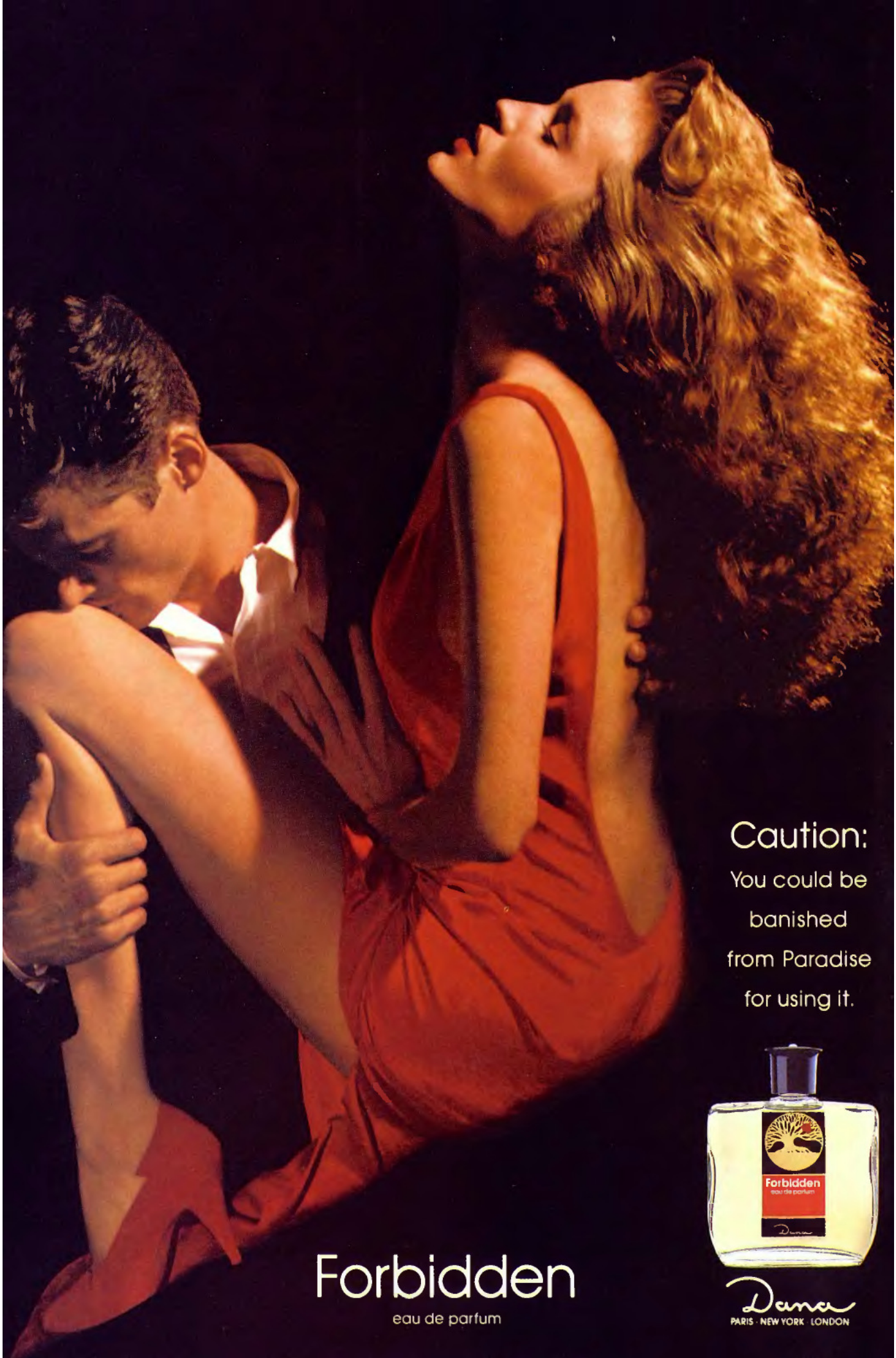
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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

OVER THE PAST two decades, as his predictions in *Future Shock* (1970) and *The Third Wave* (1980) have been fulfilled, Alvin Toffler has come to be regarded as one of the world's most important visionary thinkers. This last book in his trilogy of studies of global change, ***Powershift: Knowledge, Wealth and Violence at the Edge of the 21st Century*** (Bantam), is so thoroughly researched, so brilliantly reasoned and so lucidly presented that soon Toffler may be hailed as a prophet.

There are three basic components of power in any relationship, according to Toffler: muscle, money and know-how. From the earliest primitive societies right up through the mid–19th Century, the primary mode of power was force (or violence). During the Industrial Age, it turned out that money was an even better motivator for those in power or those who wanted power. Today we are witnessing the beginnings of a shift toward power as information, as knowledge.

Knowledge is becoming more powerful than an AK-47 or a stack of thousand-dollar bills, says Toffler, who argues that political strength in the world now relates to technological dominance: the ability to control and utilize knowledge. He means that the most successful corporations are becoming those with the best research, information and innovative ideas. He means that the best-informed individuals will be the most powerful and that unemployment is related to lack of education.

This shift of power as we move from a smokestack economy to a computer economy will also transform the two other components of power—money and violence—into forms of knowledge. Already we have seen money turned into blips on a computer screen, as sales and banking operations have abandoned cash for electronic data. Toffler argues that force is being replaced by the threat of force in the codified form of law. The contemporary robber baron doesn't use an army; he sends in his battalion of lawyers.

Powershift is a sophisticated synthesis of many disciplines (principally economics, politics and sociology) that takes a breathtaking, encyclopedic look at the future. Toffler teaches us to rethink the present and to join him in considering a 21st Century in which new power struggles will take place on high-tech battlegrounds. This is exciting reading—and vitally important.

An aspect of the literary future we are all going to enjoy is women as hard-boiled detectives. One of my favorites is Carlotta Carlyle, the 6'1", 30ish redhead who drives a taxicab through the nights of Boston listening to Bonnie Raitt tapes when she isn't busy solving crimes. In ***Coyote*** (Delacorte), by Linda Barnes, Carlotta plunges into the Hispanic subculture of sweatshops, dark-windowed neighborhoods and frightened immigrants. She has a sweet sensitivity to people and an uncanny knack for finding connections that make her an especially fascinating private eye. Aided by her pal, Lieutenant Joseph Mooney of the Boston Police Department, she fast-talked and shot her way out of some tight spots in two previous books—*The Snake Tattoo* and *A Trouble of Fools*. In *Coyote*, Carlotta hits her stride as one of the most engaging, eccentric heroines who ever prowled the mean streets.

Powershift: Muscle, money and know-how.

Toffler on info technology; topflight nonfiction and the best films you've never seen.

Three disparate new collections of nonfiction writing stand out this season: ***The Best of Plimpton*** (Atlantic Monthly), ***The Harlan Ellison Hornbook*** (Penzler) and ***Hard to Get*** (Random House), by Nancy Collins; portions of the Ellison and Collins works appeared previously in *Playboy*. George Plimpton has cultivated his debonair reputation as The Great Amateur (Ernest Hemingway referred to his taste for these exploits as "the dark side of the moon of Walter Mitty") so assiduously that we tend to forget what a talented and versatile professional writer he is. These 35 profiles, essays, articles and speeches remind us that Plimpton has earned his place at the front tables in New York's best-known watering holes. Included are his report on going three rounds with boxer Archie Moore, a nostalgic essay on golf caddies, a meditation on fireworks and his well-known hilarious parody of Truman Capote writing in the style of Hemingway. Throughout, Plimpton's writing is witty, elegant and enormously entertaining.

At first glance, reading 391 pages of columns that Harlan Ellison wrote for the *Los Angeles Free Press* and the *Los Angeles Weekly News* in the early Seventies might seem like an exercise in literary history. But such a quick assessment fails to reckon with the passion and immediacy of Ellison's prose—whenever it was written. This intensely personal journal of 14 months in the life of a writer has a white-heat urgency about it, a stream-of-consciousness honesty that is hypnotic. He explodes in print about a rip-off-artist girlfriend, about being a hired gun at the age of 17, about visiting San Quentin's death row, about his mother's funeral, about collecting money from A&P heir Huntington Hartford, about writing movies and about the various times he died. He even includes a notorious column about how much he hates Christmas, which ends with "And fuck you, Tiny Tim!" This *Hornbook* is an extraordinarily vivid piece of Ellison's dazzling and multifaceted mind.

Nancy Collins' talent is getting people to talk, and in *Hard to Get*, she demonstrates her seductive magic with some amazing folks. Many of them are, indeed, the "hard to get" interviews that journalists lust after: people such as Elizabeth Taylor, Sylvester Stallone, Francis Ford Coppola and Ted Koppel. But the best section of the book is her behind-the-scenes story of how she got a prepublication copy of H. R. Haldeman's *The Ends of Power* and scooped *Newsweek* (they paid $125,000 for first-serial rights) in *The Washington Post*. She's a smart, tenacious reporter with the guts to ask tough questions . . . and the charm to get answers.

BOOK BAG

Produced and Abandoned: The Best Films You've Never Seen (Mercury House), edited by Michael Sragow: The National Society of Film Critics' out-on-a-limb video guide to Westerns, musicals, horror films and other would-be blockbusters that never took off.

Magnetic North: A Trek Across Canada (Sierra Club), by David Halsey and Diana Landau: A gripping account of the first journey across northern Canada in modern times by foot, canoe and dog sled.

Trial by Fire: A Woman Correspondent's Journey to the Frontline (Thunder's Mouth), by Kathleen Barnes: Originally a small-town newspaper reporter, Barnes embarks on a courageous fact-finding mission that takes her from the violent streets of Belfast to the Philippines in the midst of a revolution. Because of her success, she's now a network correspondent.

VIC GARBARINI

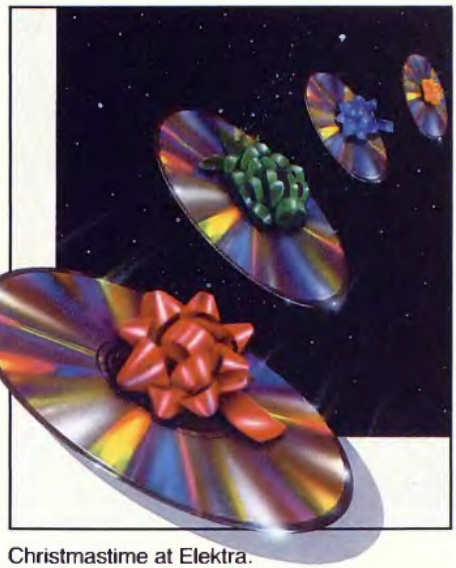
LOOKING FOR the ultimate holiday gift that'll delight nostalgic baby boomers and terminally hip postpunksters alike? Try ***Rubaiyát: Elektra's 40th Anniversary*** two-CD set, on which Elektra's current artists cover that ground-breaking label's early hits. The Sixties/Nineties crossbreeding yields some exotically beautiful fruit. The Cure sets the pace by drop-kicking the Doors' rinky-dink *Hello I Love You* back to its raw, Kinkish roots, while guitarist Bill Frisell and the Pixies lend a corrosive eloquence to Dylan and Paul Butterfield, respectively. The Gipsy Kings seduce *Hotel California* in a swirling flamenco frenzy, while guitar sensation Danny Gatton goes ballistic on the hippie fave *Apricot Brandy*. Veterans Phoebe Snow and Jackson Browne offer their most personal work in years, especially on the latter's deeply moving cover of *First Girl I Love*, while 10,000 Maniacs return the favor with a dreamy rendition of Jackson's *These Days*. And the Kronos Quartet's eerily gorgeous strings on the electrifying *Marquee Moon* may even get a rise out of Dad. Another sure bet is ***The Bonnie Raitt Collection*** (Warner Bros.), 20 bluesy, rollicking and compelling classics from one of rock's living treasures that prove just how overdue those Grammies really were.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Except for Grandmaster Flash, which hasn't had a hit since Sugarhill Records was a corporation, and Kool Moe Dee (previously of the Treacherous Three), the oldest living rappers are the guys in Run-DMC, which surfaced in 1984, took a powder after its fourth album and currently is working in hiding on number five. Not only isn't rap kind to dinosaurs, it barely recognizes the species.

But that doesn't stop a lot of 20-something hot flashes from making a career out of the latest youth fad—and the dopest subgenre since punk. Checking in with albums number three are the clipped, quick Eric B. & Rakim with ***Let the Rhythm Hit 'Em*** (MCA) and the poppish girl group Salt-N-Pepa with ***Blacks' Magic*** (Next Plateau). The former relies too predictably on the James Brown beats that got the duo its major-label advance; the latter augments spunky girl talk with the Afrocentric seriousness now demanded by rap fans of all races. Salt-N-Pepa deserves better (check *Negro Wit' an Ego*, *Independent*, *Let's Talk About Sex*), but the hard fact is that neither album has the commercial legs of a career move. So let's hope neither act goes into hiding.

"Don't call it a comeback! I been here for years!" shouts LL Cool J on the title track of his *fourth* album, ***Mama Said Knock You Out*** (Def Jam). Upset because 1989's *Walking with a Panther* never cracked double platinum, he has enlisted demon sampler–mix master Melle Mel in what's sure to stand as the most powerful and unreconstructed rap of 1990. Cool J sticks his car stereo in your ear and drinks a 40 while he's at it; he fucks a woman whose father's voice sounds like Mike Tyson's; he lets KRS-One stop the violence. I don't know whether he'll return to his multiplatinum ways, but this is one rap dinosaur who deserves major respect.



Christmastime at Elektra.

Gifts of the Magi: Bonnie, Prince and Iggy.

NELSON GEORGE

Prince was easily the most important and innovative pop musician of the Eighties. Well, at least two thirds of the Eighties. After the sprawling masterpiece of *Sign 'o' the Times*—which, aside from *Purple Rain*, may be his most brilliant recording—Prince had three basically worthless efforts, *Lovesexy*, the bootleg *Black Album* and the overhyped, underdeveloped *Batman* sound track.

So it is with great joy and satisfaction that one savors ***Graffiti Bridge*** (Paisley Park/Warner Bros.), an album that opens Prince's second decade of record making with funky flair. This sound track to a new movie leans heavily on song forms and funk rhythms he has explored before, but it puts forth new energy and a keen focus. Instead of messing around with funk, as he has done recently, Prince dives in feet first. The anthem *New Power Generation* has a new jack-swing pulse that pleases, while *Shake!* is his darkest straight funk groove since *Housequake*. *Melody Cool*, featuring the Gospel fire of Mavis Staples, is a tasty blend of Minneapolis and Stax sounds that could be a pop hit. In fact, *Graffiti Bridge* has the passionate precision of an album that will sound better with time. Hope the movie's as good.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Terror of the vagina has motivated male humor and organized religion since the beginning of time. What distinguishes 2 Live Crew, the notorious Florida rap group led by Luther Campbell, from all other men who have ever lived is their fulsomely scatological approach and their insistence on taking very public a theme that

GUEST SHOT

VIXEN *is the first all-female hard-rock band to surface in a long time. And this group can actually play its instruments. Bassist/songwriter/vocalist* ***Share Pedersen*** *even studied jazz at Boston's Berklee College of Music. For review, she chose Cheap Trick's "Busted."*

"Cheap Trick has a sound that's solely its own; on *Busted*, the band is at its best when its members are being themselves, taking standard riffs from rock's catalog and putting a truly new twist on them. And they couldn't do that unless they were ace *musicians*, which they are. Here, the rip-it-up rockers fare the best—*I Can't Understand It*, *Busted*, the title cut, *You Drive*, *I'll Steer*, *Had to Make You Mine* and *Rock 'n' Roll Tonight*. For me, the optional cut is *Wherever Would I Be*, a ballad by Diane Warren. It seems like you're not an American rock band right now unless you've got a Warren song on your album. Even *we* had to include one on *Rev It Up*. Not that Diane's song here is a bad piece of writing, but Cheap Trick and *Busted* didn't need her to make this record a hit. I say buy it, warn your neighbors and crank the sucker up to ten!"

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
LL Cool J *Mama Said Knock You Out*	9	5	9	7	8
Iggy Pop *Brick by Brick*	4	8	5	8	9
Prince *Graffiti Bridge*	8	9	8	8	9
Bonnie Raitt *The Bonnie Raitt Collection*	8	9	7	6	9
2 Live Crew *Banned in the U.S.A.*	4	6	3	5	10

AS SILLY AS THEY WANT TO BE DEPARTMENT: Anyone who missed the debut of **2 Live Jews'** *As Kosher As They Wanna Be* also missed the explanation by m.c. **Moisha:** "We were rapping when rapping . . . was just kibitzing with rhymes." Is **2 Live Crew's Luther Campbell** laughing?

REELING AND ROCKING: Canadian film maker **Bruce McDonald** is using **Bob Dylan's** *Highway 61 Revisited* album as inspiration for a movie about a couple transporting the corpse of an aspiring rock star down Highway 61 to New Orleans. . . . **Rosanna Arquette** and **Marlee Matlin** will appear with **David Bowie** in his next film, *The Linguine Incident*, a comedy. . . . **Mariel Hemingway** and **Claude Akins** have joined **John Cougar Mellencamp** in the movie *Souvenirs*. . . . **Robert Altman** is working on a script called *L.A. Shortcuts*, a series of vignettes similar in style to his *Nashville*. He hopes to cast **Huey Lewis** as one of the actors.

NEWSBREAKS: The **Grateful Dead** have given permission for an album of cover versions of their songs to be recorded by the likes of **Elvis Costello, Dr. John, Bruce Hornsby, Los Lobos** and **R.E.M.** . . . The publishers of a location guide to special events in British rock history are proposing to erect historical markers at some of the sites, such as the Francis Service Station in East London, where the **Stones** were once arrested for urinating against a wall. It "would do wonders for business," says the petrol-station's manager. . . . Look for a **Dire Straits** reunion album next spring and a summer 1991 tour. . . . **Martika's** new album will be out next month, in addition to her ongoing role in *Wiseguy*, in which she plays a Cuban-American singer. . . . Five years later: The second *Rock in Rio* concert will take place next month with an expected audience of 1,000,000 over an eight-day period. . . . **George Michael** has written his autobiography, called *Bare*. . . . When all the money is counted, **Roger Waters'** staging of **Pink Floyd's** *The Wall* at the Wall may turn out to be the largest-grossing single concert in history, if you count tickets sold, merchandising, the album and the American telecast. . . . *Big Bang*, an annual CD compilation featuring some of America's best unsigned bands, is being put together by the Recording Industry Sourcebook, 8800 Venice Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90034. If your band has no record contract, you can submit tapes. . . . **Debbie Allen** is working on a midseason replacement comedy series for ABC starring the Motown group the **Boys,** who will have two musical numbers in each show. . . . Let's try to wrap up the Stones' Steel Wheels tour stats: Six million fans have seen the show at 117 concerts, including those in Prague and East Berlin. The two final dates at Wembley Stadium, London, were filmed for theatrical release in 1991. . . . Did you know that music videos are increasingly being closed-captioned for the deaf? New York producer **Ed Stasium** got the idea from his teenaged daughter, who is deaf; she was attracted to the rapid images and exciting live performances on video, even though she was unaware of the words. Some videos by **Living Colour, Prince, Michael Jackson** and the Stones, among others, are now captioned. Neat idea. . . . Finally, for those of you who don't listen to metal, you'll have missed **Warrant's** *Ode to Tipper Gore* on its recent album *Cherry Pie*. It's a one-minute audio montage of four-letter outtakes from the band's 1989 tour. Says **Jani Lane,** "If I, as an artist, feel that to get my point across I have to use the word fuck, then I'm gonna use it." That's showbiz.

—BARBARA NELLIS

has only gradually been leaking out of the locker room: "You want me to put my dick in *that*?" Intelligent but no psychologist, Campbell hasn't thought through what's lurking in the male unconscious. He's reporting what's there because he has discovered a market for it. Campbell should be on the cover of *Fortune*; instead, our rulers want to destroy him. Why? Because with the collapse of communism, politicians need a new whipping boy. Government persecution seems, nonetheless, not such a bad thing for an artist creatively. Campbell has responded to his obscenity bust in Hollywood, Florida, with ***Banned in the U.S.A.*** (Luke Records/Atlantic), the best rap album of the year and maybe of all time. Interspersing newscast samples with wholly unrepentant, obscene defiance, *Banned* opens with an inspirational defense of the First Amendment and then demonstrates what it's for by chanting "Fuck Martinez," a reference to the governor of Florida, who has tried to use the Crew to scare up votes. Unlike Public Enemy, the Crew doesn't sleaze around in anti-Semitism. Unlike M. C. Hammer, it doesn't endorse sneakers. It chants, "Face down, ass up, / That's the way we like to fuck." And that's what we should all say out loud until the government finds a new scapegoat.

DAVE MARSH

Iggy Pop is one of the most influential rock-and-rollers of the past 20 years. Even so, he hasn't made a really great record since Iggy and the Stooges' *Raw Power*, which, in 1973, was ahead of its time by somewhere between five and 15 years.

Brick by Brick (Virgin) breaks the pattern. Producer Don Was (who's becoming the Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis of white rock, reviving all sorts of unlikely careers) set Pop up with the best band he has ever had—Kenny Aronoff gives him his best straight-ahead rock-and-roll drumming since the original Stooges. Waddy Wachtel and Slash of Guns n' Roses give up great guitar grunge and David Lindley delivers surprisingly effective mandolin and bouzouki parts.

The record's real greatness, though, comes from the songs, which are the most engaged and engaging Pop has written in years. The targets, from homelessness to media manipulation, are obvious. But the angle of Pop's attack isn't—and that's where the furious excellence of the music counts most.

Long before rock and roll divided itself into punks and phonies, rebellious avant-gardists and complacent mainstreamers, Iggy had fused them all into a bizarre but enduring persona: the heartland punker, the small-town weirdo-on-the-street. *Brick by Brick* brings that guy back, in all his guts and glory, and not a moment too soon.

Very Smart.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

DRIVING WITH DAISY

This is a true story about gambling and cheating at cards. This is also a story about my grandmother Daisy. I guess you could say in addition that it is a story about female role models and what we can learn from them. As young boys, we watch the women in our lives very carefully. They teach us things.

Did I really have a grandmother named Daisy? I surely did. She was born Daisy Lycan and raised in Paris, Illinois, where she lived for more than 80 years. During my boyhood, I spent most of my summer vacations with her, a city boy visiting rural America and fascinated by it all.

Daisy had had almost no formal education. She talked like a character from *The Beverly Hillbillies*. Her grammar was often atrocious, and yet her use of language was exquisite, filled with country sayings and country laughter.

Daisy made a good marriage, or so it seemed at the time, hooking up with Fred Baber, my grandfather and the son of Asa J. Baber, my great-grandfather (and the president of the local bank). Daisy and Fred had one child, a son named Jim (the man who became my father). Fred, it turned out, liked liquor a lot and work not at all. He died at a relatively young age, leaving Daisy a widow with some farm land and other holdings. She never remarried.

Daisy could swear like a trooper, drink like a trucker and gamble like a pro. She taught me about the potential richness and humor of earthy, bawdy women.

From my earliest years, Daisy and I had a secret life together. She nominated me as her partner in crime. For example, she and I bet on the horse races every day. I knew how to read a racing form by the time I was six years old. "Well, Ace, what do you think?" Daisy would ask me along about noontime as we studied the racing sheet in the apartment she kept in a downtown hotel.

"I think Portly Prince in the third at Aqueduct," I'd say. That was just before the bookie came up to collect her bets. Daisy would kid him and we would all laugh, and I would think that life was OK if at least some people had this much sass and wit.

Daisy sun-bathed in the nude on the hotel roof. This was not a fancy hotel, you understand. There was nothing on the roof except gravel. But we would sneak up there every afternoon during my summer visits, and Daisy would strip and bask in the Illinois heat. I am proud to say that my grandmother was attractive, even in her later years, and she taught me early that there is no reason to be ashamed of the human body.

After we had sun-bathed for a while, I would ask her to sing to me. She usually sang *Danny Boy* in a lilting and gentle voice that I can still hear today. When Daisy sang, she looked like a little girl.

When I was about eight years old, we began another of our traditions. We would drive over to Terre Haute, Indiana, every Saturday to see a movie and then go to The Apple Club. What The Apple Club had to offer was food—and poker and slot machines and a bar. What Daisy had to offer me was patience and generosity as she fed me nickels and steak and gambling advice.

I learned the basic rules of many a card game there by the Wabash, seated at Daisy's elbow. Sometimes, as we drove back toward Illinois on dirt roads in the moonlight, the Plymouth would skid slightly out of control on a curve. "Hold 'er, Newt, she's headed for the bushes!" Daisy would yell. We thought that was very funny.

Daisy showed me a lot of qualities that I admired. My own home in Chicago was impoverished and chaotic; hers was always clean and orderly. My mother was very possessive and sentimental; Daisy was as tough-minded as a commodities trader and just as fast with numbers. My neighborhood on 47th Street was often violent and out of control, but life in a small town such as Paris had a certain peace and safety, a human scope and sensible limitation.

To top it all off, Daisy liked to drink and joke and laugh and swear and trade verbal punches with anybody who wanted to take her on. She was a live wire, a crafty fox of a lady who understood the give-and-take of life, a maverick who rarely went to church in a community that usually insisted on it.

She was also a hell of a card player. She had to be to survive the killer poker games that sprang up in Paris and often went on for days, like the one when I was about nine years old. Being a savvy little punk, I followed the games closely, even though the players paid no attention to me. What could a nine-year-old know about poker, anyway?

What I knew at one very strategic moment in one particular game was that Daisy was playing against a cheater, a man who slid an extra card out of his vest pocket and into his hand when I happened to be watching him. The pot was worth several hundred dollars.

Daisy had a full house. Humming *Danny Boy* to myself, I wandered behind the man and glanced at his hand. He had four of a kind. Still humming, I went back and sat by my grandmother. "He's got you beat," I hummed softly with a sweet smile. Daisy looked at me sharply. She was a very ethical gambler. We had never teamed up this way before. She did not like what I was doing. "He's pulling cards," I hummed.

Daisy got it. "Say there, mister, what in the goddamn hell are you doing with those extra cards?" she said sharply to the man as she slammed her cards face down on the table.

The man did not argue. He turned pale and ran out the door.

Daisy won the pot. She gave me half.

The other thing she gave me was the understanding that there are special women in the world who can be as salty and funny and lively and wild as men.

Now, *that*'s an education.

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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

A college football coach can be revered, beloved, respected, an educator, a father figure, the kind of man you would want your son to play for, a credit to the university, a pillar of the community, a gentleman who always plays by the rules and an all-round good old boy, but if he doesn't win a national championship sometime during his career, he will never be remembered as a great coach—great as in Bear Bryant or Knute Rockne—and according to the alumni, hanging would be too good for him.

The press only helped make this world. It was largely the work of old grads, boosters, boards of regents and chancellors.

The subject arises because another college football season is well under way and the heat is on a certain group of head men to produce NUMBER ONE bumper stickers or go looking for an assistant's job in Utah, or Transylvania, or at the local Jiffy Lube.

Of course, it should be pointed out that the majority of schools that play college football these days have long since given up on ever having a number-one team. They have settled into that rut of plugging along cheerfully as second-class citizens and hoping to make it to the Peach Bowl every ten or 12 years.

They are content to get by with what they consider a "competitive program," which, as it happens, is only competitive if they have Kansas State on the schedule.

But life is easier for coaches at these schools, generally. They know how to tell jokes, go to church regularly and blame their defeats on the big-school "cheaters." They also know they have a good chance to outlast their angriest alums, because their angriest alums will eventually go broke in the oil business or get indicted for fraud.

A famous Southern coach once described the perfect season for the man who wanted to keep the alumni reasonably happy without raising anybody's expectations too high for the following year.

"Go 8–3 and turn down the Bluebonnet Bowl," he said, grinning slyly.

It is only at those universities that have been spoiled by success, lavished with winning teams and occasional national champions throughout their modern histories, that the pressure weighs heavily on the current head coaches.

I speak of a group I call the Jiffy Lube Six.

As the 1990 season began, they were named David McWilliams (Texas), Larry Smith (USC), Gary Gibbs (Oklahoma),

COACHING

John Cooper (Ohio State), Ray Goff (Georgia) and Gene Stallings (Alabama).

Woe is them. The odds on their ever turning out a number-one team and staying employed are so low they may as well try to win the Florida lottery.

Roughly 2000 men have coached major college teams since 1889, the year that the mythical national championship was invented by a sportswriter named Caspar Whitney, and only 84 coaches—less than five percent—have presided over a number-one team in any type of poll that sensible people would care to fondle. Moreover, only 33 men have won two or more national titles, and only a precious 18 men have won three or more.

You may wonder, then, why the Jiffy Lube Six would take these jobs. Do they have suicidal tendencies? Have they always longed to move their families to Transylvania or work at a Jiffy Lube?

No, they did it for two reasons. One, money. Two, ego.

Some of the Jiffy Lube Six have a better chance than others of succeeding. It's because of an old saying in college football: Great coaches don't follow great coaches.

Let me explain. Only 12 times since the days of Walter Camp—more than 100 years ago—has a school that enjoyed a number-one season under one coach celebrated another under the man who immediately followed him.

Benjamin Dibblee followed W. Cameron Forbes at Harvard, William Roper followed A.R.T. Hillebrand at Princeton, Jock Sutherland followed Pop Warner at Pitt, Bill Alexander followed John Heisman at Georgia Tech, Frank Thomas followed Wallace Wade at Alabama, Duffy Daugherty followed Biggie Munn at Michigan State, John Robinson followed John McKay at USC and Dan Devine followed Ara Parseghian at Notre Dame.

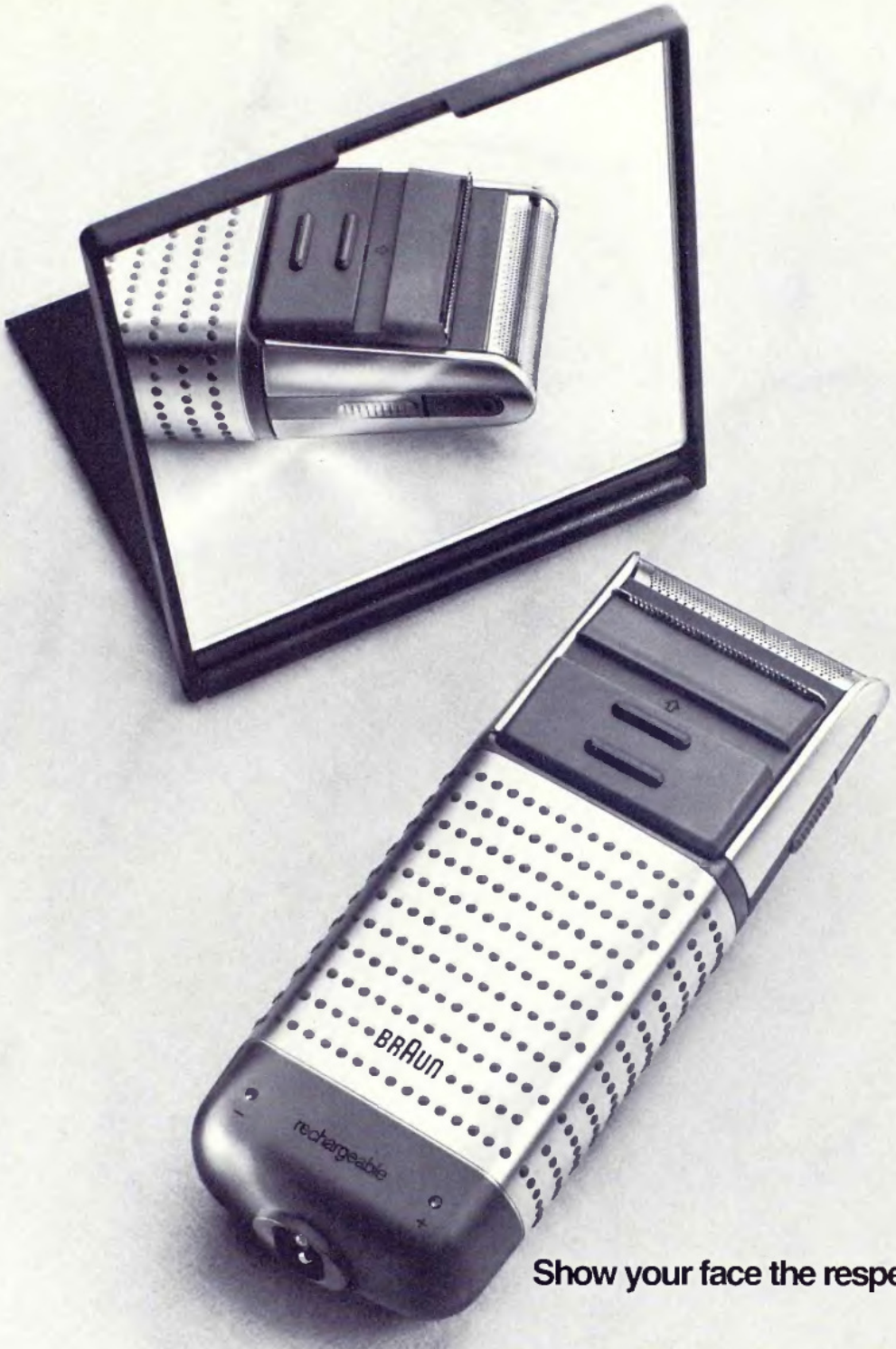
That makes eight. Then there are the two schools where historic triples have been performed. Harry Kipke got a number one for Michigan in 1933, Fritz Crisler got a number one for Michigan in 1947 and Bennie Oosterbaan got a number one for Michigan in 1948. And surely you are aware of what has been going on lately with Miami, the team of the Eighties: Howard Schnellenberger produced a national champion in 1983, Jimmy Johnson did it again in 1987 and Dennis Erickson did it again last year.

Usually, there is a period of misery between the departed immortal and the future savior. Take Notre Dame, for example. Between Knute Rockne and Frank Leahy, the Irish suffered under Hunk Anderson and Elmer Layden. Between Leahy and the Parseghian–Devine era, the Irish had to put up with Terry Brennan, Joe Kuharich and Hugh Devore. And between Devine and Lou Holtz, they had to endure Gerry Faust.

What does all this mean? It means it gives a shred of hope to McWilliams at Texas, who is following Fred Akers and not Darrell Royal; to Smith at USC, who is following Ted Tollner and not John Robinson; to Cooper at Ohio State, who is following Earle Bruce and not Woody Hayes; and to Stallings at Alabama, who is following Ray Perkins and Bill Curry and not Bear Bryant.

It also means there is little or no hope for Oklahoma's Gary Gibbs, who is trying to follow Barry Switzer, or for Ray Goff at Georgia, trying to follow Vince Dooley.

I give Larry Smith at USC the best shot at the moment—the Trojans always have talent, and destiny seems to like USC almost as much as it likes Notre Dame—but we'll probably see all of these guys at a Jiffy Lube someday.



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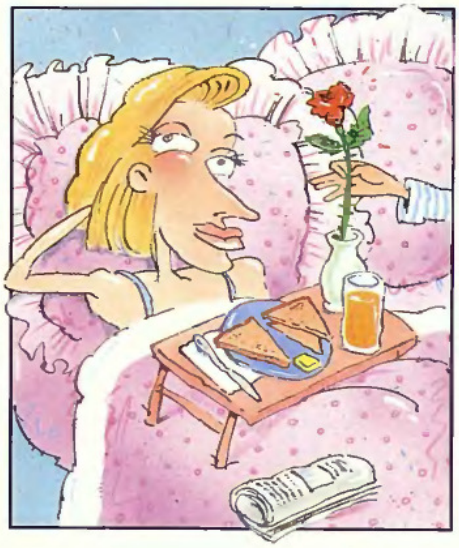
WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL



FAIRY-TALE POISON

We're at a poetry reading, Duane and I, and this wispy, ethereal girl comes up to us. "Can I sit here?" she asks.

"Sure," we say, and move over. So she sits and kind of spreads herself out in a way that makes my intuition prickle. I watch her and wait.

"How much does beer cost?" she asks us. We don't know, exactly. She rummages in her bag and pulls out a bottle and crouches. "I brought my own. Hide me, OK? Don't let them see me." Duane, I notice, is becoming awash with protective feeling. I'm not.

Did we know where a phone was? Did we know of any apartments she could rent? Could we save her seat? So we save her seat three times, or at least Duane does. I'm ready to grab an Uzi.

"Let's go now, OK?" I say.

"We can't go," he says. "We've got to watch that girl's purse until she comes back."

"Did she *ask* us to watch her purse?"

"Well, she left it there." He stares fretfully at the large tapestry bag, its contents half-spilling onto the floor.

"I hate that girl," I say.

"Why are you being such a bitch?"

"How dare she sashay in here and expect us to take care of her?"

"Oh, come on, is it gonna hurt us to be nice?"

"Yes, fuck you, it is," I say.

•

"Clarissa, why are you lying on the dining-room table?"

"Sshh, Mommy, I'm Snow White and I'm sleeping for years and years."

"Why, Clarissa?"

"So that Prince Charming can ride up on his white horse and wake me with a kiss. I have to keep very still, Mommy."

"Clarissa, dear, I don't think Prince Charming's going to ride his horse into our dining room."

"He might; you never know."

"How about if I wake you with a kiss?"

"Don't be silly, Mommy, you're not a man. You can't rescue me."

"OK, honey, but try not to scratch the varnish."

•

Sometimes when I go to the deli, there is a woman, often middle-aged, in front of me, giving the deli guy holy hell. First she has to taste the corned beef. She doesn't like it and makes him open a fresh one, but that one's too fatty, she asked for lean, didn't she? And what about coffee filters? She knows they're in the back of the store, but she forgot them, OK? So could he get them for her now? OK, yes, that's it, no, maybe she needs some aspirin. And maybe some corn flakes. And didn't she say half a pound of Swiss? The deli guy looks bewildered as he does her bidding, while the customers behind her tap their feet and mutter. He asks himself what is wrong with this woman. What does she expect from him?

We Jews would call her a *kvetch*. To me, she seems deeply, profoundly disappointed, soured, as though she never got what she wanted.

•

Every weekday after five and before six P.M., certain car owners on the block move their cars from one side of the street to the other. Then they wait near their cars until it is legal to leave them. So I'm standing there with a couple of women, I think lesbians, talking weather and dogs. A guy pulls into the last vacant space. A woman in a straw hat with a ribbon dangling down the back runs up to him.

"That's my space! Honestly, I was just about to pull my car in there! I always have that space! You have to let me!"

"Now, that is unmitigated, fucking gall," I say.

"Ten to one he goes for it," Freda says.

"Come on, nobody's that much of a *yutz*," says Joan.

The guy shrugs and grins sheepishly, puts his car into gear and pulls out. Straw hat grins and rushes triumphantly to her car.

"She'll never get it in there; her car's twice the size of his!" I say.

"She'll beg prettily and get everyone else to move their cars; you just watch," said Freda.

And that's exactly what she did.

"Wow!" said Joan. "If they had manipulation Olympics, she'd definitely place."

•

"But why can't I do it myself, Mommy?"

"Because, dear, it's not ladylike. If he does it again, you call your father or your brother. They can take care of that bully."

"But, Mom, it was *my* bike. It should be me who punches him in the nose."

"Baby, would Cinderella punch a boy in the nose?"

•

"I just can't cope!" Sara was crying.

"Look, Sara," said Jill, "you left Mark because you wanted to be independent. I don't mind you sleeping on my couch for five months. But you have to pay your own goddamned phone bill."

"But I had that big dermatologist's bill. And then I ruined my only decent pair of shoes and had to buy another pair. . . ."

"Look, Sara, I just can't keep picking up your slack. Why should I? I've got enough problems."

"But don't you see? I just can't——"

"I know, cope. Maybe you'd better go back to Mark."

•

"Well, I still think you're mean," said Duane.

"You don't understand!" I whined. "Women like that give women a bad name! And you guys, you're so stupid, you go for that kind of babe in a big way, that poor, soft, take-care-of-me type, and then, when she takes *you* for everything you're worth, you're shocked, you're horrified, you blame our entire sex."

"You're just jealous," said Duane.

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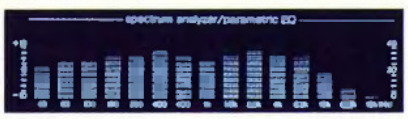

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Have you ever encountered the sexual phrase boxing the compass? What does it mean?—F. L., Detroit, Michigan.

There is a scene in a Walter Matthau movie in which he spends the day in bed with a woman, boxing the compass. He tries to find a sexual position for each axis of the bed. It applies to other pieces of furniture as well. The next time you enter a new setting with a lover, try to imagine an erotic use for every item in view. Make a pact not to leave until you've done it in the shower, on the dressing table, in the chair, on the coffee table, hanging from the chandelier, on the stairs, in the closet, under the bed, in the garage, in the foyer. You don't have to have an orgasm in each position or place, just some form of sexual contact. You can do this to tired old settings to revitalize your sex life. When you're done, everything you see will remind you of sex. That will lead to even more sex. It's a vicious circle.

This may not qualify as a reasonable question, but here goes: How does the Playboy Advisor remove price tags from gifts?—F. K., Sacramento, California.

You assume that we buy gifts. Over the years, we've developed The Curmudgeon's Guide to Christmas. Around Thanksgiving, we alienate all our friends, thus avoiding the obligation to give gifts. Then, around February, we make amends, just in time for our birthday. As for removing stickers, there are some handy tips: Don't ever scrape or scratch—even a fingernail can damage some surfaces. Lay a strip of cellophane tape on the label and give a quick tug. That will get most stickers. The next line of offense is warm water (either soak or dab with a wet cloth to dissolve the adhesive) or hot air (a blow drier may soften adhesive). Still no luck? Graduate to prewash laundry sprays, oils or adhesive remover. Or you can simply be a boor and leave the price tag on to show her what a generous guy you are.

My girlfriend, a computer freak, says that she once dated a guy who had a program that suggested sexual techniques. You would answer a questionnaire and the computer would come up with an appropriate sexual fantasy from a pamphlet filled with scenarios. For example, the guy wanted to watch, so the program suggested several voyeuristic episodes. Have you ever heard of such a thing?—G. K., Boston, Massachusetts.

We have the pamphlet for a program called Interlude (from Syntonic Software Corporation, 10428 Westpark, Houston, Texas 77042). We never bothered running the program—we liked all of the scenarios. For example, interlude number 57 was called "Just Watching Her": "Your man would like to watch you masturbate, so make it extra erotic for him. Put on a loose, silky robe and get the sexiest books you have ('Delta of Venus,' for example). Sit in a soft armchair opposite him. Read aloud the erotic passages from the book. As you read, part your robe to reveal your legs and pubic area. Throw one leg across the arm of the chair and touch yourself as the words of the book arouse you. Pretend that you are alone or that a stranger is watching you from across the way. Set your own pace, but let the words arouse your excitement. Remember that your voice and your actions are equally exciting to him. When you are sufficiently aroused, give yourself over completely to orgasm." If you wanted to reverse roles, you could sit at the breakfast table, read "The National" and recite Rotisserie League statistics as you aroused yourself. The point of the program is to vary your sexual routine. You can do the same thing mechanically. Buy a large glass fish bowl. Have your girlfriend write out ten or 20 scenarios. Write some yourself. Toss them into the bowl. You can describe scenes from X-rated flicks, from soap operas, from fiction, from your own past. Then play lotto with your love life, pulling out a scene and acting it out.

I would like to build a video library. Unfortunately, either I have obscure taste or the local stores have no taste at all. Is there a central clearinghouse for video titles?—J. P., Evanston, Illinois.

Check out the Critics' Choice Video Search Line (900-370-6500). Cost of a call is one dollar for the first minute and 50 cents for each additional minute. There are more than 35,000 titles available on video cassette. If the title you are looking for is one of them, V.S.L. can tell you where to order and, in most cases, will place the order for you. Critics' Choice handles more than 2200 titles itself and can fill most orders within 48 hours. The tough ones take a little longer. The search line gets 200 calls a day, many from people looking for classics: "It was thirty-five years ago, on our honeymoon. My wife and I watched a movie with Jimmy Stewart in front of a fireplace. Can you find it?" We called and asked for three obscure titles ("Walkabout," "More" and "Leo the Last"). The first was available as a rental, the two others had never been licensed for video release. This was actually good news: Our name went into the data base. When those films become available, we'll be notified.

How come guys don't appreciate the subtle effect a bedroom has on lovemaking? You could do your readers a service by running some hints on improving the erotic environment.—Miss T. K., New York, New York.

We just read an interesting book titled "Inner Sex in 30 Days: The Erotic Fulfillment Program," by Keith Harary and Pamela Weintraub, who suggest turning a room of your house into an erotic refuge. Start by sitting in the middle of your bedroom and taking a look: "Is your bedroom a sensual environment especially conducive to the expression of your inner sexuality? Do the colors and textures work to enhance your sexuality or to repress it? Is your bedroom a soft, inviting refuge from the world at large? Or does the outside world intrude itself into this private realm in subtle or not so subtle ways? . . . Your erotic refuge should be a room in which you can emotionally leave the outside world outside." The authors make some concrete suggestions: "Begin by clearing the room of any objects that make it seem cluttered or that distract you from feeling fully focused on your sexual partner. Make sure the room is strictly a bedroom—clear it of any objects that make the room seem partly living room, say, or partly bathroom or office or closet. Set up a corner chair where you can neatly hang your clothes after taking them off. . . . If your quarters are cramped and you must use your bedroom for more than one purpose—for instance, if you must equip it with a desk and a computer—try to use screens, colorful cloth hangings or curtains to divide the distracting area." The authors suggest removing any object that reminds you of former lovers and cleaning the room thoroughly, "so that you feel completely comfortable touching any surface—including the floor—with your totally naked body." Choose art that is sensuous, if not explicit. Install a full-length mirror somewhere in the room. Place a comfortable throw rug, big enough for you and your lover to stretch out on, on the floor. Use red or pink light bulbs to create an ethereal, almost otherworldly appearance. Don't just think clean sheets—think of the texture next to naked skin. Toss an assortment of different-sized pillows on the bed. If there is a telephone, unplug it. If there is a television set, cover it or leave it in the corner. Have a source that can

ILLUSTRATION BY OENNIS MUKAI

provide music for an hour and a half without interruption. Keep an erotic wardrobe—loose-fitting kimonos, robes or pajama tops—that you can change into. The authors also suggest making the bathroom part of your erotic refuge: "The state of your bathroom environment is an intimate expression of how you feel about your body. It is the room in which you clean your body in preparation for a sexual encounter, and it is often the room in which you will find yourself—for one reason or another—either during a sexual experience or shortly after a sexual encounter is completed. It should therefore be kept scrupulously clean and inviting, using the same sorts of general techniques you used in preparing your erotic bedroom environment. Place a clean and cozy rug on the bathroom floor and make sure there are plenty of clean, large, thick and absorbent cotton towels available at all times. It is often not the most exotic sex aids that make the difference in our enjoyment of a given sexual encounter but, rather, the simple niceties of life." Good advice.

What is the proper amount to tip help at Christmas?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

The Curmudgeon's Guide to Christmas suggests never tipping during the holidays. It also suggests moving once a year. Too much hassle? Then here's a pocket guide: For doormen and building superintendents, from $20 to $70; for handymen, porters and elevator operators, $10 to $20 (you should be tipping these guys on a per-job basis). Cleaning women deserve one week's pay at Christmas (more than we get); your day-care provider deserves one week's salary. The final category concerns deliverymen: Mailmen and deliverymen may warrant from $10 to $30. Now, if you have anything left, think about tipping your local advice giver.

Several years ago, while out of town on business, I became involved with a man who turned me on to a level higher than I could ever remember experiencing. We forced ourselves to limit our intense sexual encounter to everything except intercourse. Somehow, this has eliminated the guilt of straying from our respective spouses. Time has passed and our physical distance has turned the affair into one conducted over the phone and through the mail. Part of the excitement is the fact that it is illicit—we are even employed by the same company, so this is a hot secret! We haven't seen each other in two years, but that hasn't stopped our communication. When we can schedule the time, we have the most outrageous phone sex in our offices. Through erotic words and our hands, we are able to take each other to incredible orgasmic states. At the end of several of these phone calls, I've wound up partially dressed on my office floor with the speaker phone on. Unfortunately, sometimes we get just a few minutes of verbal turn-on, only to have to hang up due to normal workday interruptions. We both know that should we ever see each other again, our passion will supersede our sense of guilt and we'll fuck like crazy. I am wondering if after all of this fantasy buildup, the relationship will change once we *do* get together. Perhaps with the mystery gone, the excitement will diminish. Based on the chemistry that connected us before (oral sex for both of us was incredible), we're sure we won't be disappointed.—Mrs. D. W., Foster City, California.

Is this what they mean by safe sex? What you have is creative, clandestine and guilt-free. Why jeopardize a (relatively) good thing by consummating this affair? Is this cheating? Yes. (Have you tried phoning home?) Are you going to have sex when you see this man? Probably. (If you don't want that to happen, stop the phone calls. Or make it clear that they aren't leading to something as mundane as an extramarital affair.) Apply this energy to your marriage.

I'm planning to install a stereo system in my convertible. Some of my friends tell me that I'm in for a very expensive ordeal—a convertible's sound system needs more power than a hardtop. What's the scoop?—W. O., Kansas City, Kansas.

The wind in your hair blows past your ears, too, creating an ambient noise that can be as loud as 80 or 90 decibels. That wind robs a bass of any power and makes serious demands on midrange and high frequencies. Most shops insist on installing a subwoofer—under the rear seat, beneath the ragtop storage compartment or in the side panels in back—with a beefed-up amplifier (at least 100 watts) and a separate power source (there goes the trunk). Component speakers with separately mounted midrange and high-frequency tweeters will take care of the rest of the sound. Experts advise placing them as high in the car—upper door or dashboard—as possible. The latest rage is a third-channel dash-mounted center speaker. Now, if you follow this advice, will you promise not to drive through our neighborhood?

Recently, I started seeing a lady who's 35 years old and a knockout from head to toe. I am 21 and somewhat educated on the different aspects of sexual pleasure—except one. We've been together for about four months; one night, she came home from work in desperate need of a foot massage after being on her feet all day. She lay on the floor while I massaged her feet and, just to be different, I started licking the bottoms of her feet. She loved it. So I started sucking on her toes. I couldn't believe I was doing that, but I loved having her toes in my mouth. We were lying in opposite directions, so she pulled down my shorts and started to masturbate me while I sucked on her toes and licked her feet. We were going crazy and I had the most intense orgasm I have ever had from being masturbated. She loved it and said that any time I wanted to do that to her again, I should go for it. So here's my question: Is there such a thing as foot sex? Have other people contacted you on this topic? We both found it incredible, not weird or perverse. She has always wanted to try something different. I guess this qualifies. What do you think?—M. J. K., Newark, New Jersey.

You've got to take your Air Jordans off sometime—this is as good a reason as any.

Eavesdropping on a couple of guys drinking at a bar, I was perplexed to hear calls for a "spacer." I couldn't make out what the drink was, and I can't find a reference to it in any manual. You're my last resort.—G. E., Memphis, Tennessee.

A spacer is a nonalcoholic sip sandwiched between standard alcoholic drinks. It's a way of lightening up during a session of serious swilling, without skipping a round. Almost any nonalcoholic beverage can act as a spacer—ginger ale, seltzer, nonalcoholic beer, juice—you name it.

My girlfriend claims that we never have enough time for sex. She likes long, lazy sessions and feels cheated by anything less. Indeed, she now fails to reach orgasm without a full production. I feel under pressure to set aside huge chunks of time, when I could be off playing golf. Is there a solution?—M. K., Casper, Wyoming.

Sex, like work, expands to fill the time allotted. Your girlfriend may have set up a self-fulfilling prophecy (or is that self-defeating?). If she thinks she needs three hours, then that will become the standard. Show her that sex can be just as exciting in small bursts. Sometime soon, ask her to time herself—to see how quickly she can reach orgasm. A sprint can get your heart racing just as effectively as a marathon. When she gets it down to less than two minutes, you can start doing it in closets at parties, in telephone booths at the airport, in hotels after you've called room service or between the time you hear the buzzer and your guests climb three flights to your apartment. Then, when she has learned to come in a few minutes, see how many orgasms you can fit into three hours, or how long you can make one session last. As good as golf gets, it will never be better than sex.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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Kings Lights: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Kings: 14 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.

Beer drinkers are thirsty for the real beer taste of Miller Sharp's.

So much so, that Sharp's has established itself as the best selling non-alcoholic brew in America just a few months after its introduction in January.*

The Sharp's taste breakthrough lies in Miller's unique brewing discovery, Ever-Cool.™

During brewing, temperatures remain lower, producing the smooth, refreshing taste of real beer in a non-alcoholic brew.

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THIS MALT BEVERAGE CONTAINS LESS THAN ½ OF 1% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME.

© 1990, Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, WI

*Source: Nielsen SCANTRACK, August 1990

FREEDOM:

FIGHTING THE BATTLE ON 50 FRONTS

how to protect the bill of rights from bush's supreme court

By Nat Hentoff

The day Supreme Court Justice William J. Brennan resigned, Bruce Fein—an astute, conservative analyst of the Court—predicted gleefully that the Court would now be transformed into "a conservative juggernaut."

Fein based his optimism on the clear fact that Brennan in recent years had been able to partially hold back the evisceration of the Bill of Rights by being the deciding vote in a number of five–four decisions.

In the Court's—and Brennan's—last term, for example, he prevailed in the flag-burning case, in an affirmative-action judgment and in a remarkable decision that allowed a Federal judge to compel a school district to raise taxes to pay for ways to desegregate the schools. And Brennan saved the increasingly jeopardized exclusionary rule (which states that evidence illegally obtained by police cannot be used in court) by persuading Byron White to join him in a five–four ruling.

Brennan was the most effective coalition builder in the Court's history. As Thurgood Marshall recently said, "There's nobody here that can persuade the way Brennan can persuade."

In the Rehnquist years, Brennan lost more than he won, but he won enough to keep much of the Bill of Rights alive. With him gone—and with David Souter, a narrow and passionless jurist, in his place—the odds, indeed, are that the state will triumph over individual rights and liberties in the great majority of cases to come.

In the current 1990–1991 term, for example, the Court will decide whether the Reagan Administration violated the First Amendment by forbidding the 3900 Federally funded family-planning clinics from even mentioning abortion to their low-income clients. There are also crucial school-desegregation, women's-rights and conditions-on-death-row cases. Brennan will not be there to persuade his colleagues on the right to see the individual human beings at the core of these confrontations.

Yet there are ways to preserve the essence of the Bill of Rights by bypassing this Supreme Court. It was Brennan who showed how it can be done in an influential 1977 *Harvard Law Review* article. He reminded lawyers that state constitutions' protection of individual liberties often extend beyond those "required by the Supreme Court's interpretation of Federal law."

A state constitution or legislature cannot provide *less* protection than the Federal Constitution. (A state, for instance, cannot deny the public and press access to criminal trials or close down a newspaper whose editorial has offended the governor.) But the individual states can give its citizens *more* protections, as long as no Federally protected right is contravened, than the United States Constitution.

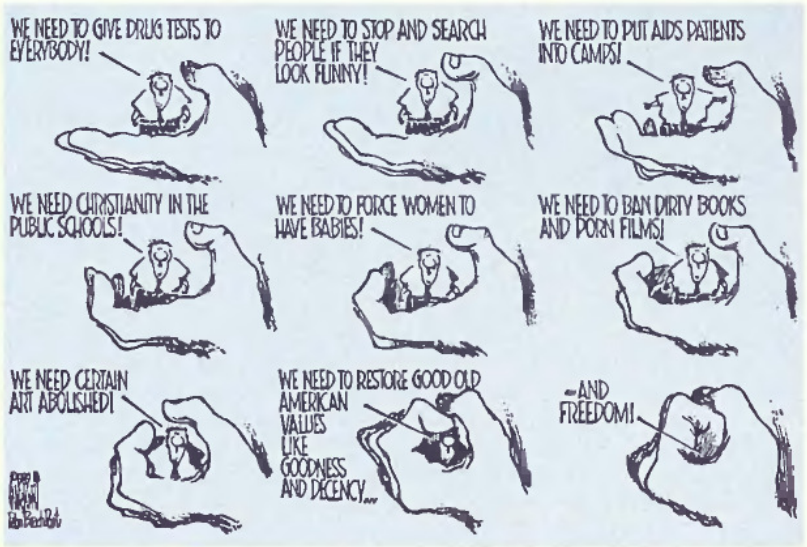
Following Brennan's lead, an increasing number of state-court decisions in recent years have ignored the crabbed interpretations of individual liberties by the Warren Burger and William Rehnquist Courts. And in the years ahead—with only three liberals (Thurgood Marshall, Harry Blackmun and John Paul Stevens) left on the Supreme Court, two of them over 80—state courts are the basic shields against the preference the Rehnquist Court gives to prosecutors, police and other agents of the state.

Not all states have relatively libertarian constitutions and courts. But many—New York, Oregon, Florida, Texas, Massachusetts, New Jersey and sometimes California, among others—do.

Two years ago, for instance, the Supreme Court, by a six–two majority—with Brennan in vehement dissent—declared that we have no expectation of privacy in our garbage once we put it outside our home. Accordingly, said the Court, it was constitutional for the police to search through a man's garbage in California in order to find some reason that would allow them to obtain the required warrant to search his house.

Brennan objected that garbage contains evidence of the "intimate activity associated with the sanctity of a man's home and the privacies of life which the Fourth Amendment is designed to protect." Of course, he said, there is an expectation of privacy in one's own garbage.

Two years later, in a similar case in New Jersey, that state's highest court—relying entirely on the constitution of New Jersey—differed with the majority of the United States Supreme Court:


WE NEED TO GIVE DRUG TESTS TO EVERYBODY!
WE NEED TO STOP AND SEARCH PEOPLE IF THEY LOOK FUNNY!
WE NEED TO PUT AIDS PATIENTS INTO CAMPS!
WE NEED CHRISTIANITY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS!
WE NEED TO FORCE WOMEN TO HAVE BABIES!
WE NEED TO BAN DIRTY BOOKS AND PORN FILMS!
WE NEED CERTAIN ART ABOLISHED!
WE NEED TO RESTORE GOOD OLD AMERICAN VALUES LIKE GOODNESS AND DECENCY...
-AND FREEDOM!

DON WRIGHT, "THE PALM BEACH POST"

Sounding like William Brennan, the majority decision emphasized that "clues to people's most private traits and affairs can be found in their garbage. . . . There is a difference between a homeless person scavenging for food and clothes and an officer of the state scrutinizing the contents of a garbage bag for incriminating materials."

A state-court decision that particularly pleased Brennan was a landmark event in the history of free expression. In January 1987, the Oregon supreme court said that what the United States Supreme Court or anybody else characterizes as "obscenity" would henceforth be protected under the Oregon constitution. Article I, Section Eight of that constitution states plainly, "No law shall be passed restraining the free expression of opinion, or restricting the right to speak, write or print freely on any subject whatever."

After all, said the Oregon supreme court, when the state constitution was adopted in 1857, most of the members of the Constitutional Convention "were rugged and robust individuals dedicated to founding a free society unfettered by the governmental imposition of some people's views of morality on the free expression of others."

Brennan's delight in Oregon's proof of his belief that state courts can sometimes provide more freedom than the Supreme Court was heightened by his own experience with judging obscenity cases. After 16 years of being the Supreme Court's principal writer of decisions on obscenity, he gave up in 1973 because he found it impossible to find the line that separates speech protected by the First Amendment and unprotected obscenity. He doubts strongly that there is such a line.

Indicative of the range and depth of state courts' dissents from certain majority Supreme Court opinions are these cases:

In 1989, the United States Supreme Court ruled that executing someone who is mentally retarded is not "cruel and unusual punishment" under the Eighth Amendment of the Constitution. But later in 1989, the Georgia supreme court boldly held that "although the rest of the nation may not agree, under the Georgia constitution, the execution of the mentally retarded [does constitute] cruel and unusual punishment" in violation of the Georgia state constitution, which prohibits such punishment.

The Fourth Amendment (which says that searches must be conducted with a warrant and with probable cause) was clearly and precisely written *without exceptions*.

However, in 1984, the Supreme Court allowed for a damaging exception. In the *Leon* case, the Court ruled that even if a judge's search warrant were defective, the evidence seized by the police would still be admitted at trial if the police had a "good faith" belief that the warrant was OK.

In 1988, the North Carolina supreme court swept aside the United States Supreme Court's weakening of the Fourth Amendment, stating that the North Carolina constitution adheres strictly to its state search-and-seizure guarantees and allows for no exceptions that allow the admission of evidence illegally obtained by the police.

The Supreme Court has ruled in a number of cases—including two during the last term—that laws requiring parental consent before an unmarried teenager can have an abortion are constitutional. But in 1989, the Florida supreme court said that such requirements are a violation of the right to privacy guaranteed by Article I, Section 23 of the Florida constitution.

Also, with regard to abortion, although the United States Supreme Court has decided that the Federal Constitution does not require the spending of public funds for abortions for women who cannot afford them, the California, Massachusetts and New Jersey courts have ruled that *their* constitutions do require that women who can't pay for abortions on their own be provided with state funds.

Then there is the question of whether or not the police can set up roadblocks and randomly test the sobriety of motorists without any particularized suspicion that any one of them might be under the influence. In its last term, the Supreme Court said that such random searches were not in violation of the Fourth Amendment.

But the state supreme court of Rhode Island has held that this sort of search goes against the state constitution's guarantee against unreasonable searches and seizures.

Ronald K. L. Collins, a visiting associate professor of law at Catholic University of America and an expert on state courts, reports that there have now been more than 600 significant state-court decisions since 1970 that have given greater protections in civil liberties and civil rights cases than the Supreme Court.

One of the many he cites is a California court of appeals ruling that upheld a jury award of $485,042 to Barbara Luck, a computer programmer, fired for refusing to submit a urine sample in an unannounced drug test by her railroad employer. Although the Supreme Court has approved random, unannounced drug tests for certain kinds of railroad employees, in this instance, the California court rejected the railroad company's argument that the right to privacy under the California constitution should be narrowly construed and should not be applicable against employers.

A particularly dramatic illustration of a state judge—relying on a state constitution—going much further than the Supreme Court was the decision this year of a Michigan jurist to overturn the state's antisodomy law and three statutes governing gross indecency. The law had prohibited oral and anal intercourse between homosexuals and all other adults. *(concluded on page 52)*

WHOAA... HOLD ON A SECOND!...
WHAT IF SOMEDAY SOMEBODY WANTS TO BURN A FLAG...OR..OR TAKE HOMO-EROTIC PICTURES OR SING EXPLICIT RAP LYRICS OR...

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NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CHARGE IT

"Even the most overworked corporate accountant would balk at an expense-claim voucher that read 'Blondes, Blondes, Blondes' or 'Midnight Dreams,'"

says an IRS official, "and no one, but no one, would dare put it on an income-tax form as a deductible expense." As a result, sex services that advertise as accepting "all major credit cards" bill under bogus names, which allows their customers to expense sex as anything from "conference catering" to "office supplies." A recent sting operation by the Government involved 19 cities in 12 states and netted more than 25,000 phony credit-card slips—and the IRS claims that that's the tip of the iceberg.

PORN KILLS

PEKING—*In its continuing efforts to stamp out "bourgeois liberalization," the People's Republic of China has decreed that possessors of porn get life in prison—if they're lucky. If they're not, they get a bullet in the back of the neck. Pornography includes sex cartoons, photos of nudes and obscene photos or films. In cases where the offender is executed, the family is billed for the bullet.*

MURDER, SHE SAW

SAN FRANCISCO—*Citing the First Amendment, public television station KQED-TV is suing in Federal court for permission to record and broadcast a gas-chamber execution at San Quentin Prison. "What's interesting," says the station's current-affairs director, "is that people's positions on our lawsuit don't seem to have very much to do with their support of or opposition to the death penalty. People on both sides take both sides." Some advocates of capital punishment think televising it would undermine their position by grossing out viewers—which is just what opponents of the death penalty want. Others believe that it would give execution the proper deterrent effect. The station assures the public that if it does broadcast the killing, the event will be preceded by a viewer-discretion warning.*

DEVIL-MAY-CARE

TOPEKA, KANSAS—*Fed up with having loonies link its logo with diabolism, Procter & Gamble has brought suit against two Amway distributors who advocated boycotting P&G. for supporting the Church of Satan. The suit asks a modest $50,000 in damages in addition to a court order restraining the distributors from further spreading the old rumor, whose origin is unknown, that the company's familiar moon-and-stars trademark is a satanic symbol.*

TURN, TURN, TURN

According to a study in the New England Journal of Medicine, *male sperm counts go up in the winter and down in the summer, which may explain why birth rates peak in the fall and drop in the spring. The researchers who reported the finding said that the fluctuation actually seems to be unrelated to temperature and they speculated that it might be a result of an internal biological clock.*

AIDS SLANDER

SPRINGFIELD, NEBRASKA—*In what may be a legal first, the Nebraska supreme court has upheld an award of $25,350 in damages to a 30-year-old salesman falsely rumored to be infected with AIDS. The court agreed that the woman who started and spread the gossip is guilty of slander and owes the man damages. The rumor resulted in financial loss (the man was forced to quit his job), injury to his reputation and mental suffering.*

INEXPERIENCED NEED NOT APPLY

JERUSALEM—*A young bachelor rabbi, chosen to be the spiritual leader of a small farming town, has been declared unqualified for lack of sexual experience. Israel's chief Sephardic rabbi noted that one of a rabbi's duties is to give married couples sexual advice and "to do this, he has to know these matters from up close." As the chief rabbi explained, "A doctor who hasn't done an internship would never be allowed to treat any patients." The young rabbi has agreed to "wait patiently until my match comes from heaven."*

DEAD HORSE WON'T FLY

A study published in the Journal of Sex Research *by Dr. Larry Baron of UCLA refutes the claim by antiporn feminists that erotic publications promote gender inequality. Dr. Baron reports that a higher "sex magazine" circulation in a state only reflects greater political tolerance and a cultural environment that is more, not less, committed to equal rights.*

POOR TASTE

WIESBADEN, GERMANY—*State food inspectors visited a local porno emporium and declared its edible panties to be unfit for human consumption. Despite the man-*

ufacturer's claim that they were 100 percent safe and wholesome, the officials found the shop's cherry-flavored bikini underwear to contain illegal ingredients.

ABORTION: THE

TOUGH GUYS PONDER TOUGH LAWS

They must think that God reads lawbooks and that women don't.

Following the Supreme Court decision on abortion in 1989—a ruling that undermined a woman's right to a safe, medical abortion—Right-to-Lifers around the country fell over themselves in a rush to win the anti-abortion sweepstakes. Who could be the cleverest and cruelest? Who could draft a law that would go all the way to the Supreme Court, where it would force the final undoing of *Roe vs. Wade*? By one count, 40 states considered 350 abortion-related bills in the space of a year. Each of the following was—for a week or two—the "toughest or most restrictive abortion bill in the nation."

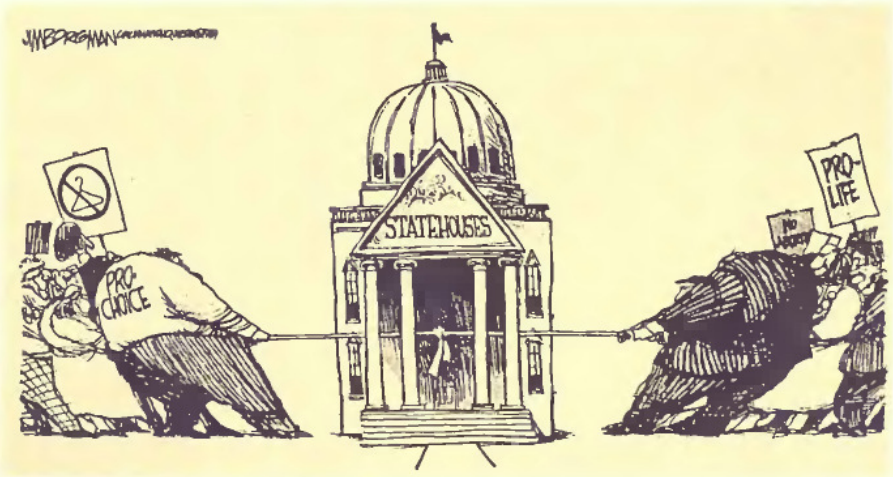
PENNSYLVANIA—The state legislators approved a bill that would require women to notify their husbands if they planned to get an abortion, establish a mandatory 24-hour waiting period, prohibit abortion because of the fetus' sex and outlaw abortions after the 24th week except in cases where the mother faced irreversible harm or death. Doctors would have to inform women of the age of the fetus before performing an abortion and would have to discuss alternatives and risks with them.

Outcome: A Federal judge struck down several restrictions.

MINNESOTA: A state-senate committee studied legislation drafted by the National Right to Life Committee that would allow abortions only in these cases: "rape reported to the police within 48 hours of the attack; incest reported to the authorities before the abortion; pregnancy that threatens the woman's life or endangers her health; and pregnancy that would result in a child born with profound and irremediable physical or mental disabilities incompatible with sustained survival."

Outcome: The bill was rejected.

IDAHO: The Idaho house approved a bill that would outlaw abortion as a method of birth control, allowing it only in cases of rape, incest, profound and irremediable fetal disabilities or to save the life of or to prevent severe and long-lasting physical health damage to the mother.



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Outcome: The bill was vetoed by the governor.

GUAM: The outside contender for the most restrictive legislation, the tiny island of Guam, a U.S. territory, passed a measure that outlawed most abortions, including cases involving rape, incest or fetal abnormality, and made performing an abortion a felony for doctors, a misdemeanor for women. It allowed abortion only if the pregnancy endangered the life of the mother or gravely impaired her health.

Outcome: The governor accepted the bill; it was overturned by a Federal judge.

LOUISIANA: The legislature passed a bill that banned abortion even in the case of rape or incest (one lawmaker said that "inbreeding is how we get our championship horses"). The measure was vetoed by the governor. The lawmakers came back with a number of amendments tacked to a flag-burning bill: Abortion would be prohibited except when necessary to save the life of the mother or in cases of aggravated rape or incest reported to police and a physician no more than a week after it took place. The bill prohibited abortions for victims of simple rape (defined as when a woman is incapable of resisting, such as when she is drunk, unconscious or afraid of the rapist).

Outcome: The governor vetoed the second bill.

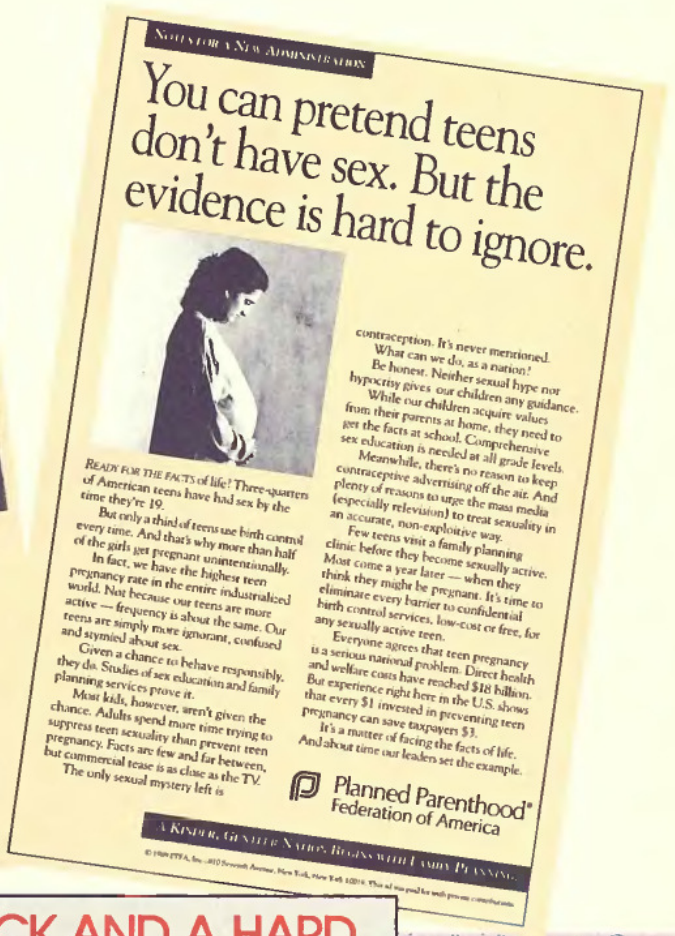
The range of legislation was impressive: Some states tried to dust off 19th Century laws that sentenced anyone who performed an abortion to ten years of hard labor. Others tried to penalize abortion used as birth control or for sex selection.

Although the litany of repressive legislation has a grim ring, there are some triumphs: When Florida governor Bob Martinez called a special session to introduce a package of abortion restrictions, lawmakers just said no. Governors in Michigan, Mississippi and Idaho vetoed bills limiting abortion.

Connecticut passed a broad abortion-rights bill; Ohio tried, introducing a bill that would forbid any restrictions on abortion and would require the state to pay for abortions for poor women. The town of Ann Arbor, Michigan, declared itself a "free reproductive zone." Locals passed a bill—in the event that the state or country ever passed a law prohibiting abortion—making women who had an abortion subject to a five-dollar fine.

YEAR IN REVIEW

Local ABORTION Service:
Free pregnancy test,
No Parental Consent,
683-6100, Mon.-Fri. 8:30-5
If She Were Your Daughter, What Would You Do?
The fact is you may not have the opportunity to do anything ...because you won't know.
This young girl is making a life-or-death decision and she's doing it alone. Her parents don't know. If she decides to abort her unborn child, they may never be notified. Unless, of course, there are medical complications. When that happens, her parents find out from the hospital...and they are financially responsible.
A 15-year old girl cannot get her ears pierced without parental consent. But, she can have a legal abortion and her parents will never be told. Every day young girls make this judgement on the life and death of their unborn children without the knowledge of their parents.
No matter what your opinion is on the abortion issue: if this were your daughter, wouldn't you want the "right to know"?
Please support NRLC.
Here is my tax deductible contribution to help defray the cost of this advertisement and support NRLC's educational efforts:
$25 $35 $50 $75
$150 $500 or: $
National Right to Life Educational Trust Fund
Suite 500, 419 7th Street NW
Washington, DC 20004


You can pretend teens don't have sex. But the evidence is hard to ignore.
READY FOR THE FACTS of life? Three-quarters of American teens have had sex by the time they're 19.
But only a third of teens use birth control every time. And that's why more than half of the girls get pregnant unintentionally.
In fact, we have the highest teen pregnancy rate in the entire industrialized world. Not because our teens are more active — frequency is about the same. Our teens are simply more ignorant, confused and stymied about sex.
Given a chance to behave responsibly, they do. Studies of sex education and family planning services prove it.
Most kids, however, aren't given the chance. Adults spend more time trying to suppress teen sexuality than prevent teen pregnancy. Facts are few and far between, but commercial tease is as close as the TV.
The only sexual mystery left is contraception. It's never mentioned.
What can we do, as a nation?
Be honest. Neither sexual hype nor hypocrisy gives our children any guidance.
While our children acquire values from their parents at home, they need to get the facts at school. Comprehensive sex education is needed at all grade levels.
Meanwhile, there's no reason to keep contraceptive advertising off the air. And plenty of reasons to urge the mass media (especially television) to treat sexuality in an accurate, non-exploitive way.
Few teens visit a family planning clinic before they become sexually active. Most come a year later — when they think they might be pregnant. It's time to eliminate every barrier to confidential birth control services, low-cost or free, for any sexually active teen.
Everyone agrees that teen pregnancy is a serious national problem. Direct health and welfare costs have reached $16 billion. But experience right here in the U.S. shows that every $1 invested in preventing teen pregnancy can save taxpayers $3.
It's a matter of facing the facts of life. And about time our leaders set the example.
Planned Parenthood® Federation of America
A KINDER, GENTLER NATION BEGINS WITH FAMILY PLANNING.

BETWEEN A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE: TEENS AND ABORTION

If you can't pick on someone your own size, pick on someone half your age.

The Supreme Court reviewed a Minnesota state law that requires an unwed teenager to notify both parents before obtaining an abortion—even if the girl lives in a single-parent household and has not had contact with the other parent for years. If a teenager is afraid or unable to consult both parents, she has to persuade a judge to grant an exemption. A lower court found the law to be unconstitutional, saying that notifying two parents could produce harmful effects on both the minor and the custodial parent when the parents were divorced or separated. As for forcing a teenage girl to face a judge: "The court experience produced fear, tension, anxiety and shame among minors, causing some who were mature and some whose best interests would have been served by an abortion to forgo the bypass option and either notify their parents or carry to term."

The Supreme Court reversed the lower-court ruling by a five–four vote in a bizarre two-wrongs-make-a-right form of reasoning. The Supreme Court held that as long as the state offered the teenager the choice of either of these two evils, the law could stand.

An ABC News/*Washington Post* poll found that while a majority of Americans support a woman's right to have an abortion for any reason, 79 percent of those polled said minors should be required by law to notify a parent before undergoing an abortion.

That sounds good in principle; but if years of parenting haven't established trust, no law will. And who can say that a judge will act in the best interests of the minor? One judge in Michigan delayed a consent hearing, forcing an 11-year-old girl (made pregnant by her mother's boyfriend) to carry the pregnancy to term. The next year, he stripped her of custody of the child, claiming she was neglectful and too immature to care for it.

Bill and Karen Bell from Indiana, a state with parental-consent laws, have toured the country talking with state legislators intent on passing similar laws. Their daughter Becky became pregnant. Afraid to tell her parents and afraid to go to a judge for an exemption, she sought an illegal abortion. She contracted an infection and died.

A Massachusetts judge who has had to deal with parental consent for nine years said, "All the law does is harass kids."

Sometimes it kills them.

READER

BOOM BOX

As a member of and principal songwriter for the now-defunct trio Uncle Bonsai, I enjoyed the "Boom-Box Diplomacy" (*The Playboy Forum*, May) rock-and-roll lists that include our song *Penis Envy* under antiporn zealot Andrea Dworkin's name. In fact, years after *Penis Envy* was released, we performed a song, *Women with a "Y" (Womyn)*, written with Dworkin in mind.

Andrew Ratshin
Electric Bonsai Band
Seattle, Washington

Uncle Bonsai tackled such topics as Madison Avenue, liposuction, surrogate mothers, shopping malls, Disney World and antisex zealots. Irony you can dance to.

An excerpt of the lyrics from "Women with a 'Y' (Womyn)":

"Adam was an asshole
Adam must have been an asshole
'Cause he couldn't satisfy
The only woman in the place
Eve was certainly devoted
As he plundered and persisted
Never thought if she resisted
She could save the women's face

And as Adam demonstrated
As he blindly penetrated
Eve would simply have to take it lying down
She just couldn't see the trappings
That the men had under wrappings
Still they blamed her and they ran her out of town

Get the man out of the woman
Get the man out of mankind
Take the man down from the mantel
Leave the manful talk behind
While the men are on maneuvers
Let the mantras fill the sky
Make the world a place for women
Women with a 'Y'"

Uncle Bonsai's recordings are available from Ebb Productions, 9102 17th Avenue NE, Seattle, Washington 98115-3212.

MARIJUANA HISTORY LESSON

In my campaign for the Democratic nomination for governor, I have been advocating taxing and regulating of marijuana as a cash crop in order to allow farmers to gross the hundreds of millions of dollars currently sent to the international crime syndicates in South America and Mexico. In addition to the benefit to farmers, the United States would garner billions of dollars in new taxes, would be able to use the medicinal properties of marijuana appropriately and would be able to keep it from children.

One hundred years ago, farmers in the U.S. produced all of the fiber, medicine and food that Americans consumed. Farming was their heritage and was the backbone of our economy, as well as the basis of our morality and the foundation of our expectations. Instead, we increasingly rely on synthetic products—even in our food—that create toxic wastes.

The evolution from natural products to synthetic ones was planned and implemented by several corporations, including Hearst Paper Manufacturing, Kimberly-Clark and DuPont. Those three companies, among others, stood to lose billions of dollars if the hemp from marijuana could successfully be made into paper products. In the Thirties, when machinery to make the conversion was refined, the companies maneuvered to make marijuana illegal. William Randolph Hearst used his considerable newspaper power to sensationalize the evils of marijuana. In 1937, their efforts paid off with the prohibition of marijuana through taxation law.

Had marijuana been kept legal, the use of the sulphuric-acid process for wood-pulp paper that DuPont had patented would have all but disappeared—thus eliminating most of the pollution in the rivers of our Northwest and Southeast.

It is time for the marijuana activist to merge with environmental groups, individual-rights groups and fair-minded individuals of all races, creeds, colors and political affiliations, to demand a *right* to make individual choices about marijuana. Manufacturers of synthetic products resist that concept. They do not want farmers to compete with them in the multibillion-dollar markets of fiber and medicine.

Gatewood Galbraith
Lexington, Kentucky

Galbraith is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor of Kentucky. The primary will be in May 1991.

FOR THE RECORD

ROOM FOR A VIEW

The American Film and Video Association recently issued the following statement on censorship:

The freedom to view, along with the freedom to speak, to hear and to read, is protected by the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. In a free society, there is no place for censorship of any medium of expression. Therefore, these principles are affirmed:

1. To provide the broadest possible access to film, video and other audio-visual materials, because they are a means for the communication of ideas. Liberty of circulation is essential to ensure the constitutional guarantee of freedom of expression.

2. To protect the confidentiality of all individuals and institutions using film, video and other audio-visual materials.

3. To provide film, video and other audio-visual materials that represent a diversity of views and expression. Selection of a work does not constitute or imply agreement with or approval of the content.

4. To provide a diversity of viewpoints without the constraint of labeling or prejudging film, video and other audio-visual materials on the basis of the moral, religious or political beliefs of the producer or film maker or on the basis of controversial content.

5. To contest vigorously, by all lawful means, every encroachment upon the public's freedom to view.

RESPONSE

VIOLENCE RE-VIEW

In a letter to *The Playboy Forum* (August), Douglas E. Mould, Ph.D., refers to Wichita's domestic violence policy and implies that it benefits abused women but not abused men. I am a veteran officer of the police department and would like to clarify Mould's statements.

Domestic violence is defined as any threat, intimidation or overt act of violence by one person against another with whom he has or has had an intimate relationship. The relationship can be between spouses, siblings or lovers.

The officers of the Wichita Police Department have a responsibility to enforce the law and to keep peace, which means that we must sometimes intervene in the violence that affects so many families. Contrary to Mould's belief, many females have spent a night in the county jail as the result of an officer's intervening in a domestic fight.

William A. Riddle
Patrol East Bureau
Wichita Police Department
Wichita, Kansas

ROCK LABELING

In "The Great Rock Labeling War" (*The Playboy Forum*, August), you report on Jean Dixon, the Missouri state representative, who introduced legislation "making labeling mandatory for records that contain 'unsuitable' lyrics." A point of interest is that Dixon admitted during a radio interview that neither she nor her children listen to rock music. When queried about several songs and groups, she said that she knew nothing about them. She was able to quote rap lyrics only because she read them from a lyric sheet—and she *probably* got that from the Parents' Music Resource Center.

Jean Dixon doesn't speak for all Missourians.

Anthony Capuano, Jr.
Overland, Missouri

CENSORSHIP

Apparently, the definition of censorship is to make a mountain out of a molehill. Donald J. Kainrad makes me proud to be an atheist (*The Playboy Forum*, September).

Steve Lederman
Princeton, New Jersey

In the spring of 1989, a vocal minority in the Farmington, New Mexico, area resurrected a 1976 city ordinance regulating dissemination of pornography. They pressured the city council into expanding the law to include video tapes. The city government asked area residents to rent or buy tapes they found objectionable and then file a complaint with the city. The cases were brought before Judge Johnnie Byrd, who is strongly antipornography. Not surprisingly, there were a number of convictions.

I have conversed with the leaders of the antipornography movement and it is clear that their goal is not just to control hard-core pornography but to ban all materials and activities that *they* consider indecent.

John Duelge, M.D.
Farmington, New Mexico

BIBLE BATTLE

I am a churchgoing Methodist, but it irks me when I find a Bible in a hotel room (*The Playboy Forum*, September). I resent paying for my lodging and then getting a dose of religion. I recommend doing one of the following: Throw the book out the door, throw it into the wastebasket or throw it at the manager.

"Enough searching for intelligent life in space. Let's find some on this planet."

Walt Windsor
Baltimore, Maryland

WE WILL

Regarding *Playboy* and others' suit against the American Family Association chapter in Florida: Go for it!

Dan McGraw
Rochester, New York

GOOD LUCK

You know the joke about "military intelligence" being a contradiction in terms? Here's proof that it is: Six U.S soldiers deserted their Army Intelligence duties in Germany and headed for a certain beach in Florida to meet an alien spacecraft heralding the Rapture, which supposedly precedes the Second Coming of Christ. Enough searching for intelligent life in space. Let's find some on this planet.

T. Martin
Miami, Florida

YOUNG ENTREPRENEURS

Historian Daniel Bell called crime the "queer ladder of social mobility" because it gives the uneducated and the impoverished the means of escaping the slum. He was referring to crimes such as bootlegging that afforded some of the brighter street-gang members a route to prominence and prosperity during Prohibition. However, the phrase can easily apply today. A Washington, D.C., study found that a large number of drug pushers hold regular jobs and deal drugs to supplement their legitimate income. Although about three quarters of the 24,000 dealers use drugs themselves and sell them partly to support their own habits, maybe the rest will build up job skills from their work experience and savings accounts from the drug profits, invest wisely and end up prominent and prosperous—not unlike Joseph P. Kennedy did during Prohibition.

R. Field
Chicago, Illinois

CHILD PORN

A former North Carolina County district attorney was convicted of receiving child pornography through the mail. He had ordered video tapes through an ad in *A&B Video* magazine. Unbeknown to the man, postal inspector Perry LePere had placed the ad as bait in a postal sting. Ever since reading "The Child-Pornography Myth" (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1988), I've been alert to the number of times the Postal Service sets up people to entice them to order videos that are, in many cases, ambiguously described; there is plenty of room for the defendant to believe that he is ordering legal tapes. It is outrageous that not only is the Postal Service spending money and time to entrap people, it is also virtually the only peddler of child pornography in this country.

(Name and address withheld by request)

CRACK BABIES

According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, Americans pay child-care workers $183 per week and parking-lot attendants $240 per week. Obviously, we

FREEDOM (continued)

The United States Supreme Court, in the 1986 *Bowers vs. Hardwick* case, had declared that consensual sodomy involving homosexuals is a crime.

However, Judge John Murphy ruled that the *state* constitution "embodies a promise that a certain private sphere of individual liberty will be kept largely beyond the reach of government. This is not a case involving sexual activity with children or persons who are coerced."

Until this decision, conviction on a first offense of the sodomy and gross-indecency laws in Michigan could result in, respectively, up to 15 years and five years in prison.

Justice Brennan, in urging more action by state courts based on state constitutions, makes a point of warning state judges and lawyers that if they're not careful, state constitutional rulings can be overturned by the Supreme Court.

In decisions reached by state judges, it must always be made clear that the ruling is based entirely on state constitutional law. It's wise to leave out any reference to Federal law or the Federal Constitution.

Chief Justice William Rehnquist, in particular, has a sharp eye for state decisions that make the Supreme Court look miserly; and if he finds references to Federal law intertwined with references to state constitutional law in a decision, he may try to persuade a majority of his colleagues to first review and then reverse many of those decisions affirming rights—if they come up for review (that is, if a state prosecutor, angered at a liberal expansion of the Fourth Amendment by a state court, asks the High Court to review it).

However, as William Brennan says, "If a state court plainly states that its judgment rests on its analysis of state law, the United States Supreme Court will honor that statement and will not review the state-court decision."

Thomas Jefferson would have agreed with Brennan on the need to safeguard individual liberties by not leaving their care to a single body. In an 1816 letter, Jefferson wrote: "No, my friend, the way to have a good and safe government is not to trust it all to one, but to divide it among the many. . . . What has destroyed liberty and the rights of man in every government which has ever existed under the sun? The generalizing and concentrating [of] all cares and powers into one body."

Now, with the prospect of a Bush Supreme Court extending its bleak influence well into the 21st Century, it will be the state courts and constitutions that preserve at least some of the heritage of Jefferson, James Madison, Louis D. Brandeis, William O. Douglas, Earl Warren and William Brennan.

An Ode to CENSORSHIP

By Jerome Stern

Please, oh, please, oh, censor me,
Please, someone, outlaw my poetry.
I tried lyricism and profundity,
But I got ignored complete-elly.

I need a Senator, I need a judge,
I'll take a governor. I don't need much.
I just need someone to make me famous
By arresting me and calling me nomous.

I need a minister to write a big sermon
Saying I'm Satan, worse than vermin.
I need politicians to make their speeches
Saying I'll corrupt their Georgia peaches,

To claim I'm a threat to civilizotion
A malignant blemish on our fair nation.
Tell the world, oh, tell it, please,
That my kind of art'll bring the notion to its knees.

Hospitals will close, children will wail,
Bridges will collapse, banks will fail.
Sodom, Gomorrah and even worse,
That's what'll happen if you read my verse.

Oh, please, oh, media, attack my squalor.
The righteous love outrage, and they like to holler,
He's awful, he's sinful, his mind's in the gutter,
Slice him to pieces, fry him in butter.

Churches'll get filled, candidotes get votes,
Artists can make statements, critics give quotes,
Records'll sell more, art prices rise,
The courts will be busy, the lawyers thrive.

Censorship's good for all concerned,
It's only a few who really get burned.
So please, oh, someone, censor my rhyme
And we both con be on the cover of *Time*.

Jerome Stern is a professor of English at Florida State University in Tallahassee. This originally aired as a monolog on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

READER RESPONSE (continued)

consider cars more important than children. It's no surprise, then, that we are willing to jail mothers who have taken crack (*The Playboy Forum*, May) rather than give them proper prenatal care and drug treatment. We don't *really* care about the health of the baby, we care about the punishment of a drug taker. Let's get our priorities straight.

F. Gilbert
San Francisco, California

OUTING

At what point is a gay individual's right of privacy superceded by long-term social and political objectives that will benefit the gay community as a whole? This is the question raised by the practice of "outing"—revealing someone's homosexuality against his wishes. I can see reason and justice in outing public figures such as the late Roy Cohn, who hypocritically allied himself with politicians who condemned and persecuted homosexuals. But I have friends who privately acknowledge their homosexuality without practicing it and without considering themselves part of any homosexual "community." In fact, one, a conscientious, practicing Catholic, forgoes homosexual activity for the same religious reasons that his Catholic heterosexual counterpart would (or should) forgo intercourse outside marriage. Here the question is whether a person should be forced out of a larger community that is heterosexual but does not make sex a qualification for membership. If I were a member of a heterosexual minority in a predominantly homosexual culture, I would certainly resent being labeled and treated as an outsider when I would consider *my* sexual orientation to be nobody else's business.

(Name and address withheld by request)

WAR ON DRUGS

Sixteen years of harassment, arrests and the erosion of civil rights have not solved the so-called drug problem. In those years, we've seen constitutional rights stomped to dust. Maybe it's time to stop.

Dana A. Netz
Jemez Springs, New Mexico

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Ultra Lights 100's: 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

COMING OUT RIGHT

conservative homosexuals find themselves in a double bind: other gays reluctantly embrace them, but their right-wing allies wish they'd just go away

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Marvin Liebman is worried, and when he's worried, *you* should be.

Who is Marvin Liebman? He is one of the major architects of the conservative revolution that has dominated the American agenda for the past decade. Liebman, 67, helped found the American Conservative Union back in the Sixties and pushed Ronald Reagan for President as early as the 1968 Miami convention. He was the toughest of Cold Warriors, fighting to save China, Katanga and Vietnam from the Communist enemy. But now that the Cold War is over and conservative wrath has switched from Red baiting to gay baiting, he has a problem. *He* is the enemy. Liebman, who had been one of a considerable number of Washington-based closet-gay conservatives, decided to "come out" because of his horror over the runaway bigotry in conservative ranks.

As he recently told readers of the *National Review*, the conservative bible, "I worry that the right wing, having won the Cold War and, for all intents and purposes, the battle over economic policy, will return to the fever swamps. I see evidence of this. It disturbs me greatly." He sounded this alarm in an open letter to "my best friend" of almost 35 years, *National Review* editor and leading conservative guru, William F. Buckley, Jr., revealing that "all the time I labored in the conservative vineyard, I was gay."

Not the biggest shocker, perhaps, but remember, this guy cofounded, with Buckley, the Young Americans for Freedom, whose current chant, according to Liebman, is "No rights for sodomites."

As to why he had "chosen this moment to go public with that part of my life that had been so private for all these years," Liebman wrote to Buckley that it was "because I fear that our cause might sink back into the ooze in which so much of it rested in pre-*N.R.* days. In that dark age, the American right was heavily, perhaps dominantly, made up of bigots: anti-Semites, anti-Catholics, the K.K.K., rednecks, Know-Nothings, a sorry lot of public hucksters and religious medicine men."

Liebman has cause to be concerned. Gay bashing, long an American blood sport, has now become the mainstay of right-wing fund-raising and publicly generated hysteria. The bullying appropriation of "family values," while often focusing on women's rights to abortion and other manifestations of sex outside of procreation, is never quite satiated until a homosexual connection is established. Witness Senator Jesse Helms's obsession with the photographs of Robert Mapplethorpe, which led to the exclusion of homoerotic art from NEA grants.

Homophobia has clearly emerged as the last refuge of American scoundrels. And what is involved here is nothing less than a fundamental split in conservative ideology that was papered over during the Cold War years but can no longer be concealed. There are two kinds of conservatives and they cannot sleep comfortably in the same bed.

Some conservatives are libertarians who simply want to cut back on Governmental intrusion into our economic and social lives. Theoretically, they should be strong supporters of civil liberties, including those of gays. As Liebman puts it, "The conservative view, based as it is on the inherent rights of the individual over the state, is the logical political home of gay men and women."

But the other kind of conservative desires precisely the opposite. In the name of "traditional values," this group seeks a great deal of Government intrusion into private lives and would trample on the constitutionally mandated separation of church and state, as well as on freedom of speech. Freedom is to be permitted in the arts and in the market place only as long as minority taste does not offend the sacred mores of the majority. As Buckley put it, in his response to Liebman, "But you, too, must realize what are the implications of what you ask. Namely, that the Judaeo-Christian tradition, which is allied with, no less, one way of life, become indifferent to another way of life."

Buckley is being slippery here, for the issue is not that of homosexuality, or pro-choice birth control or the right of artists to tender their own moral values. Let Buckley believe as fervently as he might in his and his Church's notion of heaven and hell and let him espouse such notions vigorously; they should, however, not be backed by Government power.

It was one thing for Buckley to call Gore Vidal a "queer" on national television, as he did once when he found himself on the losing side of a debate. Vidal had called Buckley a Nazi and Buckley responded with the epithet, implying that one who practices homosexuality is on a moral plane with the murderers of tens of millions. No matter: Buckley's bigotry should be constitutionally protected as long as it is an idea and doesn't have the power of a mob or the law backing it up. But to call, as Buckley did subsequently, for all HIV-positive males to have their status tattooed on their buttocks—a suggestion for public policy—is to cross the line from individual bigotry into, yes, statist fascism.

Buckley must decide, as a point of logic that he so ardently espouses, whether he is in the camp of the libertarians or of the Helmses. The attempt to find a middle ground involves one inescapably in a hopeless contradiction. For libertarian conservatives—and as a matter of self-preservation, that category should include the large number of gay conservatives in the higher reaches of Washington power—the continued accommodation of the traditionalists is a death knell. They will accommodate their own demise.

Recall the sad case of former Congressman Robert E. Bauman, who preceded Liebman out of the closet. With Liebman, he founded the American Conservative Union and at the time the FBI charged him with soliciting for sex in a gay bar was its national chairman.

Congressman Bauman had survived as a conservative leader by endorsing without embarrassment all kinds of gay-bashing positions while he remained in the closet. He began public service as a Maryland legislator who picked up sailors on the q.t. but nonetheless worked to kill legislation preventing discrimination against homosexuals in housing. In 1977, Bauman, while continuing a 17-year pattern of cheating on his wife in random homosexual encounters, cosponsored the Family Protection Act. He would later admit that he had not bothered to read the fine print on this radical *(concluded on page 192)*

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JAY LENO

a candid conversation with america's hardest-working comic about tough audiences, andrew dice clay and who's going to follow johnny

The man Time *magazine has called "the hottest stand-up comedian in America" once described himself in a high school classmate's yearbook as a "future retired millionaire." Jay Leno was half right about his prospects. At the age of 40, the "Bruce Springsteen of comedy" is earning upwards—and some would suggest far upwards—of $3,000,000 a year. What he was wrong about was the retirement.*

Leno may never retire. In a world seemingly obsessed with the pursuit of leisure time, he shies from it as if it were death itself. He literally loves to work. During the next year, he will sit in for Johnny Carson as guest host of "The Tonight Show" on roughly 77 nights. He will perform at Harrah's in Lake Tahoe, at The Sands in Atlantic City and at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. He will hopscotch across the country from state fairs to college concerts to conventions to clubs for more than 240 nightly stands. Somehow, he will squeeze in the filming of a commercial or two on behalf of Doritos corn chips. And, just to insure against the odd empty evening, there are frequent visits to The Comedy & Magic Club in Hermosa Beach, California, where Leno tops off his set by testing jokes for his "Tonight Show" monologs.

It's the ideal situation. Leno lives to entertain and audiences can't get enough. Like an Everyman turned cantankerous by the insanity of contemporary life, he raps out an almost poetically humorous report on his generation's life and times. His "Tonight Show" openers are peppered with wisecracks so memorable that he is rapidly becoming the most widely quoted comic since Will Rogers.

"So this is National Condom Week," he observed. "Boy, there's a parade you don't want to miss." Or, "Well, Nancy Reagan just won a humanitarian award. I'm so glad she beat out that scheming little Mother Teresa." "Ever look at the expiration date on a bag of Wonder Bread? It says right there in tiny letters, HEY, PAL, YOU SHOULD LIVE SO LONG. *"*

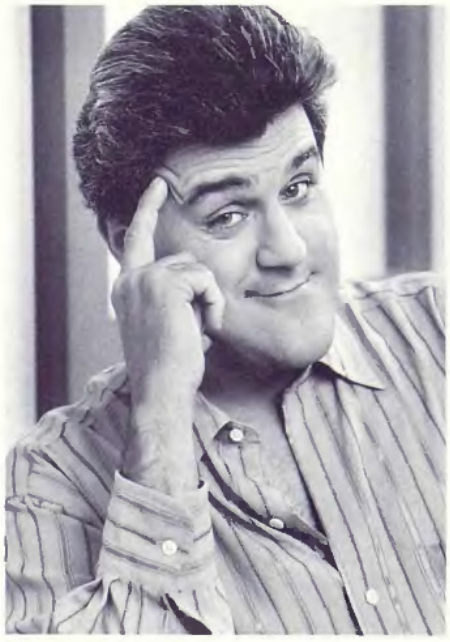
When MTV bestowed a "lifetime-achievement" trophy on Madonna, he opined, "That should give Ella Fitzgerald and Lena Horne something to shoot for." He once summed up the basic difference between the sexes as, "All men laugh at the Three Stooges and all women think they're shitheads." And, lest we forget, it was Leno who delivered one of the more memorable quips on Quayle: "He's making his own Vietnam movie, 'Full Dinner Jacket.'"

He cuts closer to his own sensibilities in his discussion of European cuisine. "I hate it. They use all the parts of the animal we throw away. They're saving the lungs and pancreas to make some kind of colon tartare. *I'm hopelessly American. If it doesn't come in a Styrofoam box with a lid on it, I don't enjoy it."*

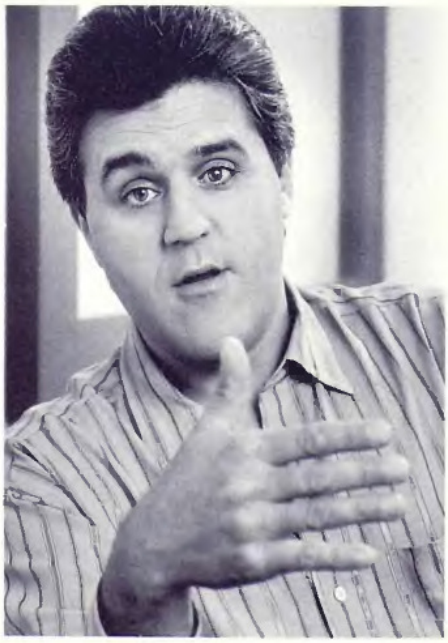
The "hopelessly American" comedian, born James Douglas Muir Leno in New Rochelle, New York, spent most of his formative years in the pleasant town of Andover, Massachusetts, where his father, Angelo, was an insurance executive. Jay, or "Jamie," as his Scots-born mother, Catherine, still calls him, was the second of two sons, an outgoing boy who liked to make people laugh. But his family life, and the town, were entirely too conventional for him to have dreamed he'd grow up to be a stand-up comic.

Still, from classmates to teachers, he always left them laughing. And while earning a degree in communications at Emerson College in Boston, he decided to moonlight as a monologist. A cycle and car buff since childhood, he'd managed to talk himself into an ideal day job, cleaning and prepping luxury cars at a local Rolls-Royce/Mercedes dealership. He filled his nights with his other avocation, comedy.

It wasn't easy. He worked strip joints, jazz clubs, carnival midways and even retirement homes. He was heckled, cursed and punched. Sometimes, he was paid; other times, he lost money on the deal. Oddly enough, he thrived and began to realize that a stand-up life was



"Comedy is like lifting weights: If you don't do it every day, everything begins to atrophy and you wind up a big fat pig. I can stay home and watch 'Jake and the Fatman,' or I can make twenty-five thousand dollars."



"[Sam Kinison] puts his material together the way a comedian does. There's a joke there. People may go, 'That's awful. But, you know, it is funny.' With Andrew Dice Clay, I can't find the joke. I can't find the joke!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIO MECEY

"I taught Arsenio to ride a motorcycle. We used to hang out every night. We were both sort of misfits at that point. There were only certain opportunities available to a black comedian. I was sort of—what am I, Italian?"

precisely what he wanted. To that end, he started commuting to New York, where he spent hours auditioning for the chance to appear without pay at comedy clubs.

At 25, after watching a singularly unimpressive young comic guest on the Los Angeles–based "Tonight Show," he decided to go West. He flew to Southern California, carrying a few dollars, a small suitcase and an act forged by hard-earned experience.

Humor enclaves such as The Comedy Store and the L.A. branch of The Improv were starting to expand into the showbiz mainstream, and Leno, a seasoned performer among fresh-out-of-college comedy hopefuls, eased his way into the prime slots on their schedules. But while contemporaries such as Jimmie Walker and Freddie Prinze used stand-up to leap to TV-sitcom fame, Leno didn't seem to fit the weekly series mold. An ABC-TV executive once explained to him, "We feel your face will frighten little children." Another suggested that he treat his hair to a blond tint. Still another gave him the name of a doctor who might straighten his jaw, a process that would have rendered him speechless for "about a year or so."

Instead, Leno continued to tour the country—Council Bluffs, Iowa; Hanover, New Hampshire; Utica, New York; Grand Forks, North Dakota. He was earning the sobriquet "the hardest-working comedian in show business," and flourishing in the process. As the number of one-nighters increased, so did Leno's talk-show guest spots with Merv Griffin and Mike Douglas. He opened in Las Vegas for such disparate performers as Perry Como and Tom Jones, but his act was so universal that it worked with any audience.

In 1977, he appeared with Johnny Carson on "The Tonight Show," the venue that, since 1987, when he became its exclusive guest host, has brought him his widest fame.

These days, Leno and his writer wife, Mavis, share a two-story, 12-room home in Beverly Hills that has been described as half library (her books) and half garage (his classic cars and motorcycles).

Recently, during one of the comedian's protracted periods as "Tonight Show" guest host, we dispatched journalist **Dick Lochte** *to NBC's Burbank Studios to find out what makes Leno tick. Lochte, who had met and interviewed Leno in the mid-Seventies, reports:*

"The first day, I arrived to find a glistening black Bentley Turbo R parked in the space nearest the sound-stage door. I would discover, every day thereafter, a different dream car resting there. A Jaguar XK-120. Any of several Lamborghinis. Leno isn't sure how many cars he has, but there are probably enough to carry him through a two-week guest-host stint. If not, he can always motor in on one of his cycles—the Harley, maybe, or one of the Vincent Black Shadows. The last time we'd talked, he'd been driving a 1955 Buick Roadmaster that he'd also slept in from time to time.

"Inside the hangarlike building, in a dressing room that, even with a TV monitor hooked to the wall, would qualify as Spartan, Leno told me that he still had the Buick. Lounging on a couch, dressed in workaday denim, he didn't seem to have undergone much physical change since we'd last met 15 years earlier. At 180 pounds spread more or less evenly over a six-foot frame, he is slightly stockier, perhaps. His hair is shorter, with more than a touch of gray. But the famous jaw is as firm as always, housing the same infectious crooked grin.

"And he seemed to be as calm a performer as ever. Then he could break off a sentence to hop onto the stage, do a quick set and return, picking up the conversation where he'd ended it. Now his relaxation seemed to increase as showtime approached. 'You have to understand,' he said, 'this is the easiest thing I'll do today.'

"Throughout our several meetings, every hour or so, the executive producer of 'The Tonight Show,' Fred de Cordova, would enter with notes for Leno to study—information about the show's guests, questions suggested by the staff and ideas for various comedy bits. Although the two men seemed to have a mutual respect, they would engage in a continuing game of playful banter, much of it based on Leno's rather relaxed approach to his guest-hosting chores. 'These should be interesting even to a jaded character such as you,' De Cordova would say, handing the notes to Leno, who would reply, with mock earnestness, 'I'll give them my immediate attention.'

"People don't want to hear some comedian whining about how bad life is. 'Hey, you're getting paid a lot of dough! Shut up, please!'"

"De Cordova seemed amused that Jay was going to be the subject of a 'Playboy Interview.' 'Do you know that I once directed Hugh Hefner in an episode of "Burke's Law"?' he mentioned. But as the days wore on, he seemed perplexed. 'Still here, eh? What are we covering today?'

"Leno replied quickly, 'I was discussing the finest producer in the history of television.'

"De Cordova chuckled. 'This might be interesting after all.'

"On the last day, he asked, 'My God! Are you still here? This interview should be long enough to fill an entire issue of Playboy.'

"'We may eventually get a book out of it,' I told him.

"The producer, who not long ago published his autobiography, 'Johnny Came Lately,' raised an eyebrow and asked, 'A book?'

"'Yeah, we're calling it "Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye,"' Leno said. 'What was the name of yours?'

"De Cordova smiled. 'Fuck you!' he said good-naturedly.

"Jay's riposte was immediate. 'I didn't ask what it should have been called.'

"The producer paused. Then, in spite of himself, he laughed. He'd been in show business long enough to realize that you can't expect to outheckle a comic who spends upwards of 240 nights a year on the road."

PLAYBOY: You're rich, you're successful. Why do you keep working so hard?

LENO: Well, you take one day off and you're thinking, Boy this is great. Then you take two days off, and then three. To me, comedy is like lifting weights: Once you start, if you don't do it every day, everything begins to atrophy and you wind up a big fat pig. And it's not exactly unrewarding work. You say to yourself, "I can stay home and watch *Jake and the Fatman*, or I can make twenty-five thousand dollars."

PLAYBOY: How many days are you on the road each month?

LENO: Twenty, twenty-two. I'm in every Tuesday, when I do *The Tonight Show*. A lot of times, I'll go out and come back the same day.

PLAYBOY: How can you stay happily married when you're constantly away?

LENO: It's no different than if you're a salesman or in the Service. A comedian friend of mine, who's not married anymore, used to complain that his wife didn't understand his getting drunk and getting laid when he was on the road. I told him, "Gee, she's so demanding. Besides the fact that she could die from whatever disease you pick up." I go on the road and I come home. I call my wife from the airport before I leave and we talk that night before we go to bed. And if I'm heading anyplace the least bit interesting, she goes with me.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you rather have a more normal schedule?

LENO: First, I love the work. I just show up and tell my jokes. It's very relaxing. Second, when I'm traveling, I get the chance to read. A week on the road and I'm up to date on every world event. I'm home for a week and suddenly it's, "What happened in Lithuania? When did the tanks go in there?" Third, what's normal, anyway? The guy next to me on the plane is bent over a computer typing and mumbling, "Geez, if the boss doesn't like this report. . . ." I don't have any of those problems. There's a great peace of mind in being your own boss.

The traveling is just part of the job. Sometimes it gets kind of strange being on the road, but people don't want to hear some comedian whining about how bad life is. "Hey, you're at the Marriott! You're getting paid a lot of dough! Shut up, please!"

PLAYBOY: Was being your own boss one of the reasons you became a comedian?

LENO: Not consciously. I was never a corporate kind of person. But I wasn't a counterculture type, either. I find it odd that my friends who once were blowing up the Bank of America are working

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there now. And I have all the freedom that they thought they were gonna get. I come and go as I please. I don't take jobs that I don't want. I have friends who work for a chemical company and it's, "I didn't poison those kids in Africa. I'm just in sales." They wake up with chills. I don't have any of that. The worst that happens in my line of work is you don't get a laugh. You don't get cancer of the pancreas in ten years.

PLAYBOY: What made you think you could earn a living this way?

LENO: I didn't think I could. I just liked to do it. The fact that I got paid for it was great. When I was starting out, I worked at a Rolls-Royce dealership in Boston and I used to bank the money I made there and spend my comedy money, which was, like, *free*. Eventually, one started to overtake the other and I figured I would more or less ride this gravy train until it crashed. Today, I live on the money I make at comedy clubs and everything else goes in the bank.

PLAYBOY: Literally in the bank? No stocks, no bonds, no income property?

LENO: In the bank. I don't want to invest in junk bonds or be a landlord. My nightmare is that I buy rental property and suddenly, the morning paper arrives with the headline "ELDERLY WOMAN EVICTED FROM BUILDING." There's a picture of a sweet little grandmother type being thrown into the street and right next to it is my smiling face.

PLAYBOY: How is life different now that you're rich?

LENO: My wife and I live in a nice house in Beverly Hills. There's almost enough room for us and my cars and motorcycles. I can afford to buy my dad a Lincoln Continental for Father's Day. But it's still a relatively simple life.

PLAYBOY: Simple? In Beverly Hills?

LENO: You make it simple. Shortly after we moved in, we went next door to drop off a bottle of champagne and introduce ourselves to our neighbors. Bing-bong. The maid tells us, "Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So aren't in right now." So I hand her the champagne and she asks, "Are you keeping a full staff or a half staff?" I didn't know what she meant. My wife whispers, "Maids, butlers." [*Deep, macho voice*] "Oh, I don't know. Probably a half." Like we're gonna have a staff.

PLAYBOY: Do you always have such good luck with neighbors?

LENO: Always. I was so stupid when we moved into our first house. Back East, people would show up at your house. So I went out and bought a cake. And we walked over to the house next door. "Hi, we're your new neighbors." The guy's got a robe and sunglasses on. "We've got a cake for you." I must have looked like Goober or something. The guy's closing his robe and it seems like he doesn't have any underwear on. I'm thinking I got him out of the shower. I take two steps inside. The whole living room is

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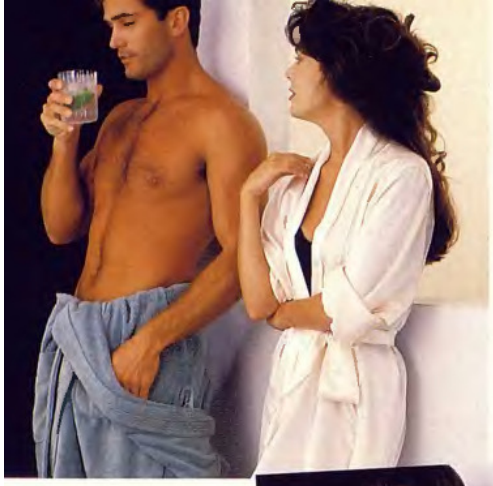

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white and there are thousand-watt klieg lights and two women on the floor rolled up in some kind of carpet. I say, "Oh, I guess you're just moving in, too?" And the two girls go, "Who is this guy?" Then I see another man in bikini briefs with a camera. The guy in the robe says, "Oh, nice to meet you. Uh, great." Outside, after he shut the door, you could hear, "Who was that?" "Some jerk who bought a house." "Think he knew what was going on?" "Naw, he looked too stupid."

PLAYBOY: OK, so you have weird neighbors and no maids or butlers. What about life on the road? Do you travel with an entourage, like Eddie Murphy?

LENO: No entourage. I carry my own bags. I don't like having handmaidens. [*Affected voice*] "Would you get me a lime, please, like a good assistant?" Forget it.

PLAYBOY: No little luxuries—expensive meals at fancy restaurants, for instance?

LENO: I usually pick restaurants not for the food but because I can keep an eye on my car and make sure the valet stays away from it. But not long ago, in Atlantic City, my wife says, "Why don't we ever go out?" So we wind up at this place in one of the hotels. It's a fancy French place, but it's staffed by guys from Jersey, you know, "*Bone-joor, Meester Leenos.*" So I'm sitting there and about six feet away is a guy doing a thing with a *flambé*. He looks at me and he yells, "Hey! You're da fuckin' guy, right?" Now everybody turns. That's what I like. I'm in an expensive French restaurant with my wife. It's two hundred bucks for this meal, and the waiter goes, "Hey! You're da fuckin' guy!" They've got the hair slicked down, all the moves, but suddenly, I'm in the middle of *My Fair Lady*.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you're "da fuckin' guy" in New Jersey, but *Vanity Fair* calls you "the Mr. Clean of contemporary comedy." What's wrong with blue humor?

LENO: I've never been offended when [George] Carlin or [Richard] Pryor uses a "dirty" word. It's not that. But I was watching some comic on one of the cable shows and he said something like, "If you're out with this girl and the date's not going well, just reach over and rip her left tit off." That was the punch line. Where's the joke? Let's beat up a woman? These days, you can make jokes about our role in Central America, foreign policy, how we treat blacks and Indians and the CIA, and you're considered a plain old mainstream comedian. But if you go out and say "Women are bitches" and "Let's kill gay people," you're considered controversial, on the edge. I don't hear those comics really being on the edge about anything. All they're doing is saying something to a group of people who agree with them. It's just baiting a crowd.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about Andrew Dice Clay, right?

LENO: I've met Andrew a few times. I don't know whether he's a good guy or a bad guy, but I don't buy his defense that he's just playing a character. What about [former Ku Klux Klan leader turned state legislator] David Duke? Was he just playing a character? "When I had that sheet on my head, I was another person. I didn't realize black people were getting so upset." I don't buy it. This is the way America lives now, isn't it? Mayor [Marion] Barry didn't do coke, his *sickness* did coke. Everybody has an excuse. But either you're responsible for your actions or you're not.

PLAYBOY: Clay seems to be softening his image these days.

LENO: This is the way you become legitimate, isn't it? You're selling drugs and then, when you get enough money, you buy an honest business and eventually people say, "He's OK; he did that other stuff years ago." Or you get famous by making fun of women or blacks or Asians. You just pound on them. Then you say, "I've made my money. I'm comfortable. I'm not doing that anymore."

PLAYBOY: Sam Kinison seems to pound on the same targets as Clay. Do you find him offensive, too?

LENO: Whether you like Sam Kinison or not, he puts his material together the way a comedian does. There's a joke there. I think most really straight people watch Sam and go, "Oh, geez, that's awful. But, you know, it *is* funny." That's the difference. With Andrew Dice Clay, I can't find the joke. *I can't find the joke!*

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comedian. It's like you're a doctor and you see another doctor who's screwing off and killing patients. "Do something else, will ya? Become an actor."

PLAYBOY: What about good old-fashioned sex jokes?

LENO: There's nothing wrong with a sex joke, as long as it's about sex—and it's funny. I'm not starting Comedians for Decency or anything like that.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever use blue material?

LENO: I used to work a little looser than I do now. But I believe in my thirty-nine-and-a-half rule. When you're a twenty-five-year-old guy and you're wearing leather pants and a silk shirt and you're up there doing comedy and you're talking about having sex, girls in the audience giggle. They go, "I can't believe he said that." Then, you hit about thirty-nine and a half, and you're balding and you've got a paunch. The silk shirt with the big collar from ten years ago is kind of silly-looking and the pants have a little too much flare. If you're doing the same act with the sex jokes, those same girls are going, "Ooh, that old guy, he's so gross. Talking about sex. He's probably never *had* sex. . . ."

I like an act you can grow into. The older I get, the more appropriate my material seems to be. I find it more interesting and more challenging to try to write something that's clean and funny and appeals to everybody.

PLAYBOY: Do celebrities complain about being picked on?

LENO: I ran into Roseanne Barr one day at The Improv and she said, "Why ya always makin' fun o' me for? You're always callin' me fat on the show." And I told her that on her HBO special, she said things like, "We fat people have to stick together." She said, "Well, I'm married now." So I told her I wouldn't do any more of those jokes. And I haven't. I like Roseanne.

A similar thing happened when I was on *The Barbara Walters Special*. They showed a *Tonight Show* clip, a bit called "Pin the Tail on the Oprah." There are a bunch of pictures of Oprah's ass. As she loses weight, the game gets harder to play because her ass gets smaller. The original sketch included the "Geraldo Home Game," with a six-foot cutout of Geraldo that you try to hit in the face with a chair, and a "Phil Donahue Transvestite Game" that had to do with wearing dresses. All the *Walters* show picked up was the Oprah section. I was told she saw it and was very upset. I tried to call her and apologize, but I couldn't get through. It wasn't meant to single her out. I was trying to insult all the talk-show hosts equally. I thought it was fairly good-natured.

PLAYBOY: What rules do you play by when you're kidding with the audience?

LENO: If a guy is a doctor or a lawyer, I knock him down a few pegs. If he's a janitor, I tell him, "Here's somebody who works for a living. We can see the fruits of your labor, whereas with this *lawyer*. . . ." If the guy is fat, you pick on his tie. If he's bald, you make fun of his shoes. If the girl's got big boobs, you make fun of her husband.

PLAYBOY: You do a lot of gags about drunken pilots, Yugos, oil spills. Any other pet topics?

LENO: I usually just go with what's in the paper. But you don't want to get ahead of the audience. A while ago, I did a joke about John Poindexter. I said, "Recording star James Brown served only six months of his six-year sentence, and now I understand John Poindexter is taking singing and dancing lessons." And I looked in their eyes and it was like staring into the eyes of a chicken. They didn't know who Poindexter was or what I was talking about. Maybe they didn't know who James Brown was. You have to find subjects that people know and also subjects where the good guys and the bad guys are evident. Drunken pilots are ideal. You won't hear from Mothers for Misunderstood Drunken Pilots. Or the Friends of the Oil Spill. You can talk about the Yugo being cheap. That's its whole claim to fame. McDonald's is a good subject. It's something that everyone knows. They always get mad, but I never denigrate the food. The jokes are usually about inexperienced kids at work there or the fact that the company is trying to buy the world or something. And finally, if all else fails, you do a condom joke.

PLAYBOY: Do you write the monolog?

LENO: I usually start fooling with the jokes and putting them together. I try to have fifty by midnight. Then a bunch of guys get together at my house. Jimmy Brogan. Ron Richards. Jim Edwards. Sometimes Jerry Seinfeld. Any comics around might stop by. We eat hamburgers or chicken or something, sit till five or five-fifteen and just keep narrowing the jokes down to about twenty-six.

The monolog generally runs seven or eight minutes. I like to compare it to the way you go through a newspaper. You open with the big joke of the day, the big story, and then you work your way through, ending with jokes about entertainment or commercials or sports or something that's fairly general.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you use the *Tonight Show* writers?

LENO: They're Johnny's. If I were a writer on the show, I wouldn't want to be in the position of writing for Jay on Tuesday and for Johnny on Wednesday. Who would get which joke? Plus, I like bringing my own thing into it.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that the monolog material is so dated you can't use it again?

LENO: Just the opposite. The great thing about *The Tonight Show* is that it has to do with right now. I'm covering the same subjects as *Nightline*, only I'm doing it for laughs. It's frightening to think that some people probably get their news from the *Tonight Show* monolog.

PLAYBOY: You seem to enjoy being the show's temporary host. Would you want the job every night?

LENO: I'd love it. But nobody's said anything to me about that. I'm signed to be the substitute host for the next two years, with an option. That's about it.

PLAYBOY: Your pal David Letterman keeps telling interviewers that *he'd* like the show when Carson steps down. Has this put a strain on your friendship?

LENO: I don't think so. I hope not. I was watching the Tyson–Tillman fight the other night, and Tyson said, "I love Henry Tillman; he's a good friend of mine. We went out, we had dinner, we do this. I'm sorry I knocked him out, but that's the fights." I don't consider myself the Tyson in this situation, but the attitude is the same. Whatever happens happens. If Dave were to get the job, I wouldn't stop talking to him.

PLAYBOY: Still, you haven't been on *Letterman* lately.

LENO: No. Only because I'm here every week. I just don't get to New York. And *Letterman* takes a different sort of preparation than *The Tonight Show*. When I do the monolog, I have to make the audience laugh. When I sit down, I've got to make Dave laugh. Instead of joke, joke, joke, I tell Dave stories. It's fun, because he will not carry you. I'll say, "Dave, did you see this thing last night?" and he'll say, "No, I didn't." He'll deny everything. "Dave, have you ever eaten at this place?" "No, I've never been to McDonald's and I've never heard of it." Which makes everything funnier. Still, you have to prepare for it, put the stories together, get them to work. I don't want to be the kind of comic who sits down and talks about his trip to Russia and how the people there are just like us, and if we all learn to live together, the world will be a better place. You want to have something really funny to say.

PLAYBOY: So you wouldn't be disappointed if Letterman got *The Tonight Show*?

LENO: People probably aren't going to believe me if I say that it wouldn't be a problem. But I approach this as a business. I go on the road and I make my money; that's the principal. *The Tonight Show* is all interest. I've got enough money in the bank so that I don't have to worry about this sort of thing. I do TV because I like it, but sometimes it gets too complicated. Once a network that wanted to put me under contract told me, "Of course, you can't ride motorcycles." I explained, "I always ride my motorcycles. I work on them. This is what I do." So I didn't sign the contract. I lost some money, I guess, but that was all right. I figured I could always go to Des Moines and try to make it up there.

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LENO: They have! But I wouldn't do that. "Whatever you want," they say. "Ten times the dough." Not interested.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

LENO: I've been very fortunate. I stepped into this job with no hype. I felt sorry for Pat Sajak. He's a nice guy and generally funny, but I remember that first week of publicity last January. "It's the funniest hour and a half. . . ." "It's ninety minutes of rollicking fun. . . ." And then you're thrown against Johnny Carson, who's been doing it for twenty-eight years, and you get slaughtered.

You don't see any ads in the paper when I host. I just come in and I do it. Audiences make their own decision. They still treat me like the underdog. "Hey, you're doing a good job and you're gonna make it." I like that.

PLAYBOY: Arsenio Hall seems to have lived up to his hype. Any thoughts on the competition?

LENO: I genuinely like Arsenio. He and I started together. I taught him to ride a motorcycle. We used to hang out every night. We were both sort of misfits at that point. There were only certain opportunities available to a black comedian back then. And I was not bad-looking enough to be bad-looking, nor good-looking enough to be good-looking. I was sort of—what am I, Italian? Something there in the middle? Anyway, we'd write bits together and come up with things. And he *is* a funny guy. I'm very happy he's done so well. People think of us as being in competition. I suppose, to a certain extent, we are, but the shows are so different. He doesn't do a lot of political things, and I don't get in there and mix it up with the band.

PLAYBOY: Would you consider guesting on his show?

LENO: My NBC contract wouldn't let me, but it would be too weird, anyway. People would wonder, "What's this all about?" I don't think it would work. I wouldn't go on *Nightline*, either.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your comedy has changed much over the years?

LENO: The big change took place about 1976 or 1977. A bunch of us used to hang out at a deli. There'd be me and occasionally Letterman, Johnny Dark, Tom Dreeson, Elayne Boosler, Richard Lewis. Everybody would tell stories—about working a road gig, hotel problems, whatever. We all had these stories. Funny stories. I'd leave there and go on stage and do my act, which consisted of a lot of unrelated jokes. Then, one night at The Improv, I suddenly decided to tell a story that I'd just told at the deli about staying at an old old-men's hotel in Cincinnati. "I woke up in the middle of the night and somebody was peeing on my door. I said, 'Hey, what are you doing? Don't pee on my door.' The guy said, 'But I always pee on this door.' I looked down and the door was all rotted. So he was right: It was his door." People laughed and I thought, Gee, this is much better than telling jokes.

PLAYBOY: What kind of jokes had you been telling?

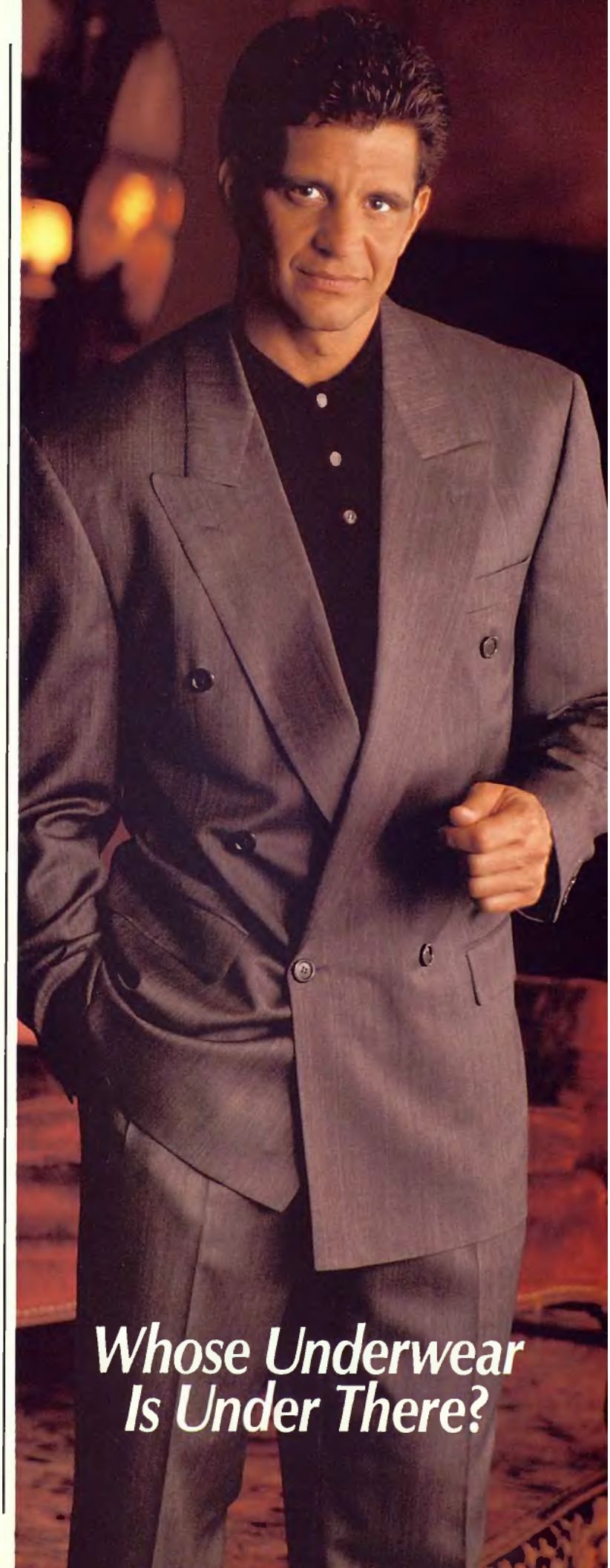
LENO: Like: "I went to the 7-Eleven. I bought a Celeste pizza. I don't know how long it had been sitting there, but in the picture on the box, Mama Celeste was eighteen." Rat-a-tat-tat jokety-jokes. But no stories. Nothing that anybody might think of as "a Jay Leno story." So I got pretty excited about this and I started thinking of stories that I could tell. And that's where all my material about my parents and growing up came from.

PLAYBOY: You talk about your parents a lot in your act. What kind of family life did you have?

LENO: Fairly typical, I guess. I had a real nice childhood. I never saw my parents fight or argue. A lot of comics talk about drunken parents, the father hitting the mother. Mine were nothing like that. They were older than my friends' parents; my mom was forty when I was born. That's probably why my point of view sometimes tends to be that of someone a little older.

PLAYBOY: How big was the generation gap in the Leno household?

LENO: Other people would use terms such as hippies or



Whose Underwear Is Under There?

long-hairs. My dad would say, "You know these *bomb throwers* you see on TV. . . ." Bomb throwers! My cheap stereo was a new *Victrola*. The food was kept refrigerated in the *icebox*. Everything was from the previous generation. It was so different at my friends' houses. Their parents would try to integrate themselves into the conversation and say, "Hey, I saw that Mick Jagger last night. He was something." It made me very uncomfortable. Or I'd be at a friend's house and his mom would be in the pool and—whoa!—you're looking at somebody's *mom* in a *bikini*! "What is that? Let's get out of here!"

PLAYBOY: Did you learn about the facts of life from your dad?

LENO: When I was eleven, my father sent my mother out of the house. He said, "Sit down, son. Do you know about the birds and the bees?" I said, "I guess I know a little bit about it, Dad." "Good, good. Now, how do the Yankees look this year? Think they're gonna go for that pennant?" That was the extent of it. I even used to do a joke about it. I had the classic dirty-book-in-the-schoolyard, find-out-from-your-friends, learn-the-wrong-thing sex education.

PLAYBOY: Has communication improved now that you're an adult?

LENO: Not really. I was watching TV the other day with my dad. Some game or something. I went, "Oh, Jesus Christ, look at this." Suddenly, I hear him in the background: "Watch your mouth while you're in the house." I thought he was going to hit me on the head with a pan or something. Or I'll say, "Mom, did you and Dad ever do anything before you were married?" "Oh, stop. Where did you hear that kind of nonsense?" Like, if they told me the truth, I'd run off and leave my wife because of it.

PLAYBOY: How well did the Scottish and Italian sides of your family get along?

LENO: They got along, but they were as different as you could possibly imagine. When we'd go to a wedding, for example, the Italian side would always be singing and dancing and eating. And the Scottish side would say [*Scottish accent*], "Oh, look at them, Jamie, the way they carry on." And when I'd visit the Scottish side [*Scottish accent*]: "Would ya like a warm Coca-Cola, Jamie?" It always amazed me that they would keep Coke and soft drinks in the *cupboard*.

The Scottish side was so stoic, the Italian so outgoing. It was always funny around the house.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents demonstrative? Would you hug one another?

LENO: No, we were never one of those kinds of families. But we were close. I remember when I was sixteen, I had a '34 Ford truck. I had just had the upholstery all done and I slammed the door one day and broke the window. Didn't have any money to get the window fixed. I drove the truck to school one day and it was sitting out in the parking lot when it started to rain. I figured my new upholstery was going to get ruined. But I'm looking out the window and I see my mom and dad pull up, and my dad's got a big sheet of plastic and my mom's putting it over the truck. I started to cry. My dad left the office because he knew how much the truck meant to me. We were always close that way.

PLAYBOY: Did you know early on that you wanted to be a comic?

LENO: No. Where I grew up in New England was as far geographically and in every other possible way as you could be from show business. I always assumed I would be a salesman, like my dad.

PLAYBOY: When did that change?

LENO: At Emerson College, when I started writing sketches with my roommate, Gene Braunstein—he's now an executive script consultant on *Who's the Boss?* We'd perform them at coffeehouses in Boston where the entertainment was usually nineteen-year-old kids from Long Island singing "I hate my parents." We thought we were hilarious, but in retrospect, we were just horrible. One day, we auditioned for an improv group called Fresh Fruit Cocktail. I got picked and Gene didn't. With his blessing, I joined the group. We worked a bunch of Playboy Clubs. One guy wanted to rehearse. One guy didn't. One guy thought fart jokes were funny. I liked the Bob and Ray kind of thing, which they thought was too subtle. We disbanded after six months.

PLAYBOY: And you decided to go solo?

LENO: Yeah. I'd drive to New York and try to get on stage. One day, the guy at The Bitter End said I could come back on Tuesday and work for free. Naturally, I told my parents. Now, The Bitter End at that time was like herbal tea, guys with long hair, people smoking joints. There wouldn't be any more than twelve customers in the audience. So right before I go on, I hear this loud voice: "*Hey! Jay Leno here tonight, hey?*" My uncle Lou is there with the big hat, my grandma with the aluminum walker. She's about ninety, clapping and shouting, "Jamie ona da stage. Jamie ona da stage." Then all my uncles and aunts arrive and Uncle Lou is yelling for beer in a place that serves only herbal tea. The acts are singing songs like, "Nixon's a jerk," and my family is shouting, "That's a terrible thing to say about our President" and I'm thinking, Gee, this is unbelievable. Finally, it's my turn and it's, "Yea, Jamie, yea!" My supportive family. I suddenly realize the jokes I have are all kind of sophomoric, dirty jokes. With the family there, I can't do any of them. So I hem and haw for a few minutes. And I'm off. "Hey, you're the best." "Hey, he was the best one . . . !" And they all leave, maybe seven minutes after getting there, emptying the place for the next act.

PLAYBOY: Who were the comics you admired back then?

LENO: George Carlin was a big influence, of course, and Robert Klein, because he was the guy most like me, I thought: white, middle-class, college student, sort of the same interests in terms of the things we liked to talk about. At that time, most comedians were men over forty, very Jewish, very East Side of New York—"We were poor, but we didn't know we were poor," that sort of thing. I don't come from any of that, so I never related to any of those guys. Klein never did that kind of comedy. He'd be talking about some obscure cut on a Beatles album, suddenly making fun of rock groups from within rather than from above. And he wasn't a clown. I always hated that kind of dopey, clown-falling-down type of humor.

PLAYBOY: What about Lenny Bruce?

LENO: I admired him, certainly, but I never had his kind of anger; I never felt the need to confront an audience that way. On the other hand, Mort Sahl, another big influence, would guest on *The Ed Sullivan Show* and talk about Joe McCarthy or Eisenhower or Kennedy and suddenly, here's a guy making fun of the status quo *to* the status quo, not preaching to the converted. That seemed much braver than being in a dimly lit room in a jazz joint, filled with people who already agreed with what you were saying. That's not to put down Lenny. I liked him, I thought he was funny; but he was never as close to me as, say, Bob and Ray.

PLAYBOY: You played a few of those dimly lit jazz joints yourself, didn't you?

LENO: One day in 1970, I went to a place called Lennie's on the Turnpike. Lennie Sogoloff—we're still good friends—used to bring in all the big names. I said I was a comedian and he sat down and listened to my stuff and made me house comic. It was the first place I ever went on stage where the audience quieted down to listen to you. If I said something funny, it would get a great laugh. And I got to know all these jazz people and tour with them—Stan Getz, Mose Allison, Ahmad Jamal, Buddy Rich.

I did a bunch of dates with Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a blind musician, a very funny, nice man. He would play through his nose and all that kind of stuff. And he used to do this black-nationalist rap all the time. Once, at the Main Point in Philadelphia, he started in on, "The white devils and the white oppressor. . . ." And there were these Muslim-looking guys in shades saying, "Right on, right on! Yes, yesss. . . ." Then Rahsaan says, "Right now, I'm going to bring out a brother who's gonna tell you all about it! Come on out . . . brother Jay Leno!" And I'd walk out to—silence!

PLAYBOY: How do you win a crowd over after that?

LENO: I'd say, "Maybe you haven't noticed, but Rahsaan's blind." It was so

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PLAYBOY: Are most audiences that easy to win over?

LENO: No. I remember a night at the Cellar Door in Washington. I was ready to go on with Muddy Waters. I'm not on stage a minute when, from the corner of my eye, I see a guy behind me with a catsup bottle. Bop! He hits me on the head and knocks me out cold. I needed nine stitches. And I was docked a day's pay, because as a professional, I should have seen this thing coming.

There are some awful stories. I got punched once working with Buddy Rich. At another place, this guy said to me [*tough-guy voice*], "Look, if you're gonna work here, don't wear nice clothes." I asked him why and he said, "Just don't." So you'd be on stage and you'd see these wise guys who smoke their cigarettes down to their fingers and they'd flick them at you. Just awful stuff like that.

PLAYBOY: How about younger audiences? Were they nicer?

LENO: Not much. I opened for Rare Earth, remember them? I drove all the way down to George Washington University from Boston, about eight hours, and I get there and there're no chairs. The stage is in the gym. The audience is mostly teenage boys, standing. The musicians tell me, "We've got lots of expensive equipment, buddy. You can't use our stage. You're gonna have to stand on the floor." So I wind up facing the audience eye to eye. I'm handed a mike and I see that the wire on it is going along the floor into the crowd. I say, "Anybody here from Boston?" And someone jerks the wire and the mike flies away. Now I'm bent over, chasing the mike through their legs, and I hear stuff coming over the speakers like, "Hey, Billy, you suck." Somebody's got the mike and he's screaming obscenities. Finally, I find the wire and I follow it to the end and, of course, the mike is gone. Now there's no show. I'm informed, "The mike is your responsibility." Not only was I not paid, I had to pay them seventy-five bucks.

PLAYBOY: You may be the only comic who has opened for Muddy Waters, Rare Earth *and* Perry Como. Is a Como audience a bit square by comparison?

LENO: Well, I tried not to be a snob. I remember when I went out with Como for the first year, people said, "It's going to be awful. Don't take that gig. It's going to be old people." But Como's audience was fine. He was always a good singer and a stylist, so his fans were people who enjoyed good music who just happened to be older. They got all the political stuff. They were fine.

PLAYBOY: When did you begin to try out at the comedy clubs?

LENO: That was back when I was still living in Boston. I'd "borrow" a Rolls from the dealership where I worked and drive to New York after school, four and a half hours each way. I was at The Improv so often that Budd Friedman, the owner, assumed I lived in New York.

PLAYBOY: Did you hang out with other young comics?

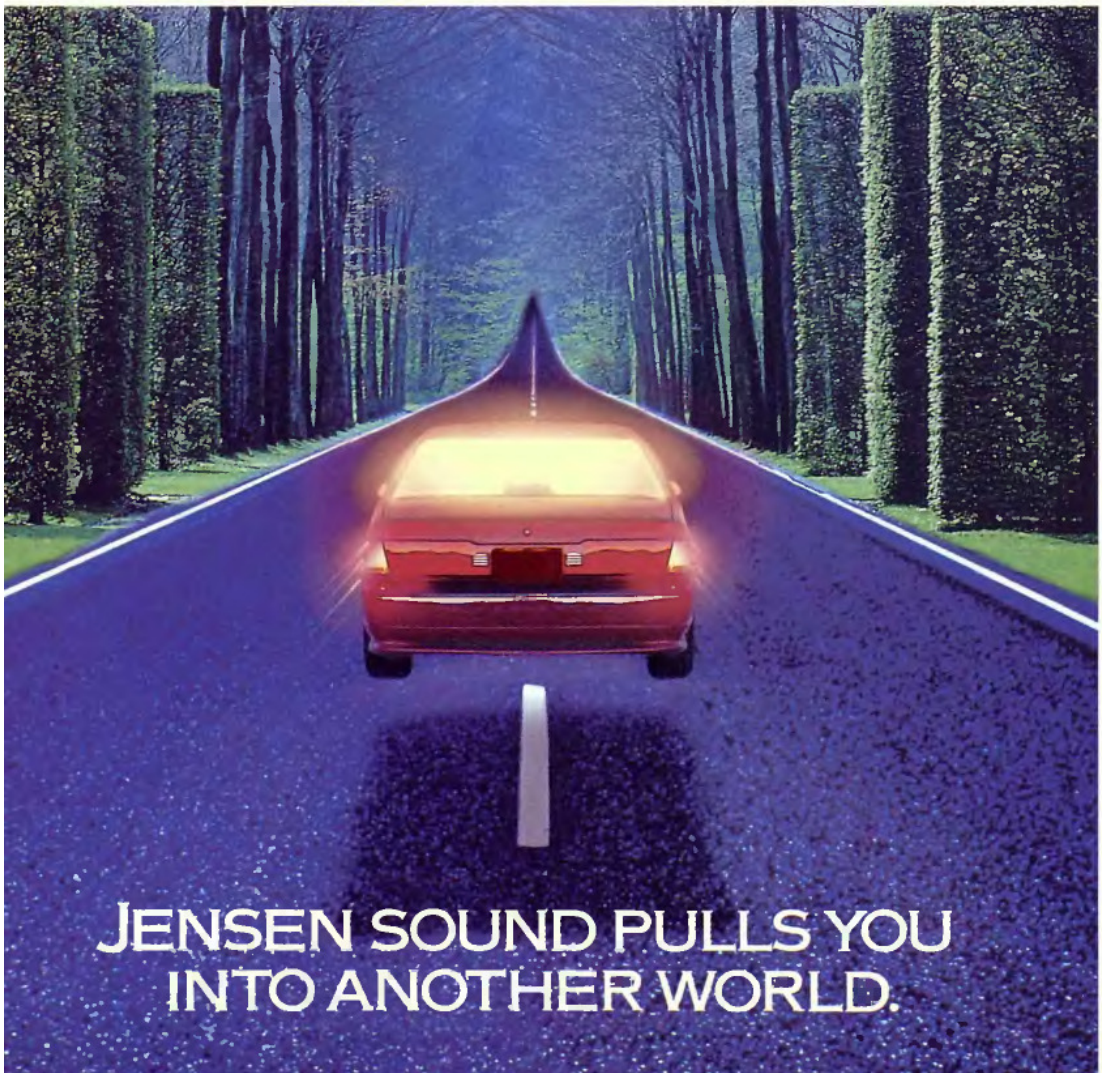
LENO: Since I was the only comic who lived in Boston, everybody who came through would stay at my place. Billy Crystal, Freddie Prinze, Richard Lewis, Jimmie Walker—everybody. One day, Freddie bought a gun and shot about three hundred rounds of ammunition in my living room. Sat there and fired shots to blow a hole between the living room and the bedroom.

PLAYBOY: So you gave up the apartment?

LENO: Yeah, but not because of that. One night, I was watching *The Tonight Show*, which had moved to L.A. by then. I saw this comic who was not very good and he'd made the show, so I decided on the spot to go out there. I did it right away. I walked out of the apartment and went to the airport. I left everything behind, the furniture, belongings. I didn't take anything except cash and a small suitcase.

PLAYBOY: Why so drastic a break?

LENO: I have always painted myself into a corner so I could never, ever make a living doing anything else. I never let myself take a regular job. I wanted to be



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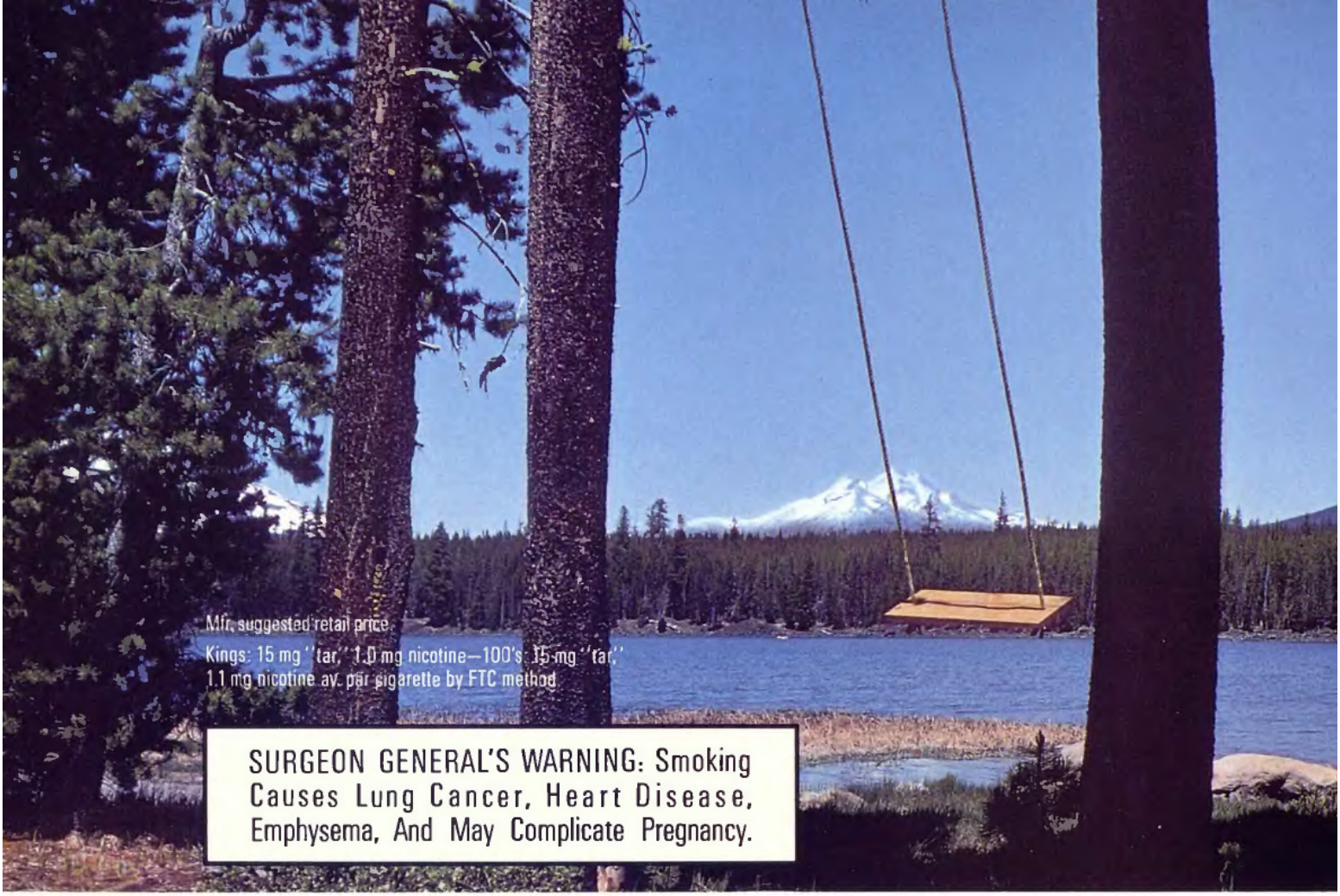
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in a position where I would have to do anything to get on stage. Beg, if that was what it took. Comedy was the only option. Strip joints. Places where you worked for a sandwich. I'd go to auditions where you'd line up at two in the afternoon and stay in line until nine o'clock at night. People in front of me would grumble and leave. And I would move up and feel great. It never occurred to me to quit or be depressed. This was the only job I ever really liked.

PLAYBOY: What was it about being a comedian that was so important?

LENO: The work—coming up with jokes and telling them. I've always liked that more than I liked any of the trappings. I liked it more than I liked the girls who came around. I liked it more than I liked meeting celebrities. I still do.

PLAYBOY: What about the girls who come around? What sort of groupies do comedians attract?

LENO: We don't usually get the rock-and-roll Daryl Hannah type. More often, it's the sort of fatherless, emotionally impaired type. It's strange. Comics are odd with women. Very rarely are they the pursuers. You stand on stage and women can look at you and decide whether they like your face, whether you have nice eyes or a nice ass—whatever it is that they want. If they like what they see, when you go off stage, they'll approach you. And you play the sort of hurt-fawn-lost-in-the-forest act.

PLAYBOY: Most male comics range from being chauvinistic to being flagrantly antifeminist. You're not. Why?

LENO: Well, first off, I like women. My mom, my aunts were all nice people, responsible people. My wife and I get along fine. She's very sensible and smart. I've never had a big problem with personal relationships. I still see almost every woman I ever went out with. We're friends. Some are married, some are not. I don't think there are any who hate me. I don't hate any of them.

PLAYBOY: Where did you and your wife, Mavis, meet?

LENO: At The Comedy Store. She was in the audience. I thought she was attractive. I didn't wait for her to come to me. We met halfway. We got along right from the start.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the moment when you decided to get married?

LENO: We'd been living together for a while. She didn't particularly want to get married. Then, one day, I realized that I had a bunch of insurance policies that covered me for everything, but unless Mavis were my wife—if she got sick or was in an automobile accident—she wouldn't be covered. So I told her I thought we should get married. And she agreed. When my mother heard about the insurance, she thought it was the funniest thing in the world. She still talks about it. "Oh, they got married because he had some policy. Mr. Skinflint. Mr. Cheap Skate." She goes on and on.

PLAYBOY: What were some of the compromises you had to make when you and Mavis moved in together?

LENO: I didn't make any. None. When I was dating, a lot of women got annoyed with the fact that comedy came first. So many comics get married and their wives ask them to work less. My wife knows not to ask that. I'm not talking about emergencies. When her father was ill and in the hospital, I didn't work. We spent every day taking care of him—and that went on for a year. But it's like—Mavis reads voraciously, sometimes fifteen books a week. I wouldn't think of asking her, "Honey, could you just stop reading so much?" I don't understand people who try to change their spouse once they're married.

PLAYBOY: Are your tastes similar?

LENO: Opposite. But I like opposite. I learn things. Mavis collects Dickens and all sorts of literature and my world is limited to cars, motorcycles and humans. Being with her forces me to see things and talk about things and go places I would not normally go. I've got about twelve cars, classics. She has this Japanese thing, a Honda Prelude. She can be a little grouchier than I am. I'm pretty even-tempered. She gets more bothered by people who ask me for an

autograph. If she were the one who was famous, I think she would avoid it much more than I do.

PLAYBOY: Everyone in show business has a strange story about someone seeking an autograph. What's yours?

LENO: I have a great one. A while ago, I was riding my motorcycle with a friend high up in the Hollywood Hills. We stopped to look down across the city and I'm thinking, This is beautiful. And all of a sudden: "click-click." This guy puts a thirty-eight against the side of my head and cocks it. "Where's my stuff?" he shouts. "You're the bikers who broke into my house and stole all of my stuff." His wife, waiting in the car, says, "Honey, maybe these aren't the guys." *"No, I know they're the guys!"* I show him my wallet: "I'm no robber. My name's Jay Leno; I'm a comedian. I've been on TV." He asks, "What are you doing here?" "Riding our bikes." He gives me back the wallet, uncocks the gun and says, "Get out of here and don't come back."

So a few years later, I'm in a convenience store near the same area. I go around the corner and this guy says, "Jay?" I look at him. "Remember me? I was the guy who pulled the gun on you that time. Geez, we're so proud of you." The wife comes up and says, "Oh, we tell everyone that story. Would you give us an autograph for our daughter?" That was one of the stupidest and strangest things that has happened to me.

PLAYBOY: Back before anybody wanted your autograph, did it discourage you when contemporaries such as Jimmie Walker and Freddie Prinze clicked on TV quickly, while you didn't?

LENO: A lot of people passed me like a shot. Jimmie, Freddie, Robin Williams, Letterman, Elayne Boosler. I was the last one to do *The Tonight Show*. But it never bothered me. I was never, ever jealous of anybody I thought was good. I was making a living and that was fine with me.

PLAYBOY: Did any established comics help you?

LENO: A lot of them. You tend to get more work from other comics than you will ever get from any agent. I had already auditioned for Johnny, and he hadn't liked it. He thought I had too much attitude and not enough material. And he was right. But Steve Martin saw me a few times at The Improv and he kept telling the *Tonight Show* people they should bring me on. I'm very grateful to him. I appeared on the show thanks to him, and he didn't know me from a hole in the wall.

PLAYBOY: Do you help the new comics?

LENO: I do whatever I can. When I first saw Dennis Miller on *Saturday Night Live*, I thought he was great. And I spread his name around wherever I could. There's Kevin Rooney, a very funny comedian, who coproduced a special I did a few years back. Another comedian, Jimmy Brogan. Very funny guy. Carol Leifer. You take care of one another.

PLAYBOY: Do they ask for career advice?

LENO: It's not some sort of council of elders. It's more like, "You've been there, what do I have to do?" I probably give more advice than is necessary [*laughs*]. But I like talking with new comics.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry that your style of humor might go out of vogue?

LENO: It's like being an athlete. For five or ten years, you hit home runs, and then you spend the rest of your life shagging balls. When I first gained a little popularity, I'd play one-hundred-fifty-seat night clubs, and they would be filled. Then I moved to a thirty-five-hundred-seat place—and that's full. Now I don't care what size the room is, as long as it's full. Every weekend, I go to The Comedy & Magic Club in Hermosa Beach. It seats only two hundred twenty, but I walk in and it's full, and it's the same feeling that I would get at Carnegie Hall—probably better, because it's more intimate.

PLAYBOY: What's the story on your going into a trance while you perform?

LENO: I probably should never have mentioned it, because it sounds like psycho comic or something. But when I do two two-hour shows, which is fairly often, I get into the rhythm of the thing

and I fall asleep on stage. I just plain go out for about forty minutes and then come back in again and drift in and out. My wife knows when I'm asleep. But I don't think anybody else does.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had any rude awakenings?

LENO: Occasionally, there's a heckler or a fight breaks out and I wake up. Only once or twice have I come back and not known where I was. I stumbled a little and got it back. Once, I repeated a joke. God, I was out like a light that time. It sounds really stupid, but other comics know what I'm talking about. You get on a roll with an audience. A friend of mine put one of those pulse things on me and, boy, my pulse drops *waaaay* down when I'm on stage. It's the easiest part of the day for me.

PLAYBOY: What were your early forays into TV like?

LENO: Well, the first ones were around New York, Boston, all the *A.M.* shows. Just after my *Tonight Show* debut, I was back in New York, in Buffalo. *A.M. Buffalo*. I'm in the greenroom, and I'm sitting there with seven authentic Pygmy dancers. Just me and the Pygmy dancers. They've got the bones in the nose and the spears and the grass skirts. They don't speak English. They're all grunting and they're about three feet tall. And the talent coordinator walks in, looks around and calls out, "*Mr. Leno000? Which one is Mr. Leno000?*" And I'm thinking, Oh, aren't I famous now!

PLAYBOY: Tell us about that first *Tonight Show* appearance.

LENO: March the second, 1977. It's something you remember. It's like your first girl. It's not very good. It's over real quick. But you remember it the rest of your life. Actually, it went pretty well. Not long after that, I was listening to my mom talking to my aunt Nettie. "Yes, Jay was on the Johnny Carson program. He has a little skit that he does. He goes to a town and they have a show and he does his skit." "Ma, it's not a skit." "Well, it's like a skit and your aunt Nettie doesn't know what it is." Back to the phone: "And he tells little stories." "They're jokes, Ma. They're not little stories."

PLAYBOY: And you continued to do your little skit on *The Tonight Show*?

LENO: I did the show probably seven or eight times and each time was less good than the first time. Until they decided they'd had enough. And I didn't do it again for eight years.

PLAYBOY: Eight years? Wasn't that a killer blow to your career?

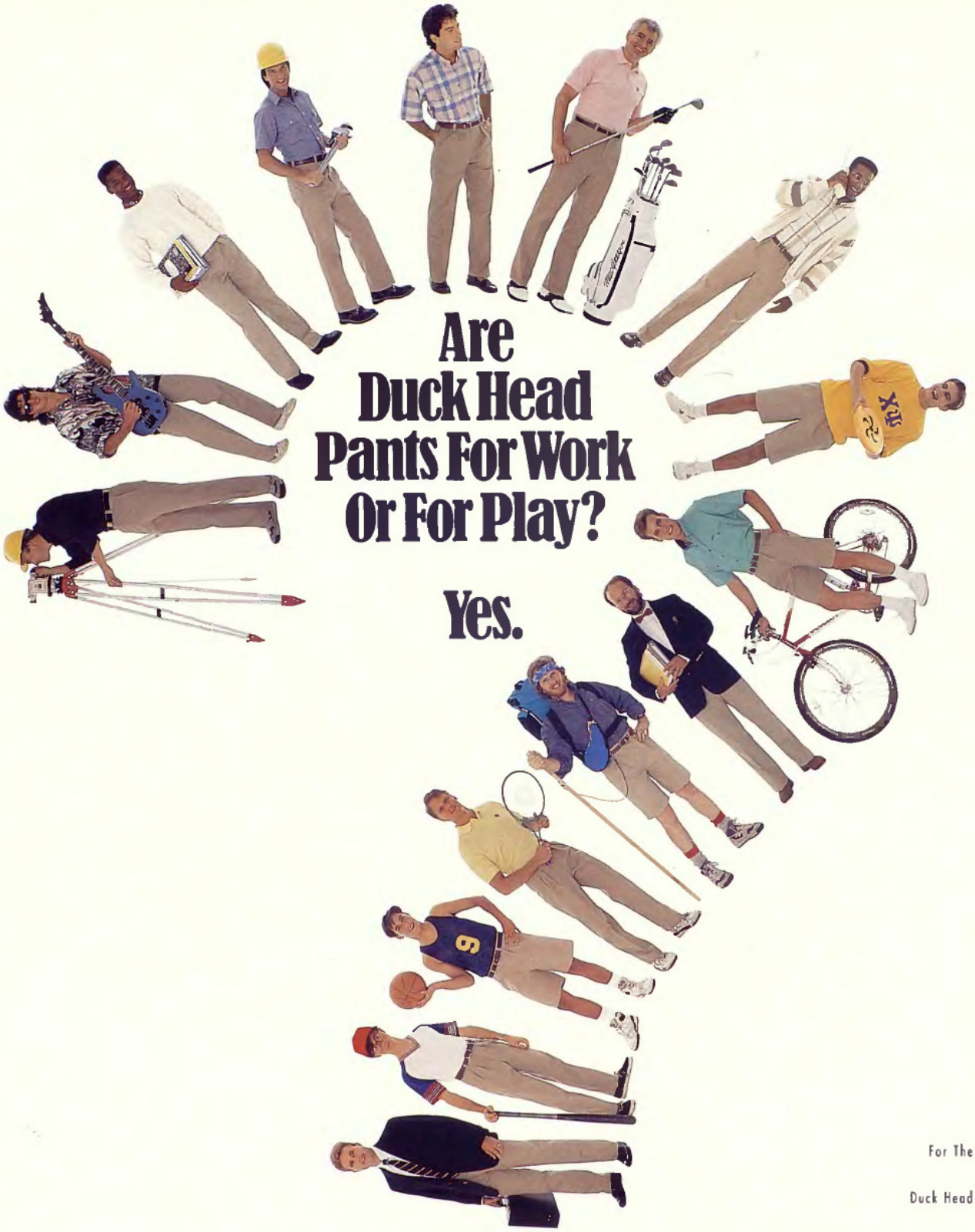
LENO: I do sort of have my own little world here. I went back on the road. I never really got in anyplace through the front door, anyway. Freddie Prinze would walk out on stage and say, "It's not my yob." And the minute he said that—*boom!*—he was on his way. He had instant communication with the audience. I was different. After people saw me seven or eight times, they said, "He's not bad. I kind of like him." I built slowly.

PLAYBOY: How did you go from being out as a *Tonight* guest to being in as a guest host?

LENO: It was that same sort of build. They saw me a bunch of times on *Letterman*, where I was getting good reaction, and asked if I'd be interested in guest hosting the show. That worked out surprisingly well, so I continued to do it. Finally, there was a point when they decided that Garry Shandling, who had also been hosting fairly often, and I should split the job. Garry quit to do his series and here I am.

PLAYBOY: Why did you do so much better on *Letterman* than in your early appearances with Carson?

LENO: It was kids talking with kids. When you're on with Johnny, he's Johnny Carson and you're a new kid. I had never even been able to bring myself to call him Johnny. I would say, "Oh, thank you, Mr. Carson," like some little weenie guy, but I didn't want to say "Johnny." I just felt awkward. But Dave and I knew each other, and I could walk out eating a pizza and make a mess of his desk. Dave



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PLAYBOY: How did you meet Letterman?

LENO: At an audition night at The Comedy Store. Auditions are usually guys doing material like: "Habib at the 7-Eleven . . . " or "My marriage is . . . " or "My girlfriend is. . . ." Over and over. And suddenly, here's this guy doing—and I'm not sure this is the exact line, but it was an editorial that went something like this—"We are diametrically opposed to the use of orphans as yardage markers on driving ranges." Dave's stuff was so much cleverer than the usual. And he had great phrasing. I went up and introduced myself and we became friends.

PLAYBOY: Considering the fun you've had on the *Letterman* show, would you prefer it if *The Tonight Show* were wilder?

LENO: The difference doesn't have that much to do with the show itself. It has to do with what my position is on the show. When I'm on with Dave for ten minutes, he is more or less the calming factor. He's on for an hour. I come out with ten minutes of "Nice tie, Dave," bing, bing, bing, hit hard, eat sandwiches, stuff your face, make a mess, knock something over, tell a joke, screw around—*boom!*—and leave. You come out like a tornado, wreck everything and leave. You can't wreck everything five days a week for an hour; it just gets frantic. This is the mistake networks make when they hire deejays as hosts. "It's gonna be the wackiest hour!" After about twenty minutes of this frantic energy, you've had it. So when you host *The Tonight Show*, you do your monolog—*boom!*—slow the whole thing right down, let the guests be funny, let them be entertaining, back off.

PLAYBOY: Are you and Carson friendly?

LENO: It's not a case of, "Hey, Johnny, what are we doing today?" I mean, there's a social and economic barrier and, I guess, an age difference. But we've had dinner together, my wife and I and Johnny and his wife. Unlike a lot of famous comedians who've been around awhile, he really seems like a contemporary. I hate to sound like a kiss-ass sort of guy, but I enjoy his company. What I think we have is a professional friendship. I don't hang out with him. He's not a car guy; he's a tennis player. Our interests are not all that similar. If he were into cars, I'd be over there every day.

PLAYBOY: What started you collecting cars and motorcycles?

LENO: I've always loved them. I'm not really a collector. I drive what I like. Most of the stuff I bought when it was real cheap and nobody else wanted it. Now, within the past ten years, it's gotten really expensive. But I'm not a collector. I don't register them as antiques, just as cars. I drive them and when they blow up, I fix them. I don't baby them, but I don't beat them, either.

PLAYBOY: What do you get out of working on engines and tinkering with cars?

LENO: To me, it's the only real work, making things with your hands, fixing things. My dad was always good with his hands. He was going to be a mechanic, but instead, he went to work for the insurance company. I grew up in a neighborhood where you did things and fixed things. It's so different in Hollywood. A while ago, I told a neighbor that I was going to go mow the lawn. And he said, "You know how to mow the lawn?" As if it were some sort of great skill.

PLAYBOY: A lot of your contemporaries have gone on to be major film stars. What happened to your movie career?

LENO: I never had one. I made a few movies that didn't do very well. The last one was for Dino de Laurentiis and he went bankrupt.

PLAYBOY: Your films *American Hot Wax* and *Silver Bears* got good reviews.

LENO: Good reviews aren't enough. Either a movie makes money or it doesn't. It's like a joke. Either it's funny or it's not. If people like it, it's a good movie. If they don't like it, then you get into that gray area. They didn't understand it. Yeah, fine. Comedy clubs are filled with comics who are misunderstood.

PLAYBOY: So movies are not an option?

LENO: I don't know. If Sidney Lumet or one of those terrific directors said, "Gee, I think you'd be good for this," I guess I would do it. It's not like people are offering me *Godfather III*. What they come to me with is more like *Hamburger the Movie, Part II*.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to *Tonight*, you're looking considerably more dapper than in years gone by. What happened?

LENO: So many people wrote in, "Get rid of that tie." "You look stupid in that suit." Never mind the jokes. Never mind the monolog. It's the clothes that count. So now it's Perry Ellis stuff. When you're hosting every day, I think people like to see a certain middle-of-the-road quality.

PLAYBOY: Would you rather be wearing blue jeans?

LENO: It doesn't matter. To me, clothes are a basic necessity. You really shouldn't show your genitals in public. Arsenio knows all about the clothes thing. I look at a suit on the dummy and I say, "Well, if that's what it looks like on the dummy, it will look *exactly* the same on me." And, of course, it never does.

PLAYBOY: What about physical fitness? Do you do anything to keep in shape?

LENO: No. I come from the school that says if you have time to exercise at the end of the day, you're not working hard enough.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your vices. Do you smoke or drink?

LENO: I smoke a pipe once in a while, but I never drink. In high school, I remember taking a couple of sips. I never liked the taste of it. Plus, I was always designated driver. And being into cars and motorcycles, I never wanted to lose my license, certainly not for something as idiotic as drinking. I never quite understood the premise that if I grabbed a girl's ass when I was drunk, I could be forgiven. If I want to grab her ass, I'll just grab her ass. "Jay was a little over the top, Betty, sorry." Oh, please!

PLAYBOY: What about religion?

LENO: Never discuss it. No matter what you say, someone will want to kill you for it, so I don't even discuss it or get into it.

PLAYBOY: Politics?

LENO: No affiliations. I used to enjoy Dick Cavett's talk show until he began to make his political bent pretty obvious. If you do that, half the audience loves you and half hates you. My job is not to promote one cause or the other but to humiliate and denigrate all politicians. I try to keep it fairly light. Like the joke about Bush going to a baseball game, then going to Bermuda to fly a kite, then saying he won't eat broccoli. Hey, maybe Quayle can handle the job after all.

PLAYBOY: Why do you suppose the Frito-Lay people thought you could handle the job of selling Doritos?

LENO: I don't know. I started out as sort of a bit player in those commercials and it grew from there.

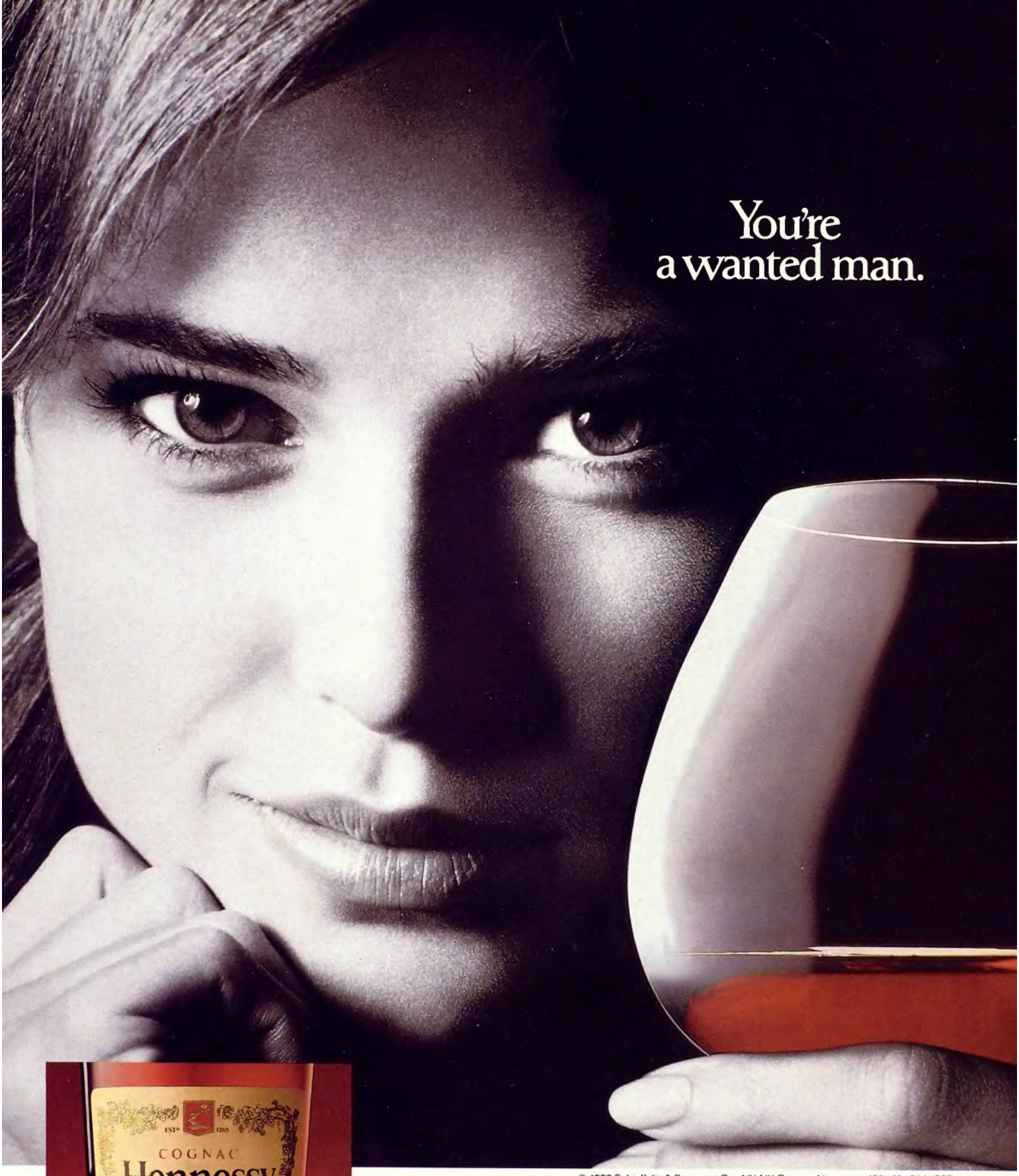
PLAYBOY: Any other products in the works?

LENO: Not at present. I have no interest in selling products that aren't American-made. I don't perform in other countries, why should I sell their products? I tend to be very nationalistic when it comes to industrial America. Actually, Doritos are about the only thing we manufacture in this country any more. And it's a harmless product. I mean, obviously, it's not an apple. But, like I always say, you don't see dead teenagers on the highway with bags of Doritos all around them.

PLAYBOY: Much of your popularity comes from your being a man of the people. Is this likely to change when your audience starts thinking of you as a multimillionaire?

LENO: I don't think so. I was driving my Lamborghini a couple of months ago. This guy in a truck shouts, "Hey, go get 'em, Jay, hey, glad to see you're doing good . . . " and he's giving me a high sign and waving to me.

I work hard for my money. I don't take money from anything other than my telling the jokes. I make it known that I'm not out there doing commercials for every product that comes along. I'm not chasing the buck. I try to keep my ticket price on the low side. I don't try to pretend I'm anything but what I am. Yeah, I make good dough. It's a great life. It's a lot like winning the lottery. I don't think people resent it. But if they do, there's nothing I can do about it. I'm not going to give it back.



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Cognac
Hennessy.
The World's Most Civilized Spirit.

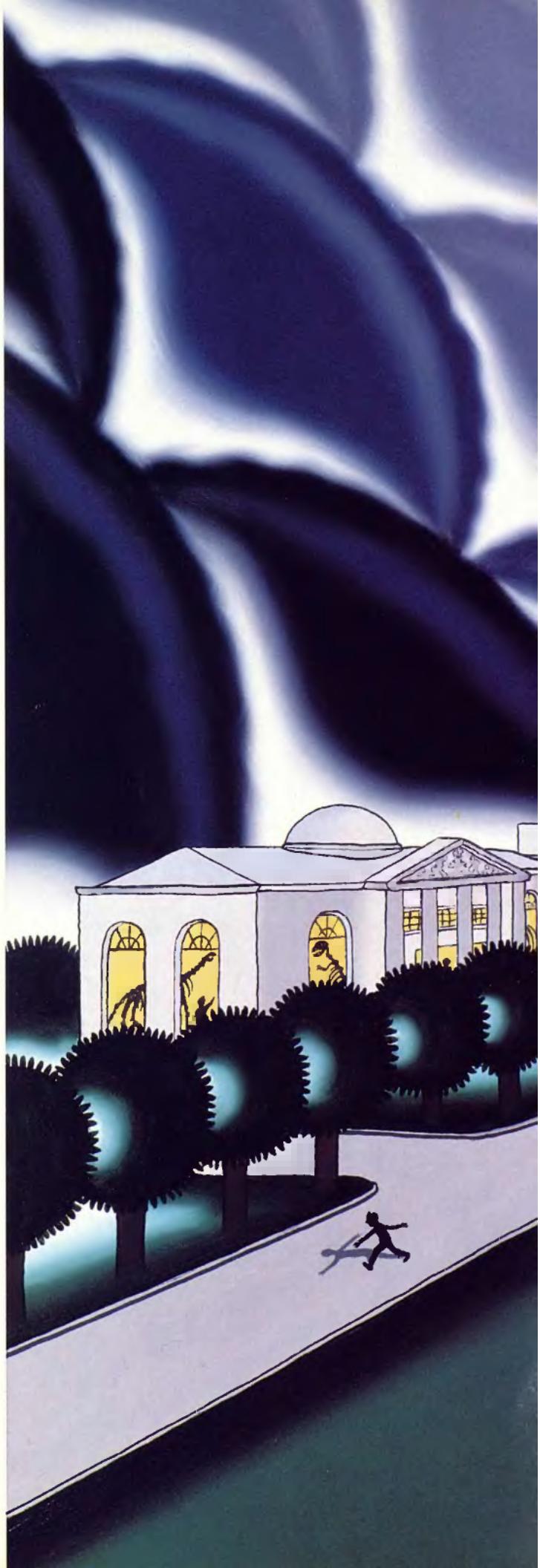
article By GARRY WILLS

UNDER GOD

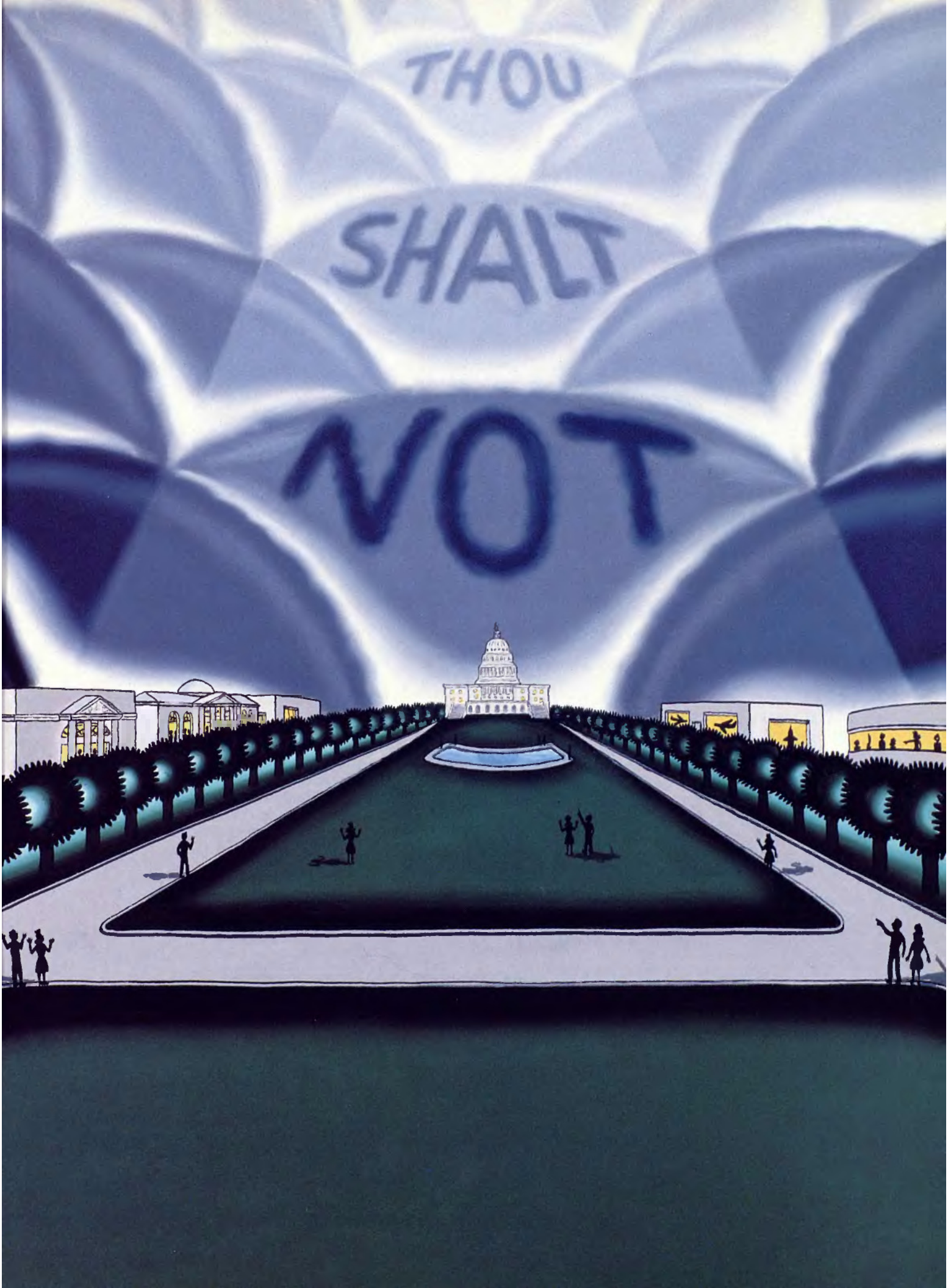
AMERICA TAKES ITS RELIGION SERIOUSLY—ESPECIALLY WHEN IT TAKES IT INTO THE VOTING BOOTH

THE LEARNED have their superstitions, prominent among them a belief that superstition is evaporating. Since science has explained the world in secular terms, there is no more need for religion, which will wither away. Granted, it has been slow to die in America. Even Marx noticed that, in the 1850s. But he explained it by the raw state of this country: "The feverish, youthful movement of material production, which has to make a new world its own, has left neither time nor opportunity for abolishing the old spirit world." The funeral, he was sure, had been delayed, not canceled. Yet when Communist regimes were given their own sudden funeral in 1989, an American preacher (Andrew Young) remarked, "When they come out from behind the iron curtain, they are singing *We Shall Overcome*, a Georgia Baptist hymn." And he did not mean the Soviet Georgia.

In a time of reviving fundamentalisms around the world, some Americans have rediscovered our native fundamentalists (a recurring, rather than cumulative, experience for the learned). It seems careless for scholars to keep misplacing such a large body of people. Nonetheless, every time religiosity catches the attention of intellectuals, it is as if a shooting star appears in the sky. One could hardly guess that nothing has been more stable in our history, nothing less budgeable, than religious belief and practice. Religion does not shift or waver; the attention of its observers does. Public notice, like a restless spotlight, returns at intervals to believers' goings on, finds them still going on and, with expressions of astonishment or dread, declares that religion is undergoing a boom or revival. But as Seymour Martin Lipset observed, available statistics tell the story of "a continuous 'boom' in American religious adherence and belief." Revivalism does not need to be revived. Revival is, like respiration, a condition of



PAINTING BY ROGER BROWN


THOU
SHALT
NOT

life. Apparent fluctuations in the 19th Century had more to do with inchoate reporting methods than with oscillations in things reported on.

Technology, urbanization, social mobility, universal education, high living standards—all were supposed to eat away at religion, in a wash of overlapping acids. But each has crested over America, proving itself a solvent or a catalyst in other areas but showing little power to diminish religion. The figures are staggering. Survey after survey confirms them, including the following results of a Gallup Poll:

- Nine Americans in ten say they have never doubted the existence of God.
- Eight Americans in ten say they believe they will be called before God on Judgment Day to answer for their sins.
- Eight Americans in ten believe God still works miracles.
- Seven Americans in ten believe in life after death.

When Cardinal John O'Connor of New York mentioned exorcisms in his diocese, he was widely ridiculed in the press. Yet 37 percent of Americans believe in the Devil. Fifty percent believe in angels—as opposed to the 15 percent who believe in astrology. Cardinal O'Connor is joined in his views by well over twice the numbers that join Nancy Reagan in consulting astral charts.

Practice conforms to profession. About 40 percent of the American population attends church in a typical week (as opposed to 14 percent in Great Britain and 12 percent in France). More people go to church, in any week, than to all professional sports events combined. More than 90 percent of Americans say they pray. Internationally, "Americans rank at the top in rating the importance of God in their lives. On a scale of one to ten, with ten the highest, Americans averaged a rating of 8.21, behind only tiny Malta (9.58)."

One would expect that something so important to Americans would affect their behavior as voters. And, as a matter of fact, no non-Christian has ever been elected President of the United States. No non-Protestant was elected until 1960, when some took the acceptance of John F. Kennedy to mean that religion would thenceforth matter less to voters. But if that is true, why did a majority of Americans say in 1987 that they would not vote for an atheist as President? Some may have exaggerated their own tolerance when a majority said they would vote for a Jew; but educated people probably *under*reported their resistance to an atheist. What emerges from this and similar questions is that the electorate wants a President who observes his (or, eventually, her) religion. President Dwight Eisenhower was, as usual, close to his constituents' instinct when he said that people should practice their faith, "and I don't care what it is."

Candidates have intuited enough of these truths to put in church time during their campaigns; even the secular Michael Dukakis resumed his exiguous ties to the Greek Orthodox church. Yet his coolness in this area was in striking contrast to the easy religiosity of Ronald Reagan—a contrast that no doubt had something to do with their differing successes at election time. People seem to trust the person who shares their moral values. In fact, Paul Kleppner, in a sophisticated study of polling data, found religious styles more indicative of voting patterns in the populist era than were the normal data studied (economic, class, regional, etc.). George Gallup, Jr., and Jim Castelli claim that the same thing would prove true today if analysts framed the right hypotheses: "Religious affiliation remains one of the most accurate, and least appreciated, political indicators available."

But most political commentators show acute discomfort when faced with the expression of religious values in the political arena. That was demonstrated when Gary Hart's adultery became an issue during the 1988 campaign. It is obvious that religion influences one's view of adultery—77 percent of Protestants think "extramarital sex is always wrong," as opposed to 71 percent of Catholics and 46 percent of Jews. But when there was a reaction against Hart, analysts had to legitimate this hostility on anything but the obvious grounds. As a *New Republic* editorialist put it, "The revelation of salacious details [was] justified on the basis of news value or competitive pressures [among networks and publications] or insight into 'character'—in short, on any remotely plausible basis except disapproval of adultery itself (which violates an elite social taboo against moralism)." Voters are now allowed to like or dislike a candidate for the way he looks or for his television skills but not for his recognition of the dominant moral attitudes of his society.

President Reagan was constantly praised as a great communicator without giving enough emphasis to *what* he was communicating. He *communicated* religious attitudes (despite his absences from church on Sunday); he *communicated* appreciation of the conventional family (despite his own family's messy interrelationships). He would pray at the drop of a hat—as when he prayed for a soap-opera character's deliverance from the indignities imposed on her by the show's writers.

The right wing regularly deplores liberal bias in the media, trying to count how many Democrats there are in the working press as opposed to the percentage in the electorate at large. They could make a more interesting case on the ratio of churchgoers in the national press compared with those in the general public or on the uneasy way journalists talk about religion as opposed to the frequency of reference among ordinary people. Some of the glibbest persons in the nation are oddly tongue-tied when the Bible is brought up. And editors seem to prefer inarticulacy on the subject. Major papers and networks encourage reporters to acquire expertise in the law or economics, but I have not heard of an editor asking reporters to brush up on their theology. Religious writers at most papers are kept in their Saturday-edition ghettos. I do not remember seeing a single religious writer on any campaign plane of the six Presidential campaigns I have covered—not even on Pat Robertson's in 1988, and certainly not on Jesse Jackson's in 1984 or 1988. (James M. Wall, the editor of *The Christian Century*, was on Jimmy Carter's campaign plane in 1976, but as an aide to the candidate, not as a journalist.)

Religion embarrasses the commentators. It is out of bounds. An editor of the old *Life* magazine once assigned me a book on religion with the remark that I was the only "religious nut"—his term for a believer—in his stable of regular reviewers. At an Operation Rescue rally, a journalist joined a group of other reporters with the breathless announcement that anti-abortionist Randall Terry was telling bloodthirsty stories about murder and dismemberment to avenge a rape. She did not know, though Terry had named the passage (*Judges* 19), that he was telling a Bible story—the tale of the Levite's concubine.

One reason editors tend to shy at political coverage of religion is their fear that this will somehow breach the wall of separation between church and state. Since the Constitution mandates this division, journalists and others seem to think voters should maintain their own hermetic seal between religion and politics—and if they do not, it is better not to know about something so shameful. Because schools are not allowed to sponsor prayers, it is somehow an enlightened act to turn the other way when candidates pray aloud (as they always do).

If religion intrudes too obviously, as in the case of Robertson's campaign, it is treated as an anomaly. It is given

(continued on page 198)

"I believe in Christmas. I believe in peace on earth so much I can taste it."

FENN-TASTIC!

meet *twin peaks'* mysterious siren sherilyn fenn

As Audrey Horne, precocious teenaged troublemaker on *Twin Peaks*, Sherilyn Fenn exudes an overpowering sexuality. The twist her tongue put into a cherry stem won her a job in a brothel—and an enduring place in TV lore.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARRY HOLLYWOOD

text by GLENN O'BRIEN GRAY-SKY-EYED, porcelain-skinned, svelte Sherilyn Fenn is a true beauty. She has the mark of beauty right there on her face, like a point of exclamation under her boomerang brow. Her voice has a kind of Zen drawl to it. You know right off she's from the southern part of wherever it is she comes from. Petite, sweet, stunning Sherilyn (rhymes with Marilyn) Fenn is, among other things, Audrey Horne, the coy, kookie, existential teen coquette of David Lynch's wacky meta–soap opera *Twin Peaks*. Together, they form the best reason to stay home on Saturday night.

Saddle-shod, bobby-soxed, white-bloused, cardigan-sweatered, pleat-skirted, with a face that could launch a thousand limos, Audrey Horne is the definitive high school femme fatale. She's a sort of combination of Dobie Gillis' Thalia Menninger and Ava Gardner in *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*, maybe a little Morticia Addams, too.

Deluxe, deliberate, delovely Audrey Horne moves like cool jazz. When she appears on the screen, there's that Audrey theme again, lounge bop with a swivel in its hips. She's a daddy's girl, but only when she wants something, and anyway, all her daddy really has is power. So sinuous, sweet and sour, Audrey Horne is an interesting role model for today's upwardly mobile power teens. She wafts through *Twin Peaks* saying things like, "In real life, there is no algebra."

Power could have something to do with her character's motivating desire for FBI special agent Cooper, who has recently arrived in Twin Peaks to investigate the interstate demise of her high school classmate Laura Palmer. To please the handsome agent, she has forsaken her life of sassy leisure for the dangerous and complex task of aiding him in his investigations.

When we left Audrey Horne cliff-hanging last season, she had infiltrated a lavish bordello to acquire evidence. When her interview for a tart position turned sour, Audrey popped a maraschino-cherry stem into her mouth; and after looking, perhaps, like a cat discreetly swallowing a canary, she placed the stem tied in a knot on a napkin. Blackie, the madam, had to hire her on the spot. And as the last episode of the season reached its very brink, as fate would have it, Audrey was about to accidentally receive Daddy as her first John. The "Will they or won't they?" is the post-modern "Who shot J.R.?"

There is plenty of Audrey in Sherilyn Fenn. She identifies with her character extensively. In fact, being Audrey has brought out the best in Sherilyn. Audrey uses her charms to manipulate men, to get what she wants. And she has taught Sherilyn that it's a power that women have and that they don't have to be ashamed of it.

Mysterious, evocative, evanescent Sherilyn Fenn wears Chanel No. 5. Archetypal, hip and universal Sherilyn Fenn thinks Audrey wears Chanel No. 5, too.

Demure, reserved, tantalizing Sherilyn Fenn says she is a shy person. Too shy to try out for cheerleader in high school. Funny, considering the fact that her mom, Arlene Quatro, was keyboard player in the Suzi Quatro band, back in the *(text continued on page 213)*

Her mind obviously not on her studies, Audrey (left) seems to be hatching yet another scheme to discomfit the home folks. Director David Lynch, who brought the skewed sensibilities of his films *Blue Velvet* and *Wild at Heart* to *Twin Peaks*, describes Sherilyn, his choice for the coveted role, as "five feet of heaven in a ponytail."

MAKE-UP BY PAUL STARR FOR PROFILE HAIR BY DANIEL HOWELL FOR CELESTINE, L.A. STYLING BY DENISE STEINER FOR L.A. REP

So where has Sherilyn Fenn, this oh-so-Nineties reincarnation of Ava Gardner, been all our lives? For the past eight years, making movies—not a few of which have never been released theatrically. Those days, we predict, are gone forever. Besides her continuing role on *Twin Peaks*, she's already working on *Hit Man*, a film in which she co-stars with Morgan (*Driving Miss Daisy*) Freeman and Valerie Perrine—herself the subject of three memorable *Playboy* pictorials.

HAVING GIVEN UP SEX AND FOOD, OUR INTREPID ANGLER GOES FOR THE BIG ONE IN THAILAND

HOOKED ON THE ANDAMAN SEA

article By AL GOLDSTEIN

THE ANDAMAN SEA shines as blue and clear as the eyeball of the Buddha, east of the wider face of the Bay of Bengal. It is a rare hybrid of open ocean and vast circumscribed loch, stippled on its western extreme by a fringe of eponymous islands and blocked to the east by the long, bony sweep of the Malay Peninsula.

The Andaman Islanders speak a language proved unrelated to any other on the globe, as if they were bent on keeping a tribal secret. Among other things, they hold sacred the sailfish.

They have kept their secret well, because until recently, few in the West and not many in the East knew that the Andaman Sea gives up some of the best sport fishing in the world.

Up north, near what we used to call Burma but now have been sweetly redirected to call Myanmar, the mouths of the Irrawaddy muddy up the eyeball a bit, but here in the pupil, it is blue, blue as an egg, blue as a Buick, and in the dog days of August, at the edge of the monsoon, it becomes mirror flat. I *(continued on page 205)*

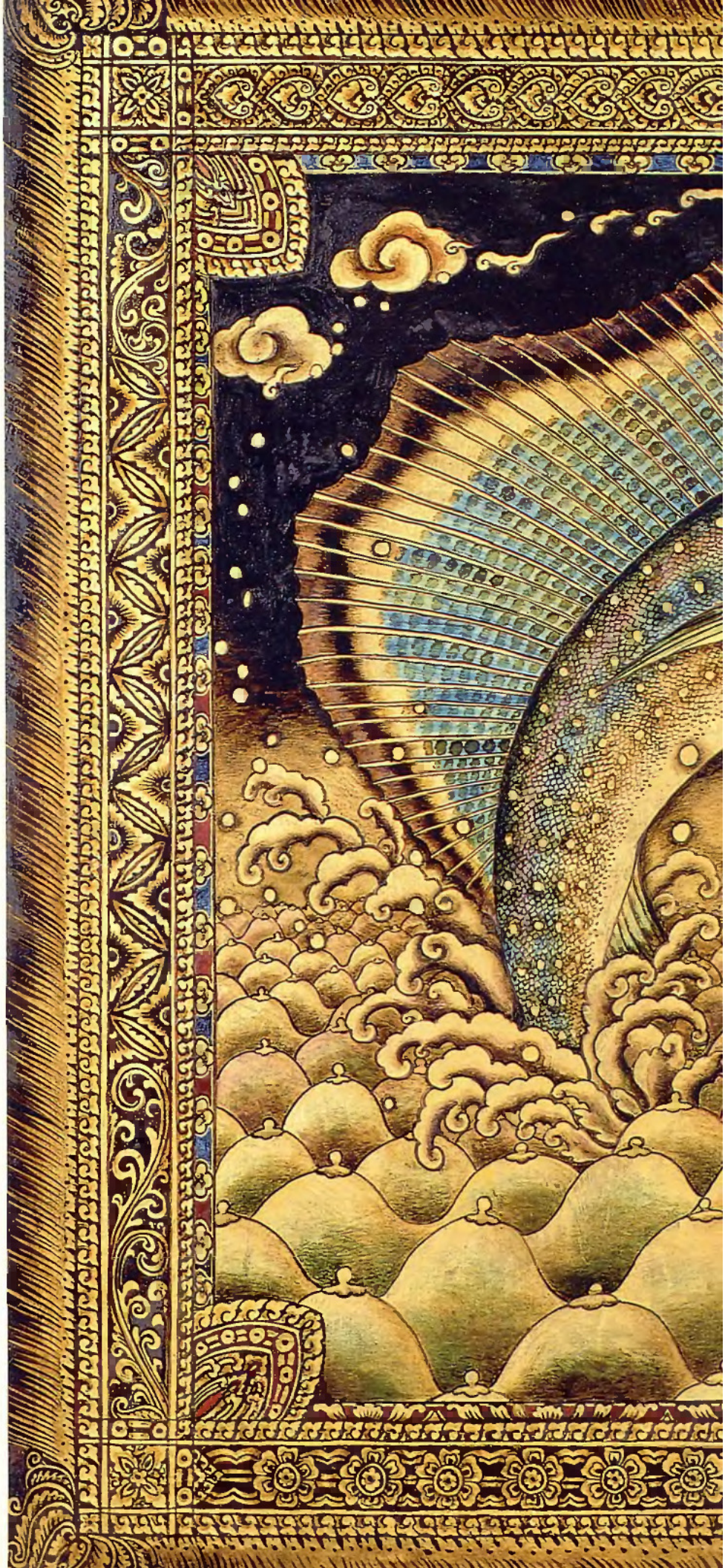
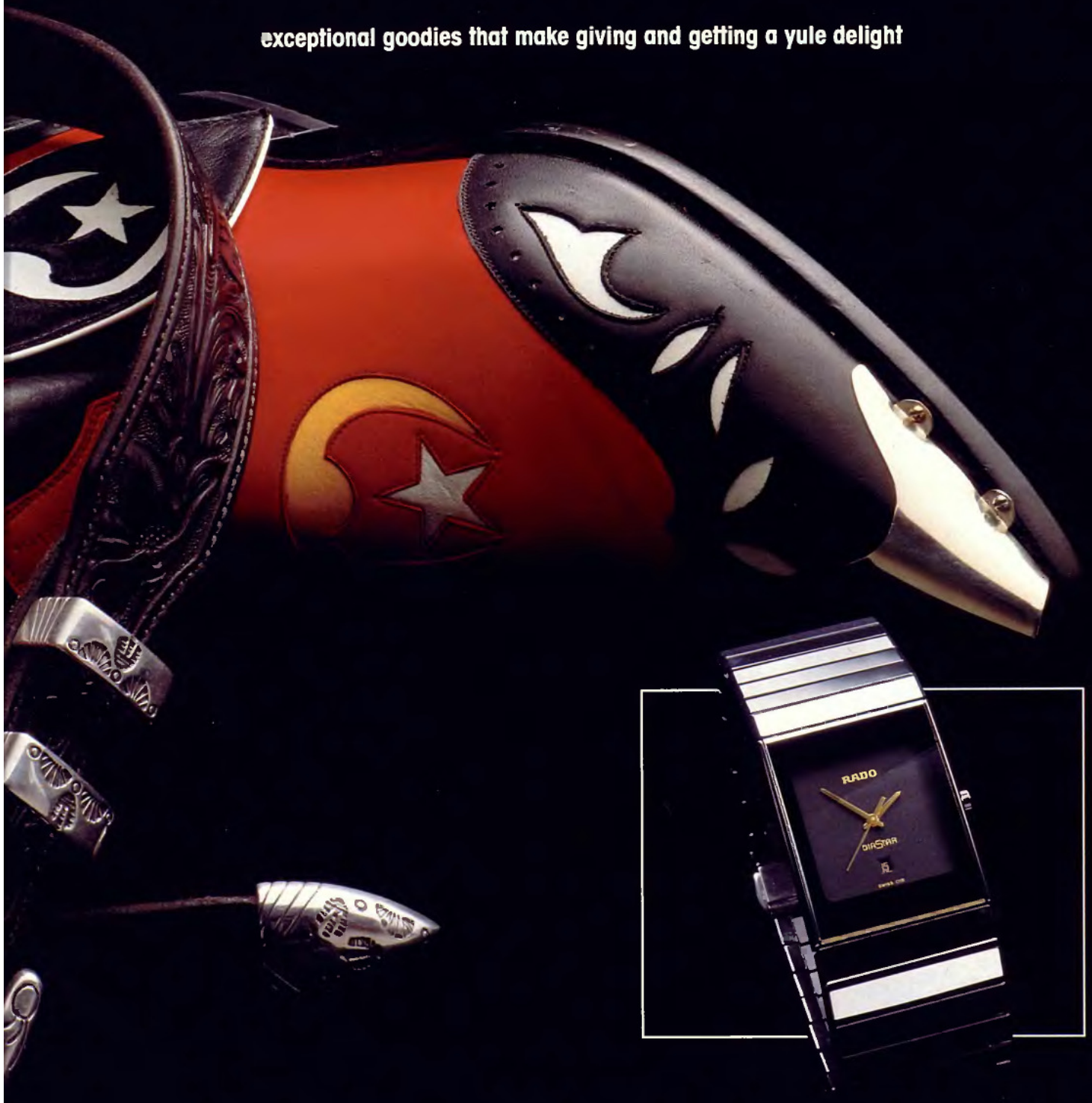


ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

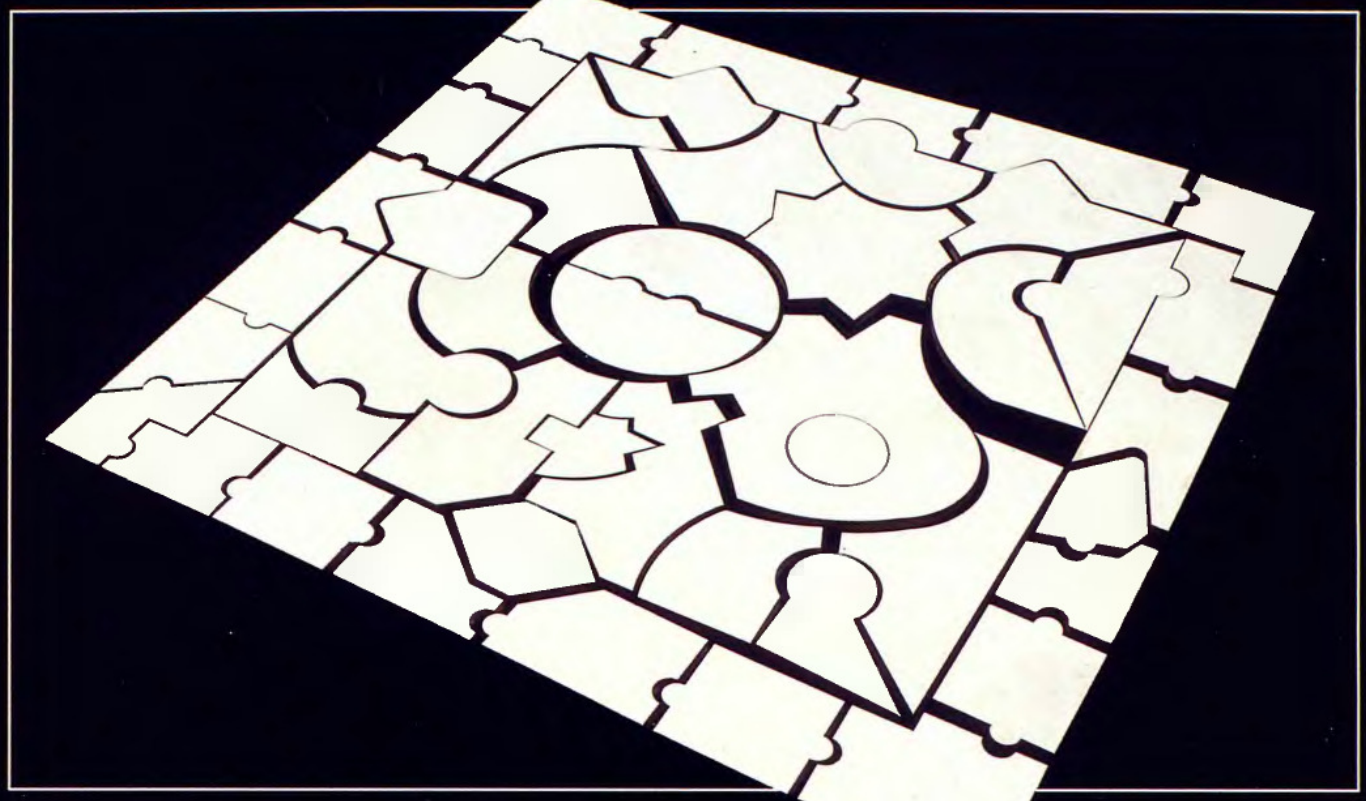
PHOTOGRAPHY
BY OON AZUMA

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

exceptional goodies that make giving and getting a yule delight

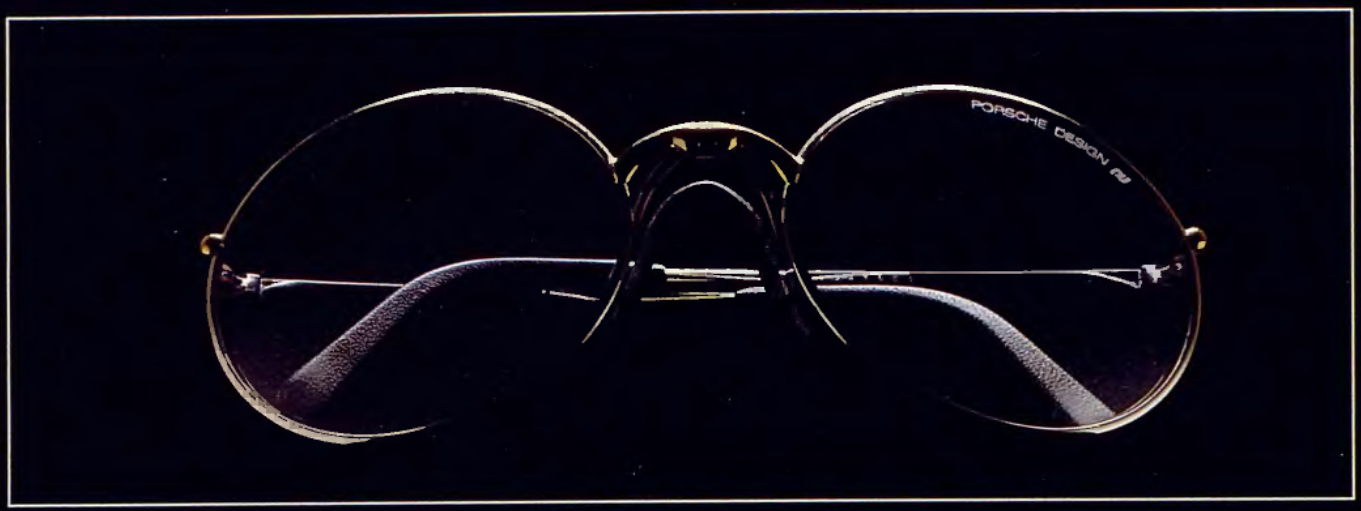


Top left: Canon's Photuro fully automotic 35mm camera feotures a built-in outomatic zoom flosh and a power-zoom lens that extends the focal length from 35 to 105mm, $500. Center: If they were good enough for Tom Cruise in *Days of Thunder*, they're good enough for us. Hand-tooled leother belt, $110, and custom-mode deerskin El Maido cowboy boots with sterling-silver wing tips, $1400, both from Falconhead Boots, Belts, Buckles, Los Angeles, California. Bottom right: Only a diamond can scratch this space-age Swiss quortz wotch made of fine ceramics and sapphire crystal, by Rado Watch Company, New York, $1000.



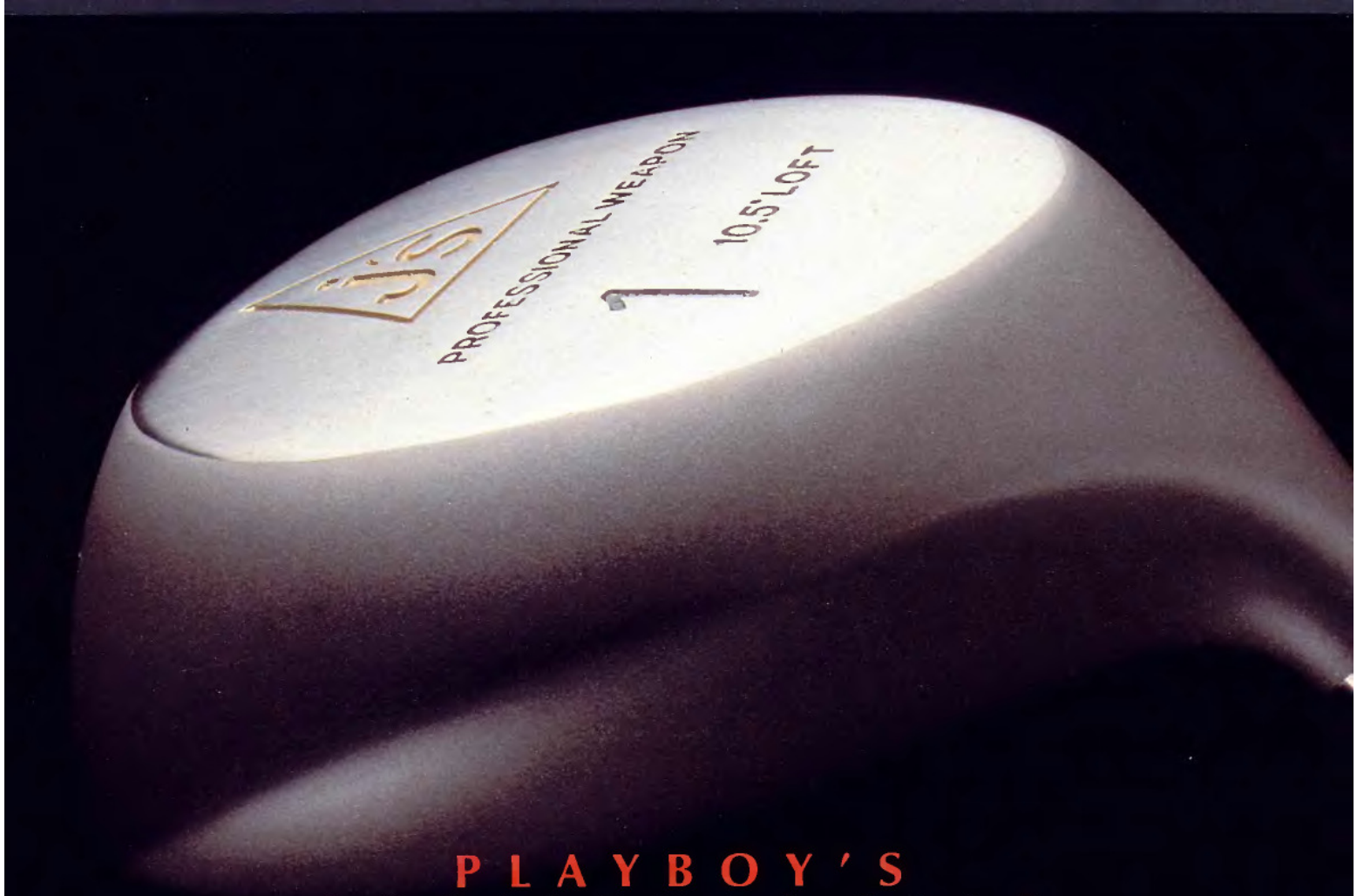
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Top left: Perfect for the art collectors on your list, this 8¼" x 8¼" sterling-silver puzzle, $1500, was created and signed by renowned sculptor Richard Hunt, whose work is exhibited in major museums throughout the world. The puzzle, titled *Landscape Variations*, sits on a walnut base and also comes in bronze, $150, silver-plated bronze, $250, and 24-kt.-gold-plated bronze, $350. It's available with a certificate of authenticity exclusively from SEL/Hunt. To order, call 800-345-6066. Left: This Damascus-steel knife with mother-of-pearl handle has a lock-back folder, push-button release and measures abaut 6½ inches open, from Barrett-Smythe, Ltd., New York, $1400.



Above: These new Studio 01 rhodium-and-gold sunglasses feature unique adjustable spring-loaded nase bridges covered in soft European leather, by Carrera for Parsche Design, Costa Mesa, California, about $350.

Above: Honda calls its new Cub off-road cycle fun. We agree. With the simple push of a button and twist of a throttle, the variable-ratio automatic transmissian sends this racy machine up the hills and through the straightaways at up to 40 mph, from Chicago Honda, about $1500.



PLAYBOY'S
CHRISTMAS GIFT
GUIDE

Left: Pro-tour veteran Raymond Floyd swears by his new J's Professional Drivers, and the media have hailed the clubs as "mystical, magical high-tech weapons." Designed by Bridgestone engineers and Japan's leading golfer, Jumbo Ozaki, J's one, three and five woods combine standard stainless-steel club heads, mid- and low-flex graphite-fiber shafts and unique design and weighting characteristics that'll allegedly add distance to your drive, by Bridgestone Sports U.S.A., about $400 per club.

Above: Stargazers will love the Meade brass-plated telescope, Model 2045, with an oak-veneer optical tube. This sophisticated instrument features 4" aperture, 1000mm focal length, dual fork-tine mount, built-in pulse motor, automatic tracking device and legs that adjust in the center. Sold with battery pack, dust covers, case and limited lifetime warranty, $2500.

Left: Rosewood side panels on the Elite LD-S2 LaserDisc player give it a rich appearance and its fully digital processing system delivers 425 lines of resolution, eliminates distortion and produces a crisp video signal-to-noise ratio of 52 decibels, by Pioneer Electronics, $3500.

Where & How to Buy on page 240.

UNLOCKING THE AIR

fiction **By URSULA K. LE GUIN**

this is history.

soldiers stand

in a row before

the palace,

their muskets

ready. stefana

is ready, too

THIS IS A FAIRY TALE. People stand in the lightly falling snow. Something is shining, trembling, making a silvery sound. Eyes are shining. Voices sing. People laugh and weep, clasp one another's hands, embrace. Something shines and trembles. They live happily ever after. The snow falls on the roofs and blows across the parks, the squares, the river.

•

This is history. Once upon a time, a good king lived in his palace in a kingdom far away. But an evil enchantment fell upon that land. The wheat withered in the ear, the leaves dropped from the trees of the forest and nothing thrived.

•

This is a stone. It's a paving stone of a square that slants downhill in front of an old, reddish, almost windowless fortress called the Roukh Palace. The square was paved nearly 300 years ago, so a lot of feet have walked on this stone, bare feet and shod, children's little pads, horses' iron shoes, soldiers' boots; and wheels have gone over and over it, cart wheels, carriage wheels, car tires, tank treads. Dogs' paws every now and then. There has been dogshit on it, there has been blood, both soon washed away by water sloshed from buckets or run from hoses or dropped from the clouds.

You can't get blood from a stone, they say, nor can you give it to a stone; it takes no stain. Some of the pavement, down near that street that leads out of Roukh Square through the old Jewish quarter to the river, got dug up, once or twice, and piled into a barricade, and some of the stones even found themselves flying through the air, but not for long. They were soon put back in their place, or replaced by others. It made no difference to them. The man hit by the flying stone dropped down like a stone beside the stone that had killed him. The man shot through the brain fell down and his blood ran out on this stone, or another one maybe; it makes no difference to them. The soldiers washed his blood away with water sloshed from buckets, the buckets their horses drank from. The rain fell after a while. The snow fell. Bells rang the hours, the Christmases, the New Years. A tank stopped with its treads on this stone. You'd think that that would leave a mark, a huge heavy thing like a tank, but the stone shows nothing. Only all the feet bare and shod over the centuries have worn a quality into it, not a smoothness, exactly, but a kind of softness, like leather or like skin. Unstained, unmarked, indifferent, it does have that quality of having been worn for a long time by life. So it is a stone of power, and who sets foot on it may be transformed.

•

This is a story. She let herself in with her key and called, "Mama? It's me, Fana!"

And her mother, in the kitchen of the apartment, called, "I'm in here," and they met and hugged in the doorway of the kitchen.

"Come on, come on!"

"Come where?"

"It's Thursday, Mama!"

"Oh," said Bruna Fabbre, retreating toward the stove, making vague protective gestures at the saucepans, the dishcloths, the spoons.

"You said."

"But it's nearly four already——"

"We can be back by six-thirty."

"I have all the papers to read for the advancement tests."

"You have to come, Mama. You do. You'll see!"

A heart of stone might resist the shining eyes, the coaxing, the bossiness. "Come on!" she said, and the mother came.

But grumbling. "This is for you," she said on the stairs.

On the bus, she said it again. "This is for you. Not me."

"What makes you think that?"

Bruna did not reply for a while, looking out the bus window at the gray city lurching by, the dead November sky behind the roofs.

"Well, you see," she said, "before Kasi, my brother Kasimir, before he was killed, that was the time that would have been for me. But I was too young. Too stupid. And then they killed Kasi."

"By mistake."

"It wasn't a mistake. They were hunting for a man who'd been getting people out across the border, and they'd missed him. So it was to. . . ."

"To have something to report to the

ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM

Central Office."

Bruna nodded. "He was about the age you are now," she said. The bus stopped, people climbed on, crowding the aisle. "Since then, twenty-seven years, always since then, it's been too late. For me. First too stupid, then too late. This time is for you. I missed mine."

"You'll see," Stefana said. "There's enough time to go round."

•

This is history. Soldiers stand in a row before the reddish, almost windowless palace; their muskets are at the ready. Young men walk across the stones toward them, singing, "Beyond this darkness is the light, O Liberty, of thine eternal day!"

The soldiers fire their guns. The young men live happily ever after.

•

This is biology.

"Where the hell is everybody?"

"It's Thursday," Stefan Fabbre said, adding, "Damn!" as the figures on the computer screen jumped and flickered. He was wearing his topcoat over sweater and scarf, since the biology laboratory was heated only by a space heater that shorted out the computer circuit if they were on at the same time. "There are programs that could do this in two seconds," he said, jabbing morosely at the keyboard.

Avelin came up and glanced at the screen. "What is it?"

"The RNA comparison count. I could do it faster on my fingers."

Avelin, a bald, spruce, pale, dark-eyed man of 40, roamed the laboratory, looked restlessly through a folder of reports. "Can't run a university with this going on," he said. "I'd have thought you'd be down there."

Fabbre entered a new set of figures and said, "Why?"

"You're an idealist."

"Am I?" Fabbre leaned back, rolled his head to get the cricks out. "I try hard not to be," he said.

"Realists are born, not made." The younger man sat down on a lab stool and stared at the scarred, stained counter. "It's coming apart," he said.

"You think so? Seriously?"

Avelin nodded. "You heard that report from Prague."

Fabbre nodded.

"Last week . . . this week . . . next year—yes. An earthquake. The stones come apart—it falls apart—there was a building, now there's not. History is made. So I don't understand why you're here, not there."

"Seriously, you don't understand?"

Avelin smiled and said, "Seriously."

"All right." Fabbre stood up and began walking up and down the long room as he spoke. He was a slight gray-haired man with youthfully intense, controlled movements. "Science or political activity, either/or: Choose. Right? Choice is responsibility, right? So I chose my responsibility responsibly. I chose science and abjured all action but the acts of science. The acts of a responsible science. Out there, they can change the rules; in here, they can't change the rules; when they try to, I resist. This is my resistance." He slapped the laboratory bench as he turned round. "I'm lecturing. I walk up and down like this when I lecture. So. Background of the choice. I'm from the northeast. Fifty-six, in the northeast, do you remember? My grandfather, my father—reprisals. So, in Sixty, I come here, to the university. Sixty-two, my best friend, my wife's brother. We were walking through a village market, talking, then he stopped, he stopped talking, they had shot him. A kind of mistake. Right? He was a musician. A realist. I felt that I owed it to him, that I owed it to them, you see, to live carefully, with responsibility, to do the best I could do. The best I could do was this," and he gestured around the laboratory. "I'm good at it. So I go on trying to be a realist. As far as possible, under the circumstances, which have less and less to do with reality. But they are only circumstances. Circumstances in which I do my work as carefully as I can."

Avelin sat on the lab stool, his head bowed. When Fabbre was done, he nodded. After a while, he said, "But I have to ask you if it's realistic to separate the circumstances, as you put it, from the work."

"About as realistic as separating the body from the mind," Fabbre said. He stretched again and reseated himself at the computer. "I want to get this series in," he said, and his hands went to the keyboard and his gaze to the notes he was copying. After five or six minutes, he started the printer and spoke without turning. "You're serious, Givan? You think it's coming apart?"

"Yes. I think the experiment is over."

The printer scraped and screeched, and they raised their voices to be heard.

"Here, you mean."

"Here and everywhere. They know it, down at Roukh Square. Go down there. You'll see. There could be such jubilation only at the death of a tyrant or the failure of a great hope."

"Or both."

"Or both," Avelin agreed.

The paper jammed in the printer, and Fabbre opened the machine to free it. His hand was shaking. Avelin, spruce and cool, hands behind his back, strolled over, looked, reached in, disengaged the corner that was jamming the feed.

"Soon," he said, "we'll have an IBM. A Mactoshin. Our hearts' desire."

"Macintosh," Fabbre said.

"Everything can be done in two seconds."

Fabbre restarted the printer and looked around. "Listen, the principles——"

Avelin's eyes shone strangely, as if full of tears; he shook his head. "So much depends on the circumstances," he said.

•

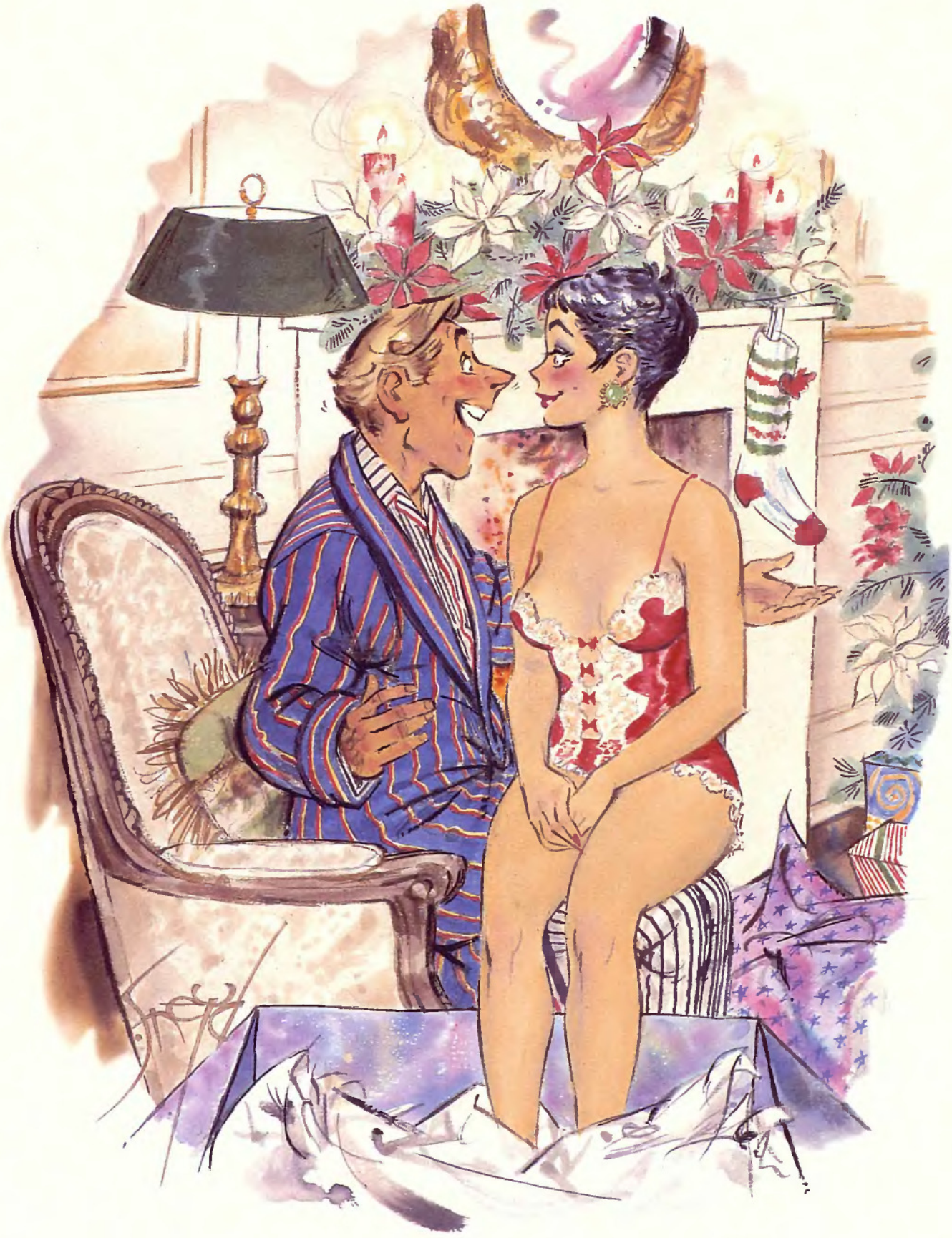
This is a key. It locks and unlocks a door, the door to apartment 2-1 of the building at 43 Pradinestrade in the Old North Quarter of the city of Krasnoy. The apartment is enviable, having a kitchen with saucepans, dishcloths, spoons and all that is necessary, and two bedrooms, one of which is now used as a sitting room, with chairs, books, papers and all that is necessary, as well as a view from the window between other buildings of a short section of the Molsen River. The river at this moment is lead-colored and the trees above it are bare and black. The apartment is unlighted and empty. When they left, Bruna Fabbre locked the door and dropped the key, which is on a steel ring along with the key to her desk at the lyceum and the key to her sister Bendika's apartment in the Trasfiuve, into her small imitation-leather handbag, which is getting shabby at the corners, and snapped the handbag shut. Bruna's daughter Stefana has a copy of the key in her jeans pocket, tied on a bit of braided cord along with the key to the closet in her room in dormitory G of the University of Krasnoy, where she is a graduate student in the department of Orsinian and Slavic Literature, working for a degree in the field of early romantic poetry. She never locks the closet. The two women walk down Pradinestrade three blocks and wait a few minutes at the corner for the number 18 bus, which runs on Bulvard Settentre from North Krasnoy to the center of the city.

Pressed in the crowded interior of the handbag and the tight warmth of the jeans pocket, the key and its copy are inert, silent, forgotten. All a key can do is lock and unlock its door; that's all the function it has, all the meaning; it has a responsibility but no rights. It can lock or unlock. It can be found or thrown away.

•

This is history. Once upon a time, in 1830, in 1848, in 1866, in 1918, in 1947, in 1956, stones flew. Stones flew through the air like pigeons, and hearts, too; hearts had wings. Those were the years when the stones flew, the hearts took wing, the young voices

(continued on page 203)



"Just what I wanted—a 'laptop.'"

NOT HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

travel By JOHN REZEK

SOMETIMES IT'S BEST TO GET OUT OF TOWN TO HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS

THE HOLIDAYS—roughly that period between Thanksgiving and New Year's—have traditionally been a time of spiky emotional behavior, high cash outlays and siege-mentality gift-giving and partygoing. Instead of summoning our charity and doling it out in an orderly fashion throughout the year, we are asked to give, receive, power-eat, power-drink and—as if that weren't enough—send a gazillion Christmas cards and thank-you notes. Which does not mean, of course, that the season—or, rather, how you choose to endure the season—should be devoid of tradition. I make a point of watching Brian De Palma's *Scarface* every December 25th, and that leaves me with a very warm feeling inside. What I'm suggesting is that there are holiday traditions of which you may not be aware, that are not your own and that may help ease you through this difficult period. It is also possible to escape Christmas entirely, to simply flee. Here are some suggestions as to where to go, singularly or in tandem, to make the most of what is sometimes a bad situation.

CAP JULUCA

The Caribbean remains the epitome of everyone's getaway destination. And when it comes to the Antilles, lesser is more. On Anguilla, the northernmost dot of the British Lesser Antilles, is a cluster of five villas with 30 rooms called Cap Juluca. Owners Sue and Robin Ricketts have created a Moroccanlike resort on one of the most subdued and remote of the islands. There are no TVs, radios or clocks. Newspapers are available by special arrangement only. You're there to cool out in sumptuous comfort in a surrounding you've had tucked away on a mental postcard.

The most rigorous activity you'll endure is rising late, having breakfast on the terrace, then wandering off to the beach. Guests congregate at the restaurant for lunch and dinner. Those who dive, snorkel, fish or windsail do so without making a big deal of it. First-time visitors take lots of luggage. Second-time visitors take only carry-on bags. Although the resort has first-class facilities and a top-rate restaurant, the guests meander about in shorts, T-shirts and sarongs. *(continued on page 168)*

peter jennings had the voice. the frame. the ladies. and my, how those ladies remember

personality

By E. JEAN CARROLL

THE KISS OF THE ANCHOR MAN

VALERIE GODSOE was a deb. Her mother was president of the Junior League in Toronto. Her father was a Canadian oil man. Valerie was a top athlete and had a well-put-together little body, dark hair and large green eyes. She looked a bit like Natalie Wood. Right out of college in the early Sixties, Valerie got a super job researching and booking talent on *Close-Up*, a documentary television show for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. She even tried out to be the hostess of a talk show and almost got it. One day, a producer showed Valerie a picture of a blond Dr. Kildare type in a suit, with a pipe and posing by a ladder. He asked her, "What do you think of this guy?" Valerie realized it was a friend of her brother's. She had never met the boy, but their families knew each other. His father was Charles Jennings, The Voice of Canada, a vice-president of the CBC. Everyone *loved* his father. He was a country gentleman, warm, handsome, a big Teddy bear of a man, tweed jackets, lots of dogs, beautiful socialite wife, money. Peter Jennings was his mother's darling. His father called him Golden Boy. Peter even had his own radio show—*Peter's Place*—when he was nine years old. He wrote it with the family maid and played theme music from Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* and talked with kids. Then he was deejay P.J. with a hit teen-dance-party program on TV. So the first thing Peter did when they were introduced was to take Valerie down and show her his Mercedes convertible.

•

When Kati Marton met Peter Jennings 13 years ago, she thought it was funny: They were both ABC bureau chiefs (he was London, she was Bonn), they were both children of journalists (her mother was U.P.I., her father was A.P.), they were both born outside America (he in Canada, she in Budapest), they both had had earlier marriages, they had the same aspirations and values and they had similar father fixations.

Peter was 40 when they married. Miss Marton was 30. Success came very early to Peter. Much, much *too* early to Peter, and Miss Marton and the children came very late. She does not think Peter was anchored in his personal life until he was 40. He was married twice before and, you know, *lots* of relationships. Some he can't even *remember*, there were so many.

They remember. The *ladies* remember!

•

Valerie was amazed at how proud Peter was of that Mercedes convertible. Peter always had to have the biggest toys. And he went after only the top girls. And Peter wooed Valerie. Wooed her royally. Called her princess, sent her love letters, phoned all the time. Valerie had waited a long time and had never fallen in love before. But when she met Peter, she fell out of the tree on her head. Boom!

Then Peter was hired to be half of the new anchor team of Canadian television. He was 23 years old! Co-anchor of a national network newscast! When he and Valerie got engaged, the paper said, "OTTAWA'S MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR TO WED."

•

Of course, Peter gets short-tempered. So does Miss Marton. They fight like mad. But God! Miss Marton finds Peter irresistible! She thinks he is immensely grateful that he has this family life. *Now* Peter's very responsible in his private life. Very settled. And Miss Marton thinks that she and the children, Elizabeth and Christopher, as a unit, make the rest of his life possible. And they have a good time. And, *frankly*, Miss Marton feels she is up to the task! Peter can't mess around too much with Miss Marton! He and Miss Marton *started out* as equals, though he had ten years on her. So it has always been—intellectually and emotionally—a *totally* equal relationship. Miss Marton thinks Peter was ready for it, but not a minute before he met her. He was not ready for a relationship with a strong, willful woman. Nor was he ready to be a father. So he got rid of a lot of bad stuff by the time Miss Marton and the children came along.

•

Valerie did not have a great honeymoon. It was only two days, because Peter begged to be sent away on an assignment. They moved to Ottawa and mostly saw his parents. That year was nice. They had a boat and a summer cottage. In the winter, they'd ski. Of course, Peter was vain. He would preen. He was a bit of a peacock. He was a show-off. He was a Leo! He was the king of the jungle. But it was fun. Peter even was part of the Miss Canada Pageant. He was the Bert Parks of the Far North. He even *sang*. Deep down inside Peter, there is a showbiz soul. He came home with 200 matchboxes with a beauty queen's photograph on them. They were everywhere: in his car, in his drawers. . . .

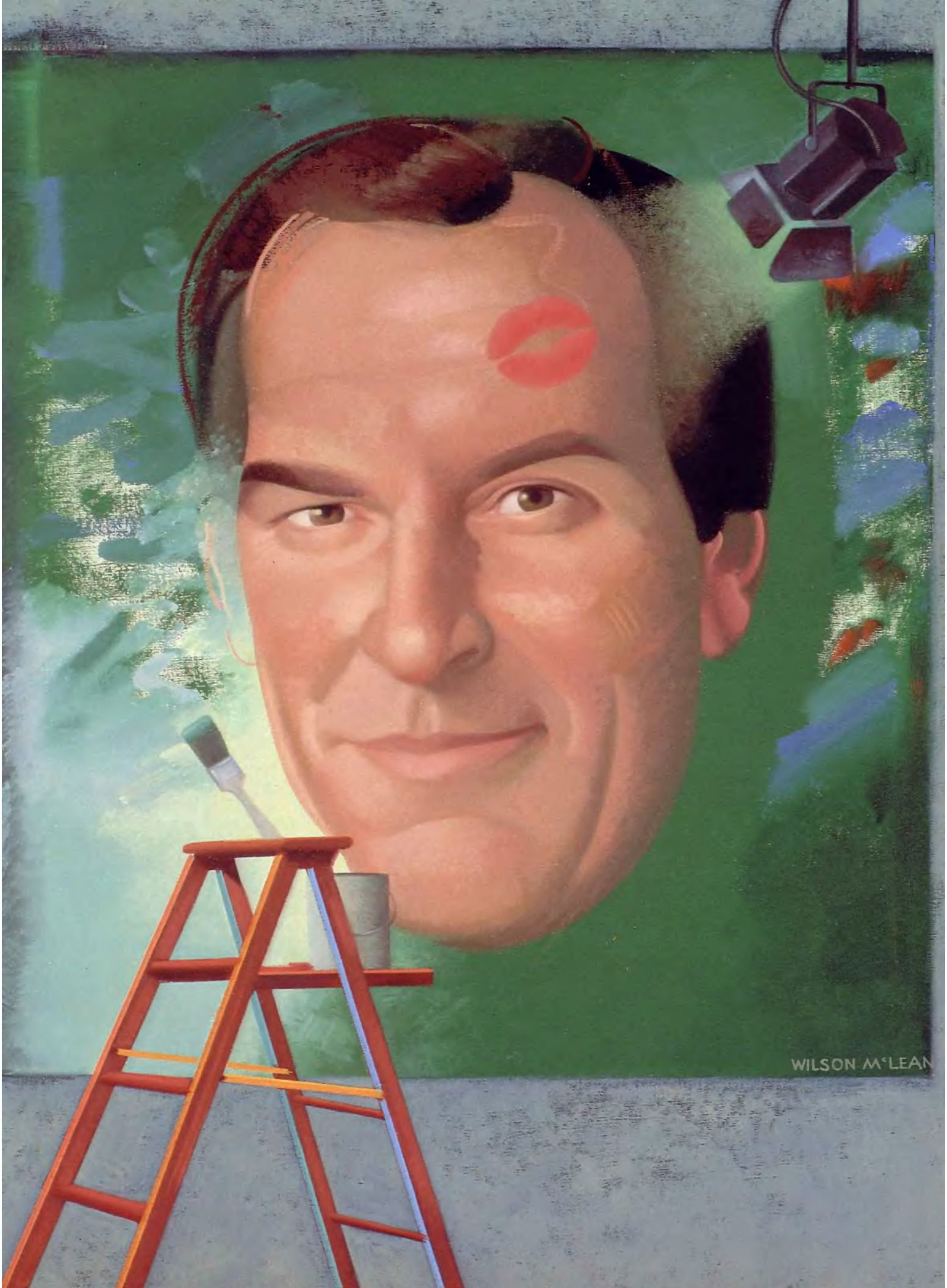
•

To Miss Marton, Peter is a person of *tremendous* ego. He has the world at his feet. Literally. The world. But he doesn't want Miss Marton at his feet. He wants somebody who is going to give it to him straight and tell him when his head gets too big, as Miss Marton does, and keep him honest. Somebody who essentially has his very best interests at heart, as Miss Marton does, and who does not just want to flatter him, as Miss Marton doesn't. Because, God, Peter's flattered! He has so much flattery!

•

Valerie thinks Peter was quite confident in those days, except with his

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MC LEAN


WILSON McLEAN

father. It always ran through Valerie's head that Peter was still trying to prove himself to his father. Honest to God. Charles Jennings was loving, but he treated Peter kind of lightly. Today, if Charles Jennings were alive, he would be so bloody proud of Peter. But he wouldn't let him know it. That's the way Canadians are. Peter's father would *not* give him a compliment. It really is the crux of Peter.

•

In Miss Marton's opinion, the key to Peter's life is that he dropped out of high school, and he has spent the rest of his life compensating for it.

•

Instead of skiing with Valerie or driving up to their little cottage, Peter *always* wanted to be away on assignment. Going here. Going there. Begging for assignments on the weekends. And then he got the offer to go to ABC in New York. ABC put them in a seedy little hotel room and Valerie's whole trousseau was stolen. Peter said to Valerie, "Find an apartment! Don't go on the West Side!" and disappeared. So Valerie rushed out to look for an apartment and was alone for a week in tears. She knew New York was going to be awful. But Peter was so excited, because they were going to send him *all across the country!*

•

Miss Marton thinks that if she were to go to the telephone right this minute and say, "Darling, enough! Do something else. Anchoring *World News Tonight* is not good for me, not good for the kids," Peter wouldn't for a second deny her that request. But Peter would be too intelligent to ask Miss Marton not to write her books. He'd be bored with her. He'd hate it if she just looked after the house and the kids. He *loves* hearing about her research. He *loves* to hear about the people she has met. He *loves* to see her get excited. And that excitement is a vital part of them. *Because Peter is easily bored.* On the other hand, he has this incredible capacity to block out everything but the subject in front of him and just zero in. He *loves* meeting new people. *Loves* to learn from people. He's an extremely extroverted human being. He and Miss Marton don't walk down the street without Peter's talking to four or five people. He's terrifically open to people. He has not an *ounce* of snobbism.

•

Valerie thinks part of the problem might have been that Peter realized he was too young to be married. He always wanted to be *away*. He was very ambitious and he wanted to prove himself. When he went to ABC, the other reporters thought he was a pretty boy. So one of the first things he went after was Vietnam. Valerie remembers seeing a picture in a magazine of him bending over a body.

•

Miss Marton's idea of a blissful evening is to read a good book with Mozart playing in the background. Peter likes to watch hockey, baseball, football. *Occasionally*, he will pick up a book.

Have you seen *Miss Marton's* latest book, darling? Miss Marton can give you a copy.

•

Valerie and Peter would be introduced at parties, and that's when she first thought, Uh-oh! She would just go to the other side of the room and wouldn't watch. Because American women! She couldn't believe it! Canadian women weren't aggressive. But here! The women took one look at Peter and that was it! Peter had the frame. He had the whatever it was. They gobbled it up. Older women! Mothers! Bananas for him. Grandmothers! Wives! Daughters! He had a secretary who'd do his *shirts*. Iron his shirts! Valerie was flabbergasted. Flabbergasted! At the *nerve*. Barracudas. Unbelievable! Wife or not, it didn't matter. "Here's my phone number!" Ah. And Peter loved it, of course. That's when he really began to look in the mirror. And then, of course, she would read in the paper that Peter was having a romantic rendezvous with some blonde TV newswoman. And a blonde movie star would call: "Is Peter there?" Wheeeew. And then Valerie would read that *Peter Jennings, the handsome ABC correspondent, was a bachelor*. That is when the marriage started to get a little shaky.

•

When he's on a case, like the house Miss Marton and he were building in Bridgehampton, Long Island, he was on the phone to Miss Marton *every hour*. Peter is not the kind of man who says, "Darling, surprise me!" When Miss Marton pops into his ABC office unannounced and he's up to his eyeballs, he jumps up from his computer, gives her a big hug, says he's gotta go to make-up, and while he's in the chair, they fight happily about whether it's going to be brick or blue stone around the pool. He was involved in every bathroom tile. They fight about everything. The chintz. They fight about the chintz. He is deeply absorbed in the kids' schools. He is on every committee. He is the auctioneer for the school benefits. Peter has enough energy, in Miss Marton's opinion, to kill them all. On vacations, he wants to sail, hike, ski, scale mountains, and he never sleeps. At home, the kids like to get into their bed; they almost always wake up with four of them in bed.

•

Not even the first year was up and ABC made him anchor man. It was 1965. He was 26 years old. It was just after Christmas. He and Valerie discussed it. He was a bit distraught. He said, "I'm not ready! It's *ridiculous*! I want to prove myself first. I don't want to just *go* on the air!" He wasn't prepared. He was insecure. There was *agony*. But anyway, he had no choice. He knew the snide remarks. Cronkite made a joke about Peter's *putting* dark circles under his eyes. And Frank Reynolds was quite angry about this *kid*. And there was all the publicity. He became an 8"x10" Hollywood glossy. But he did very well, considering!

•

Miss Marton must say that she is much thinner now than she was before. She had always considered herself a rather zaftig person. She's 5'7" and used to weigh 125 pounds, and if now she registers 110, that's heavy. She doesn't want the children to suffer from having a larger-than-life father, so she makes a point of keeping her identity very much alive. She wants them to know that Mom and Dad *both* work equally hard and that part of Daddy's job is being well known. She gets a little impatient with the amount of time that is expended getting attention. That is *not* Miss Marton's favorite thing about this life. The attention! The sort of artificial attention.

•

Yes, Valerie thinks Peter carried it off *very* well. But she was always solidly behind him. They had sort of a buddy marriage, until she started to get a little jealous and insecure.

Valerie would just have Peter back from a trip and all to herself and then a woman would call in the middle of the night. "Is Peter there?" Oh, please! So the marriage had to be uncomfortable for him. And he'd withdraw into a mood. So she couldn't communicate. He was very private. Wouldn't talk about his emotions. Wouldn't show them. She threw an ashtray at him once. That's about it, really.

•

Miss Marton was very ambitious in her 20s. She had one broken marriage as a result. She had been married to a perfectly nice Philadelphian with whom she had gone to graduate school, and he became an international banker and she became a hot-shot TV reporter, and he was the casualty. She didn't want that to happen with Peter.

•

Valerie has heard people say that Kati doesn't give Peter permission to walk around the block. He seems a bit

(continued on page 114)

"This year I became a veggie."

MILLION DOLLAR BABIES

forget about fabergé eggs, renaissance furniture and fine art—big-buck wheels are the way to roll

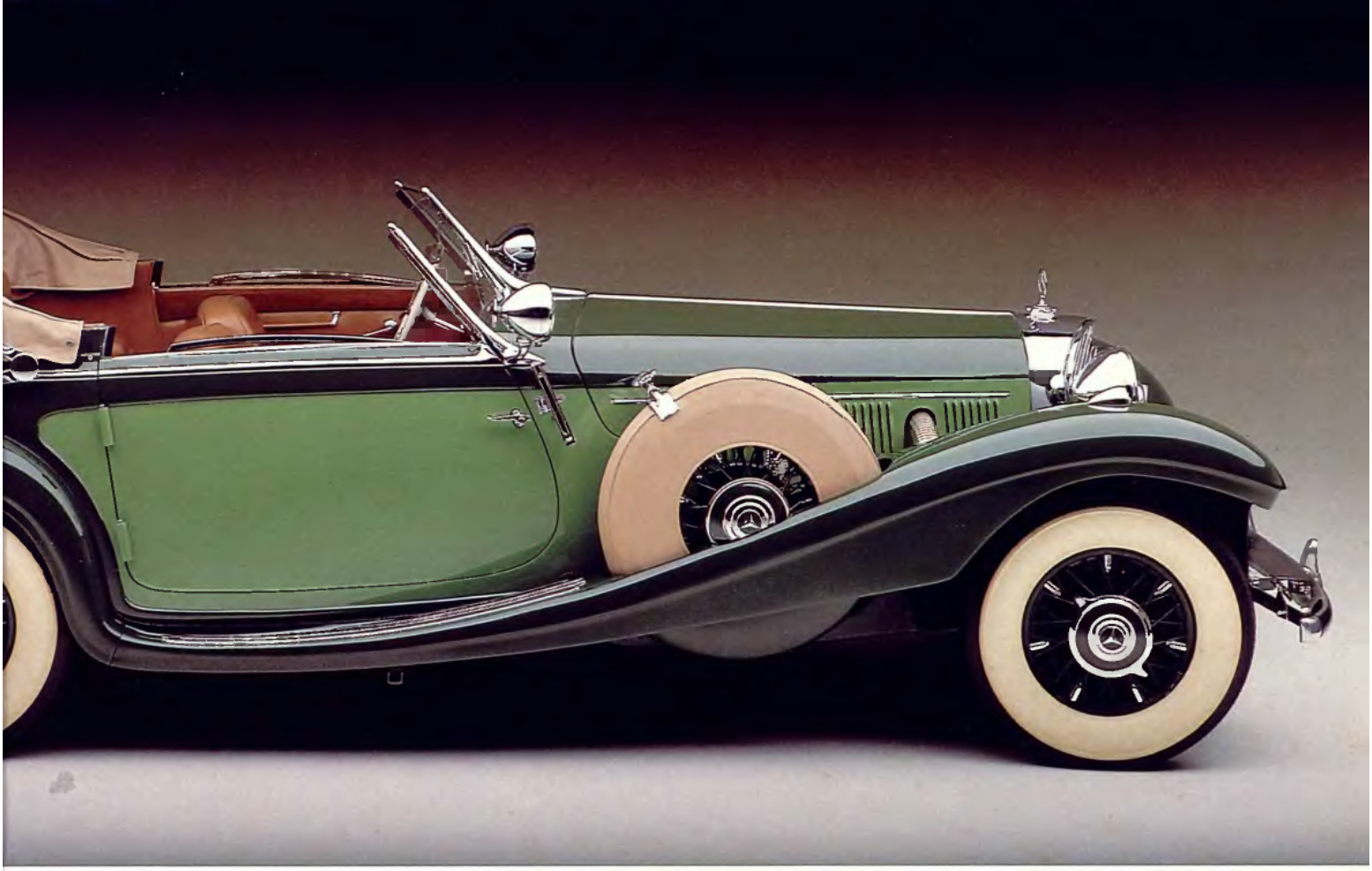
LAST SPRING, at a preview of a Christie's auction held at New York City's Guggenheim Museum, the elegant crowd of collectors sipped champagne and buzzed excitedly about the 1957 Ferrari 315S, showcased like a prized metal sculpture. A few weeks later, the gleaming roadster attracted a bid, which was rejected, of $8,400,000, at an auction in Monaco. At a Sotheby's sale held there the same week, another Ferrari, a 1962 250 GTO Berlinetta, brought in almost $11,000,000, including commission—setting a record price for any automobile to hit the auction block. And you thought diamonds were a good investment.

Valuable cars are hardly a new phenomenon. From the Twenties onward, wealthy patrons waved blank

modern living
By KEN GROSS

Mercedes-Benz's classic 540K Cabriolet A is powered by a straight-eight engine. With the aid of a supercharger that blows through twin carburetors, this bold machine develops 180 b.h.p. and, under full acceleration, emits a piercing banshee-like wail that quickly clears the highway of timid drivers. Depending on coachbuilder, a Cabriolet is worth as much as $2,500,000; the 540K Special Roadster version is worth twice that. Owner: Thomas W. Barrett III, Barrett-Jackson Auction, Scottsdale, Arizona.

A sexy roadster closely based on Jaguar's Le Mans–winning D-Type racers, the 1956 250-b.h.p. XK-SS was the hottest street Jaguar of its time. A tragic fire in 1957 at the Coventry plant in England destroyed most of the early production and tooling, so only 16 cars were released. Each sold for about $10,000. (The late actor Steve McQueen was an owner.) If you can find an XK-SS, it'll set you back about $2,000,000. Owner: Richard Freshman of Chatsworth, California.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

checks at an elite cadre of auto makers who delightedly catered to their whims. The prospective owner would meet with a coachbuilder, select a semicustom body from a catalog or specify a completely original creation, which was then built to order. Like the lavish estates and fine jewelry of the art-deco era, flamboyant cars were another way to show off enormous wealth. And, oh, those names; how they rolled off the tongue, imports such as Rolls-Royce, Mercedes-Benz, Hispano-Suiza, Alfa Romeo, Isotta Fraschini, Delahaye and Bugatti. Almost as enthralling were top-of-the-line domestic models by Packard, Peerless and Pierce-Arrow, along with the Cords, Marmons, select Cadillacs, Lincolns and legendary Duesenbergs. During the Thirties and Forties, prices of these cars declined.

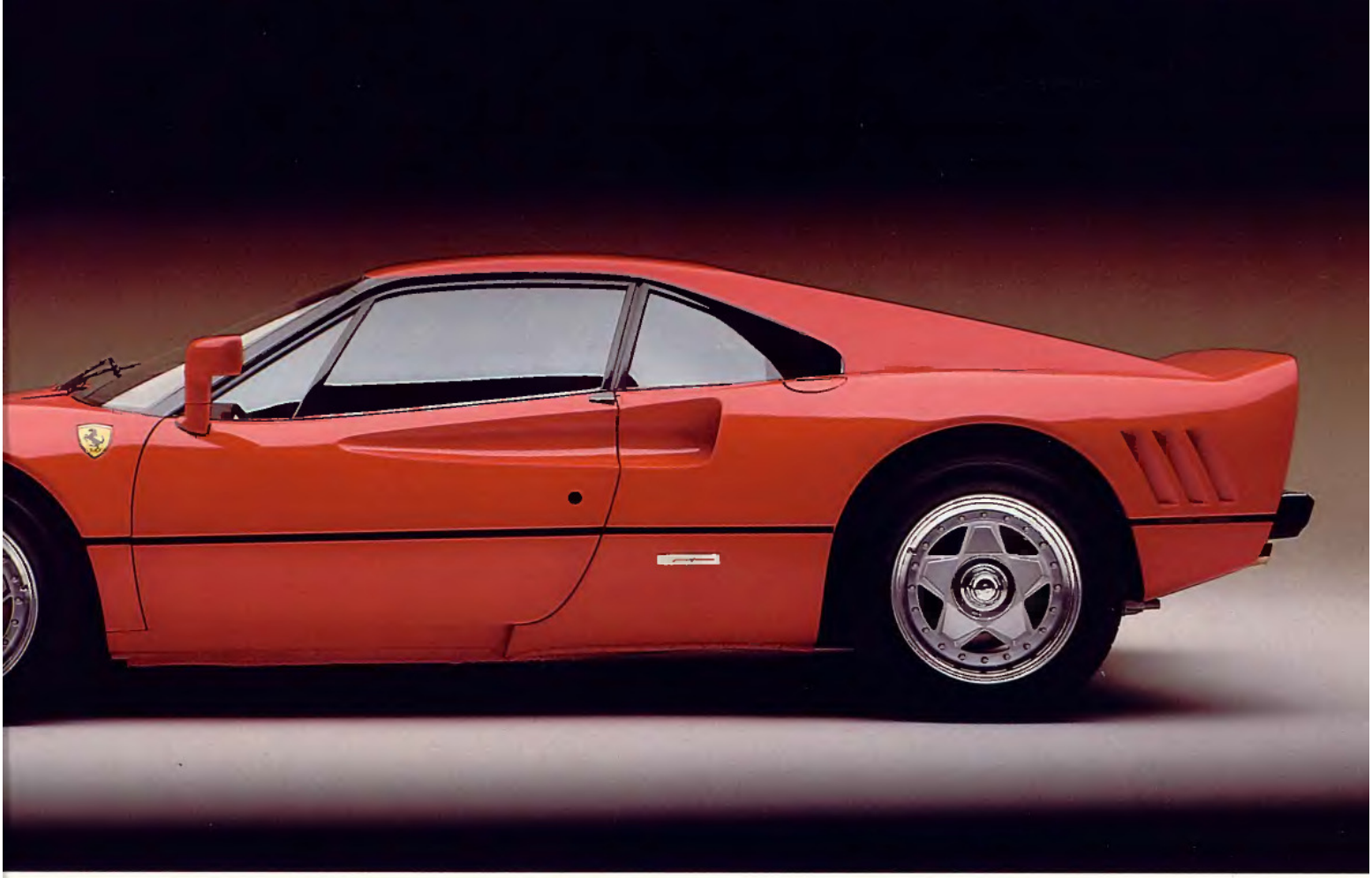
Until the Fifties, the best cars were usually traded privately. Prices escalated, but speculation hadn't begun. Buyers were still car collectors, albeit savvy, wealthy ones. Nevada casino owner Bill Harrah employed agents to bid on his behalf so car owners would not flagrantly raise prices. Even when France's eccentric Schlumpf brothers came here in 1962 to buy John Shakespeare's Bugatti collection, which included a super-rare Type 41 La Royale (one of six built), prices remained reasonable.

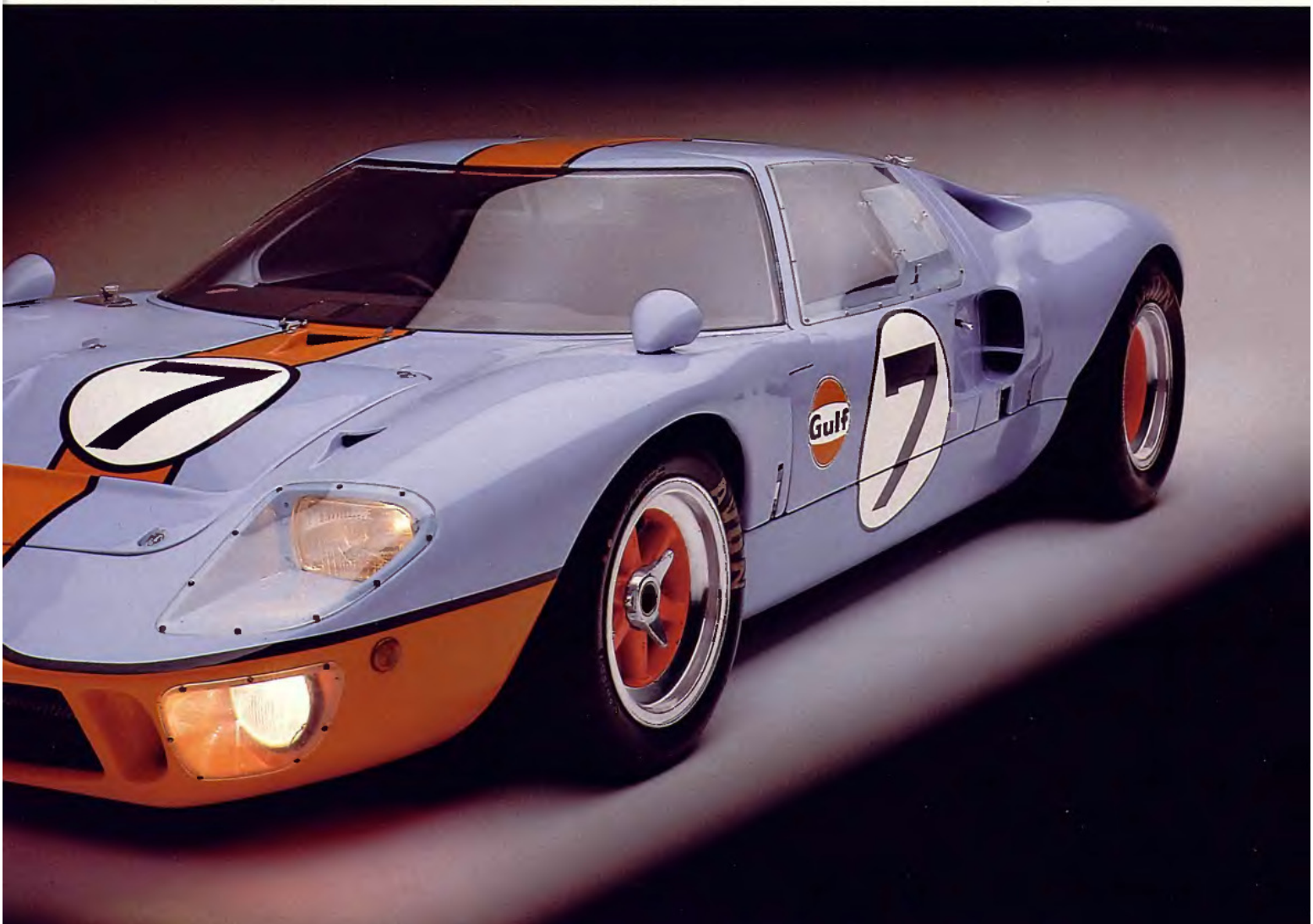
Today, private deals continue to flourish, but most top sales take place at increasingly glitzy auctions, where wealthy collectors such as Domino's Pizza magnate Tom Monaghan have often bid astronomical sums to the cheers of astonished onlookers. Overseas, British firms Christie's, Sotheby's, Coy's, newcomer Robert Brooks and Geneva's Eric Traber compete fiercely for top cars and the biggest audiences, seeking ever more spectacular venues and erecting giant TV screens so crowds can follow the action.

Stateside, one of the biggest names in the auction scene is the Kruse family of Auburn, Indiana, whose circuslike tent shows first held in the early Seventies featured black-tie barkers and pitmen. Like other auctioneers, the Kruses liked to showcase the classics, but they also anticipated the demand for Detroit iron of the Fifties and Sixties. Although not worth millions, these cars promise tidy sums to be made from resale, as baby boomers try to recapture their youth with the wheels from their high school and college days. The market attracted its own celebrities, such as *Los Angeles Times* owner Otis Chandler, who switched his specialty to limited-production American muscle cars, such as the ground-pounding Plymouth Hemi 'Cudas, *(continued on page 210)*

Built in a limited edition for Group B racing and named after Ferrari's famed 250 GTO racer of the Sixties, Ferrari's 288 GTO features a 400-b.h.p., twin-turbo V8 engine. Only 272 of the original 288 GTOs were created for street use. The original sticker price in 1984 was $83,400, plus $1800 for air and a radio. When Ferrari stopped the limited production of the GTO models, prices skyrocketed. Today, they trade for as much as $1,000,000. Owner: Cris Vandagriff, Hollywood Sports Cars, Hollywood, California.

Ford adapted a mid-engined chassis design from Britain's Lola to create the all-conquering GT-40 sports coupe. GT-40s soon beat Ferraris regularly in races around the world. The high point was the GTO-40's 1967 Le Mans win, a feat repeated in 1968 and 1969. A street GT-40 went for $16,500 new. This GT-40 team racing car is one of three made. Another recently sold privately for about $10,000,000. Owners: Martin Yacoobian and Martin Yacoobian, Jr., Los Angeles, California.




7
Gulf
7

THE ANCHOR MAN *(continued from page 108)*

"Valerie has gone out with tons of men, but nobody was like Peter. Women threw themselves at him."

terrified of her. It's amazing! It's unbelievable! Valerie has never heard anything like it! But what's good for the goose is the gander—maybe Kati went out on Peter *first* (that's what some people say) and had the affair with the *Washington Post* writer Richard Cohen. Have you *seen* that guy? Short and ugly. And it got in *all* the papers. Then Peter and Kati had the big separation. And *that* got in all the papers. Then they had the big reconciliation. Well, maybe they *both* had affairs, who knows? Anyway, they are back together, and in Valerie's opinion, Peter seems to have a pretty great marriage. Anyhoo, Kati's intelligent. Kept her maiden name. The whole bit. And she has his kids, and *that* is what Peter *really* wanted. He was very careful not to have kids with the first two wives. That's all Valerie is going to say. (Peter met Annie, the second wife, the photographer, the brunette, Lebanese, in the Middle East. No one knows much about *her*.) Peter has affairs with blondes but marries brunettes. But Kati's tough. Peter respects her. Kati has written a couple of books. She was ABC's Bonn bureau chief. And she's dynamite-looking! *Young!* She certainly is doing a lot more than Valerie. Valerie is only writing her little newspaper column now, but she used to book talent for Skitch Henderson, then became a producer at Metromedia, then did publicity at Revlon, so she isn't totally chopped liver. But how can Peter be so afraid of Kati that he won't have even *one* drink with his old friend?

•

Peter will often shout at Miss Marton across a dinner party, "Darling!"—you know, sort of showing off—"who composed opus blah blah blah?" And Miss Marton will shout back, "Blah blah blah." Peter likes to parade Miss Marton's intelligence and worldliness. All of that is *very* important to him. He loves the fact that Miss Marton is an author.

•

Valerie broke up with Peter while she was in love with him. Peter knows that. Anyway, they separated. Valerie paid half the bills and got the apartment and the sandbox coffee table. Peter wanted the sandbox coffee table. Valerie said, "I did the PR for it! I got it on Carson! It's mine! It's mine!" Then Peter wanted the apartment. Valerie said, "I found it, I decorated it, I knocked the walls down, I paid the rent; two days later, you went off for three weeks!"

Since then, Valerie has gone out with *tons* of Hollywood actors and lots of handsome men, but really, nobody ever was like Peter. Nobody. Women just came up and *threw* themselves at him. He didn't even have to make love to them. He just sort of *teased* them into falling in love with him. And once he got a little acclaim and with his voice being so magical, he didn't have to *do* anything. Just walk into a room. *Just walk into a room!*

He used to pull his ear for Valerie when he was on the air live. He'd send her a love message. But then he started going on trips, and when he'd come back from a trip and pull his ear, Valerie knew it was for somebody in Atlanta or Indianapolis or wherever he'd just been. Valerie thought, This ear thing is getting to be a bit of a fetish!

•

But Peter is by no means perfect in Miss Marton's eyes. He's on overload all the time. He can be very absentminded. Miss Marton gets annoyed with him for that. Yes, of course, Peter's a vain person. Yes, and, well, Miss Marton is vain, too! She doesn't trust anybody who's not vain. And Peter has plenty to be vain about. He's a very good-looking man, with a very healthy appetite for life. And he's giving this job everything he has. But there's a whole *other* life seething beneath the surface. And Miss Marton hopes he gets on with that life, too. Naturally, he is vain about his professional abilities. He should be. Proud is what Miss Marton means. He can go on the air with five seconds' notice and make sense out of nonsense. He doesn't speak down and he doesn't put on airs. He was young enough at 25 to start from scratch when he quit as anchor the first time. And he was old enough to realize that he didn't *want* to make it on his pretty face, like all those blow-dried jobs—and maybe this comes from his father, or maybe it just comes from him, Miss Marton doesn't know—he wanted to make it as a really good reporter. His career was made in Saudi Arabia and Jerusalem. That's what he wants to be known as: a reporter. He never identifies himself as an anchor man. The bottom line on Peter, in Miss Marton's opinion, is that he is a very *decent* man. He has a very nice attitude about his fellow man. He has a great sense of public service, which he got from his mother. He comes from a very old, solid, affluent family. He believes that if you are lucky, you make sure you give part of it back. Miss Marton thinks Peter is one of the *great men*. He is one of the most uncynical persons Miss Marton has ever met. Alan Pakula, the director, calls Peter an "innocent."

•

Anyhoo, Valerie wants to get married again. Oh, well, she hopes! If any woman is *created* to live with a man, it's Valerie Jennings! She's made the old-fashioned way. She loves cooking. She loves to look after a man and pack his clothes. And she's more secure now.

Valerie doesn't think Kati knows this, but after Peter and Kati had their first baby, Elizabeth, Peter took her over. In the pram! To show her to Valerie! And Elizabeth was so beautiful! But Valerie had mixed feelings. Peter cared enough to show Elizabeth to her, yet it broke her heart, of course.

•

It's odd, but to Valerie, Peter wasn't sexy. See, to Valerie, Peter wasn't earthy. Peter was pristine. Really. Pristine. Shy. Very virginal. Peter was a more pristine kisser than anybody else Valerie has ever been out with. He was kind of old fashioned. He was a bit pristine back then. She means kissing. He didn't kiss Valerie with the earthy lust that everyone else did.

•

Once upon a time, Peter Jennings was wealthy, handsome and raking like the blazes.

"I was born," says Jennings, "and raised in sort of a partly urban but also semirural Canada, where the Scots-Irish work ethic was very strong. I am the son of a very accomplished broadcasting father, whom I admired *immensely* and probably to this day think I haven't passed, though in some ways, I've clearly passed. That is *not* an admission I am *quite* comfortable in making to myself. . . . My mother is a woman of *immense* charm and from a *much* better family, socially, than my father was. Scottish. But she felt much more comfortable in my father's milieu than she did in *her* father's milieu. I inherited from her a *tiny* measure of social grace that I might not have got otherwise. . . . I have a very *limited* education, so at the age of, I don't know, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, somewhere in there, I decided, *Holy Jesus!* I better get going here, or I'm going to be digging ditches. When I was growing up, digging ditches was regarded as the *worst* possible thing you could do. It's interesting that Dan Rather's

(continued on page 226)

"Come for Christmas brunch, Uncle Scrooge! How does a glass of bubbly and a flaming raspberry tart sound?"

in the spirit of *glasnost*, raise a toast to premium vodka

GLAS ACT

drink By JOHN OLDCASTLE

IMPROVED RELATIONS between the Soviets and the Americans give George Bush and Mikhail Gorbachev ample reason to toast peace and good will this holiday season. And what better spirit for such a toast than vodka? Its origin is in eastern Europe, but its popularity is now global. In fact, the thirst for and production of vodka have become so widespread that many world leaders can salute their counterparts with vodkas made in their own countries. Premium imported and domestic vodkas are more varied in their types, styles and tastes than ever before and have replaced vodka's image as merely the alcohol in a screwdriver or a bloody mary.

Packaged in stunning molded-glass bottles and backed by advertising campaigns that emphasize the glorious traditions of fine vodka making, these top vodkas (some of which didn't even exist until the *(continued on page 220)*

fiction **By STANLEY ELKIN**

THE MACGUFFIN

DRUFF HAD BEEN married to Rose Helen 36 years. What was he, 22 when he married her? Just a kid. And Rose Helen, 60 now—60, Jesus!—had been 24. Jesus! too, as far as that was concerned. Because hadn't a deep part of her attraction been, as, God help him, it was something of an aversion now, those two extra years she had on him, as if she lived in a distant, telling time zone, coming to him, it could be, from alien geography, bringing alien geography, the covered flesh she'd not permitted him to see until their wedding night and teased him with—only it was nothing nearly so playful as teasing—denying him its light even then, granting him access to her only beneath the sheet and thin cover in the darkened room. The mysterious functions of her moving parts as much mysterious. Allowed to bring away with his eyes, like some impinged victor of guarded rewards, only what he could make out in that hobbled, weighted light. Only what he felt on his lips, the moistened tips of her powdered, perfumed nipples in licked conjunction with his moving, frantic tongue, a thick, yielded chemistry of a clayey, bridal milk. The source of her sweet and sour odors protected as the upper reaches of some under Nile. And what Druff was able to take away with him on his fingers, lifted like fingerprints from that dark and solemn scene.

he cajoled, wheedled, fawned and flattered, argued, pleaded and begged. but rose helen always said no

Things were different then. At least for Druff. Well, give him credit, for others, too. This was the early Fifties. A time of girdled sexuality. If you knocked someone up, you married her as much to make an honest man of yourself as an honest woman of the girl. Guilt was champ. He hadn't thought the belt would ever change hands, though now he knew it had all been so much magic, the superstitious flimflam of conspired fears; he'd been squeezed through the cracks by his times, assigned, like others of his generation, high-flown attributes to what was mere rumor, the prose of innocence, the hype of "upbringing."

And now recalled how he'd met her, how it had been on just such an almanac occasion as those he'd lived by for years. On a pseudo holiday, Sadie Hawkins Day, named from a comic strip, a day of suspended decorums, when the girls "chased" the boys, were permitted to ask them on dates, make first moves. Only even *that* didn't happen, or happened timidly, some mistletoe indulgence that would never stand up in court, all of them playing a Mardi Gras in the head.

In some gymnasium now forgotten. But, though this may only have been his politicals speaking, instincts of the retrograde enhanced, he seemed to remember bunting. (Perhaps it was a function where Republicans asked Democrats to dance.) Well, it was gone. But in a gym *(continued on page 160)*

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

CELEBRITY *Christmas* CARDS

HOLIDAY GREETINGS FROM THE GREAT AND THE GRIEVOUS

By ROBERT S. WIEDER

All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,
My hitters and my pitchers (both starters and relief).
All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,
And my *baseball team*. damn it.
Which I was screwed out of by that prissy little Fay Vincent
(And what kind of name is Fay for a baseball commissioner?),
Not to mention all the back-stabbing sportswriters and fans,
Who've *always* been out to get me,
Like *I* was driving Billy Martin's car,
Like Dave Winfield was some frigging *saint*. . . .
Well, they haven't seen the last of George Steinbrenner.
There's still the N.H.L.
Joy to the world.

—GEORGE STEINBRENNER

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire,
Jack Frost ripping off your nose.
Although we could die any time, many ways,
Merry Chris—— What's that noise?

—STEPHEN KING

A long-haired vagrant and his "virgin" wife
Openly displaying their newborn baby
To strangers in return for gifts
And sleeping in a stable with barnyard animals?
Sounds perverted to me.
But the Lord was involved,
So I guess we've got to go along with it.

—*SENATOR JESSE HELMS*

ON THE ADVICE OF MY ATTORNEYS,
I WILL NOT BE ISSUING ANY GREETINGS
OR OTHER COMMENTS
REGARDING THESE
OR ANY OTHER HOLIDAYS THAT INVOLVE
THE EXCHANGE OF GIFTS OR REMUNERATIONS.

—CHARLES H. KEATING, JR.

That goes for me, too.

(Though I was *in no way* influenced by Mr. Keating's card.)

—SENATOR ALAN CRANSTON

We could make a Christmas album,
But it wouldn't sound right
When we work two "motherfuckers"
Into *O Holy Night*.
Still, we got some Christmas thoughts
We'd like to lay upside your head,
Like "Jesus was a righteous act,
But, shit, the dude be dead."
Yeah, we got some Christmas thoughts,
And home boy, they ain't frail.
But the Man says we'll get busted
If we send them through the mail.

—2 LIVE CREW

In the spirit of these cherished holidays,
It's my wish that the coming year brings you love
(Until your wife finds out about your girlfriend),
And joy
(Until the media turn on you),
And prosperity
(Until the banks break your balls).
Season's greetings to you and yours
(I lost most of mine).

—DONALD TRUMP

It's time for some greetings,
So *let's get busy*.
May your holidays all
Be bright and fizzy.
May they not go flat
Like the haircuts I wear
Or like some of the interviews
I do on the air.
May they bring you much joy,
May they bring you the best.
May your happiness grow
Like La Toya's chest.
May your Christmas get ratings
That go through the roof.
And as for your New Year's:
Woof! Woof! Woof!

—ARSENIO HALL

PEACE ON EARTH

(BUT NOT TO THE EXTENT OF MAKING RASH,
PRECIPITOUS CUTS IN MILITARY SPENDING.)

—SECRETARY OF DEFENSE RICHARD CHENEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BRODNER

21st CENTURY FOX

morgan has the body beautiful for the nineties and beyond

IN THE not-so-distant future, when genetic engineers begin designing a human chassis, Morgan Fox may find work as the blueprint. Miss December's nearly six-foot frame is cradled by toned muscle groups she tends daily in the British Columbia gym where she works as a personal trainer. When this energetic sportswoman says, "I love cardio," she's not talking of some lost Italian love but of her passion for cardiovascular exercise. She also skis ("I taught myself," she says of her latest kick, slalom racing. "It's pretty easy"). As a youngster in Kamloops, B.C., she was a rodeo contestant (steer roping, barrel racing) and she still rides Scooter, a quarter horse/Thoroughbred crossbreed, regularly. And every day, without fail, she goes through her paces at the gym: warm-up stretches, stationary biking, weight training, making the machine circuit, sit-ups, leg lifts—you name it. "I like to push myself to the limit," she says, "just to see what I can do."

At 18, Morgan wore the crown of Miss World Canada and traveled to London and Spain to represent her homeland. She took her beauty queendom lightly—it hadn't been a lifelang goal—and enjoyed her royal romp. "I was lying on a beach in Málaga with eighty-seven gorgeaus wamen from around the warld," she says. "It was wonderful. I learned a lot just by talking with them about their countries."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

"Physical fitness and exercise have been my life since I was a little girl," says Morgan. "I can't imagine not caring about my body and not caring *for* my body. If I don't exercise, I find I get totally stressed."

"When I was fifteen, all my little girlfriends were like, 'Oh, Morgan! You're still a virgin! You can't be like this!' All that tee-heeing and carrying on seemed so silly to me. I thought, Forget it. I'm waiting for somebody speciol." Her king-sized prince—a former Mr. Canoda bodybuilder—has orrived at last and duly swept her off her feet (one-honded, no doubt). They plon to wed on Volentine's Doy 1991.

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: MORGAN FOX

BUST: 38 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'11" WEIGHT: 126

BIRTH DATE: MAY 28, 1970 BIRTHPLACE: PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

AMBITIONS: To become a successful actress and to further my education in the arts.

TURN-ONS: Sushi, working out, riding my motorcycle and horse, being with my man!

TURN-OFFS: Rude people, fatty food, environmental polluters and people who do drugs.

BEAUTY TIPS: Always be real to yourself and your inner beauty will shine through.

THINKING BIG: Whatever I want to achieve, mentally or physically, all I have to do is reach into my heart and make it happen.

NIGHT MOVES: A good old-fashioned date—dinner and a movie—is enough to make me happy.

MR. RIGHT: Looks into my eyes and finds out who I am, not just what I look like!

Snake-wrangling in Mexico

In London for Miss World 1988

Struttin' my stuff

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After having a few too many and staying out a little too late, the man headed home, trying desperately to come up with a plausible story to tell his wife. Because this sort of thing had happened so often, he was having trouble finding an excuse he had not recently used.

Still groping for an explanation as he approached his house, the fellow hoped that his wife was asleep. Just as he turned the doorknob, however, she yanked the door open, causing him to fall at her feet. "What do you have to say for yourself?" she bellowed.

"At this point," he said, "I would like to dispense with my previously prepared remarks and simply address questions from the floor."

Do you love me, Frank?" Janis implored after a vigorous bout of lovemaking.

"Well, ahem, I'm not sure I'm ready for an emotional commitment—though," he continued, noting her disappointment, "you did just give me the greatest seven seconds of my life."

We hear that when you buy a toaster anywhere in Texas, you get a free savings and loan.

While leading a flock of his parishioners on a trip to Hawaii, a minister began to irritate some of the travelers with his overbearing and patronizing manner. In the midst of his hundredth lecture on the flora and fauna of the Big Island, one vacationer finally interrupted him. "Pastor," he said, "you keep referring to the island as Ha-*wai*-i. Isn't the correct pronunciation Ha-*vai*-i?"

The minister insisted his pronunciation was correct and the argument went back and forth for an hour. Finally, the group stopped for lunch. "Our waitress is a native," the minister said smugly. "Let's ask *her*." In his usual deliberate manner and in exaggerated clarity, he asked the waitress to slowly pronounce the name of where they were.

Very slowly and equally distinctly, she answered, "Tac-oh-bell."

A man walked up to the counter of an auto-parts store. "Excuse me," he said, "I'd like to get a new gas cap for my Yugo."

"Sure," the clerk replied. "Sounds like a fair exchange."

Classified ad spotted in a local newspaper: "For sale: Complete set of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Never been used. Wife knows everything."

While applying her make-up at a vanity table, a woman caught the reflection of her husband in bed with an enormous erection. Quickly throwing off her robe, she jumped into bed and nuzzled up.

"I thought you were going to church," he said.

"The Catholic Church will be there forever," she purred, "but you can never tell about a Protestant prick."

Oh, *now* we get it. George Bush was saying, "Read my lips: *Know* new taxes!"

The town curmudgeon was bitten by a dog and consulted his attorney. "Harvey, the dog's a stray, so we don't have a lawsuit," the lawyer said. "But in case of rabies, I would suggest that you make out a will."

The crusty old man took pen and paper and scratched away for hours. Finally, the attorney commented, "That's an awfully long will for a man of few assets."

"Damn, I haven't even started the will yet," Harvey snorted. "This is a list of the people I plan to bite."

Have you tried the new Hubble cocktail? It's very expensive, served in a hand-polished glass and when you're finished, everything looks fuzzy.

The bell sounded at the end of the fourth round and the fighter returned to his corner dazed and weary. "He's barely laid a glove on you!" his manager hollered.

"Yeah? Well, you better watch the ref, then," the boxer replied, "'cause somebody's beating the hell out of me."

Thirty seconds into the next round, the outclassed fellow was knocked down. "Don't get up till eight!" his corner man yelled.

The boxer slowly lifted his head off the canvas. "OK," he said. "What time is it now?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"I heard the whole Christmas concept was put together years ago in somebody's garage in Bethlehem."

BEST GIFTS EVER GIVEN

got the shopping jitters? here are some great ideas from the folks who wouldn't have been caught dead giving a tie and sweater

humor
By KEVIN COOK

OH WAD SOME POWER the giftie gie us," Robert Burns wrote two centuries ago, "to see oursels as others see us!" More important in these fey Nineties is making others see us the way we fancy ourselves. Damn the self-scrutiny; we want shiny stuff—Maserati, Tiffany, Rolex and Ping. But Burns, who in 1792 gave his wife a poem, knew something we've forgotten. The best gifts are personal—they assert the uniqueness of giftie and giftee alike. See for yourself.

EVE

To: Adam
From: God
Date: January 8, 1,000,000 B.C.
Value: Infinite

After He made the heavens, earth, whales and creeping things, God made little green apples and—in His own image—man. Then, thinking that unless His image were woolly, He didn't want man lying down with any lambs, He slipped Adam a mickey. *The Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam . . . took one of his ribs . . . made He a woman and brought her unto the man.* This was His best creation. Still, although the match was made in heaven, there was friction from day one. On Monday nights, Adam wanted to sit around the garden drinking beer, watching the falcons and the bears. Eve wanted to try a new place to eat. She won. A & E's taste test got them kicked out of Eden, but the Lord went down in prehistory as the first great gift giver.

HAGAR

To: Abraham
From: Sarah
Date: 1913 B.C.
Value: Many goats

Childless at 85, Abram was starting to wonder about God's promise to make his heirs as numerous as the stars. His wife, Sarah, assuming in those days before sperm counts that the fault was hers, offered her handmaid Hagar, a ripe young Egyptian. "Go in unto my maid. Go on. Am I stopping you?" said Sarah. Hagar's not horrible, thought Abram as her pyramids beckoned. *And Sarah gave her to her husband, Abram, to be his wife. And he went in unto Hagar, and she conceived.* Hagar's child Ishmael would go on to star in *Moby Dick*. As for Abram, his seed populated the world and eventually produced Sandy Koufax. Hagar made a run to the border of Canaan, but the one-night stand was so good for Abram that he got an extra "ha" in his name.

THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON

To: Amytis
From: Nebuchadnezzar
Date: 600 B.C.
Value: Slaves' lives

Nebuchadnezzar was supposedly nuttier than date cake, as you might be if your name meant "Oh, Nabu, protect my boundary stone," but the warrior king of Babylon outsmarted the Egyptians, the Elamites and the steel-belted Tyres in battle, and he knew how to treat a lady. Queen Amytis came from the rival kingdom of Media. Pining for her homeland's green hills, she drove Nebuchadnezzar crazy ("That's no drive, it's a putt," Babylonian wags said) until he built her a vast network of terraced gardens. The queen's *memento verde*, irrigated by water pumped from the Euphrates through stone pipes, became one of the Seven Wonders of the World. If 1000 slaves died building it, there were always more. There were only seven wonders, and Amytis' gardens put Egypt's dumb Sphinx to shame. The Babylonian royal couple's back yard would not be topped until French show-off Louis XIV built Versailles 22 centuries later.

A NEW WORLD

To: Ferdinand and Isabella
From: Columbus
Date: April 1493
Value: 1,500,000 maravedis

King Ferdinand was busy creating modern Spain. Queen Isabella, who bore an uncanny resemblance to Alfred Hitchcock, needed her beauty sleep. So when ex-pirate Christopher Columbus presented his plan to convert and subdue distant lands, they kicked him out on his tricorn hat. Then they changed their minds. Columbus got his maravedis—copper coins similar to pennies but with Ferd as the head—and sailed the ocean blue. Two months later, he claimed the New World for Spain's first family. He totaled the Santa Maria off Haiti but on April 4, 1493, made it back to Barcelona for a hero's welcome. Columbus' later expeditions were pocked by disease, mutinies and lost chances. Other explorers would plant the Spanish flag on the American mainland. "All made fun of my plan then," Columbus grumbled in his old age. "Now even tailors wish to discover."

(continued on page 224)

ILLUSTRATION BY MALCOLM TARLOFSKY

ELIZABETH PERKINS

hollywood's newest steamstress explains her fascination with psycho murderers, why women look for the soft spot in hard men, and shares her stupid human tricks

Elizabeth Perkins is all mouth and mischief. For fun, she scares the hell out of her cats and records the terror on home videos. When David Letterman caught her wiping her nose on camera, she beamed and suppressed the urge to transfer the bounty of her sinuses onto his sleeve. "It would have been a riot," she says. She has even suggested on network interviews that the Bible may have been written by early derelicts with drool problems. Playfulness suits her. As a film actress, she is equally a caution: Her looks smolder, her sensibility froths. In "Big," as a corporate harpy with soul, she bounced on Tom Hanks's trampoline and later sweetly corrupted his virginity. Besides Hanks, she has played the girl to other overgrown boys, such as Jeff ("Sweethearts Dance") Daniels and Judge (the upcoming "Enid Is Sleeping") Reinhold. She is gal to the galoots, which should encourage much of mankind. Currently, she appears in Barry Levinson's "Avalon" as a first-generation American Jew, even though she is Greek. She recalls, "I said to Barry, 'Why didn't you cast a Jew?' He said, 'Because you look like a Jew.' I said, 'OK.'"

Her house looks like her: bright, elegant, saucy (on display are many antique toys, including her prized set of vintage Old Maid playing cards). We visited the Perkins domicile, tucked into the leafy Los Angeles neighborhood of Hancock Park, where we discovered her amid two cats; her boyfriend, Maurice Phillips, who wrote and directed "Enid Is Sleeping"; pots of coffee; and the haze of her cigarette smoke, which envelops her always, as though she were a Forties screen goddess, which she could have been and wishes she were. "Joan Crawford," she says, scoffing a bit. "Not a very good actress. But I love watching her reach for a light. Nobody could touch her there."

1.

PLAYBOY: Your family name is actually Pisperikos. What brings out the Greek in you?

PERKINS: [*Smiles*] Sex. When I think Greek, I think of passion and temper. I'm not quick to anger. I'm a builder. But when I finally cross over that line, um, I yell at my boyfriend. I throw and break things. I've picked up a forty-five-pound chair and hurled it across the room. If there's one thing human beings are put on this earth to do, it's to have their egos deflated. And throw chairs.

2.

PLAYBOY: You grew up on a farm in Vermont. Can girls enjoy milking cows as much as men? Give us the udder truth.

PERKINS: Well, an udder is just a large breast. Our farm didn't have milk cows. But I worked on a dairy farm and milked a cow there. I found it to be extremely wonderful and therapeutic. There's this symbiosis between the milker and the milkee: Cows have to be milked. And they know that. You're not going against their will—you're helping them. So they see you coming. When the milking's over, they're very happy, because they are uncomfortable when they need to be milked. It's comical, because people in America don't know how to deal with a tit. A tit's kind of like a big thing in America. A cow teat is just a little bigger.

3.

PLAYBOY: What do your cats know about you that no one else knows?

PERKINS: What I'm like when I cry. My cat Ann responds quicker to my crying than anybody. Cats are people in little fur suits. Ann is sort of confident and sleek and well traveled. Nothing bothers her and she's there for people. Olive is a bit sickly, strikes out when she's mad, kind of aloof and not particularly affectionate. She doesn't do anything well. Sometimes I feel like Ann's my up days and Olive's my down days. Most impressive of all, whenever I start whistling the theme to *The Andy Griffith Show*, Ann'll come over. [*Whistles slowly; Ann slinks over, mewing and nipping at her owner's ankles.*] It only works with Mayberry. See, I get these little saliva bites. I think she was Goober in another life.

4.

PLAYBOY: With which of Mayberry's citizenry do you most closely identify, and why?

PERKINS: Opie. Because it wasn't Opie's fault that he was in Mayberry. Everybody else chose to be there, but Opie's fate was predestined. And Opie always kind of had a wide-eyed vision of life and his innocence was always under siege. Aunt Bee could have left if she wanted. So could Goober. So could Andy. Only Gomer and Barney ever got out.

5.

PLAYBOY: You were once expelled from boarding school. What were your great moments in teen insubordination?

PERKINS: It's not hard to get expelled from most Eastern boarding schools, especially if you're born an artist. I was a rebel. I did not attend class regularly. Teachers would ask me questions and I would say, "I'm sorry, I don't want to answer." They'd say, "Do you know the answer?" and I'd say, "Yes, but I don't feel like sharing." I would do anything for attention, because I was born an actress. I used to hop trains, smoke marijuana in the bathroom, steal English muffins from the dining hall—for which I was suspended. The Northfield Mount Hermon School was a six-thousand-dollar-a-year prep school and they suspended me for stealing English muffins! The only reason I was stealing them was that I wanted to have food in my room so I could study for an exam. Even though I was kicked out, I am now one of the distinguished alumnae. But the big clincher—and my reason for getting kicked out—was a phone call three other girls and I made to the infirmary. We were in the third day of final exams and strung out on coffee and cigarettes. We hated the nurse at the infirmary, because she was this big fat woman, with a Lina Wertmüller look on her face. And she hated all of us. You'd go in with bad period cramps and she'd say [*nastily*], "Go to gym anyway." So we called her at three in the morning and I said, "I took this great peyote. The colors are brilliant. I'm so high right now I can't even see straight. And I love ya! I'd love to look at your fat, smug face." So we hang up. This woman calls the president of the school at three o'clock in the morning and says, "I think you should have an all-school search. There's a kid tripping out on drugs and we've got to find her." So everybody's room is searched—which resulted in about four or five people being busted for having sex, smoking cigarettes, drinking beer. The next day, one of the girls in our foursome felt so guilty that she turned me in. She didn't turn herself in; she turned *me* in. And I got blamed for the whole thing. Then I sealed my fate when I was called in to face a dean who had the worst body odor of any man I've ever smelled in my life. He *(continued on page 193)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK HANAUER

GIBBERISH

PHIPPS TOLD HIS BOSS *EXACTLY* WHAT HE THOUGHT—AND IT DID HIM NOTHING BUT GOOD

UNLESS HE SPENT the night with a woman and thus was obliged to make small talk in the morning, Ken Phipps's breakfast companion was the radio, tuned to an all-news station, but it was routine for him (unless some major catastrophe was being reported for the first time) to ignore the meaning of what was said while taking comfort from the sound of the human voice. He had usually caught the 11-o'clock TV news the night before. It was rare that anything happened overnight.

This phase of his existence had continued to be orderly even when others went awry. Recently, he had been having trouble with the super of his apartment; he had had a falling out with his only brother, had broken up with still another girlfriend. But the breakfast-time ritual of playing the radio while not listening to it had been reassuringly maintained . . . until the morning at hand, when for what seemed no reason at all, Phipps suddenly took interest, or tried to, in a news report about an occurrence in—that was just the problem. He could make no sense of it.

"Tenig pobed decisionally volatilitude, dowd happnil, be sprang. Than Mertonwhy Funchin, Rupeeble Don Grodwin."

The last few sounds were given the tone and rhythm of a geographical name—perhaps. Beyond that suggestion Phipps could not go. He thumped his temple with the heel of his hand. Maybe water from the shower was still in his ear.

He twisted the dial to another station and there found an improvement that, according to the angle of interpretation, could be either significant or slight. He could at least assume that a sportscaster was reporting the results of the baseball games of the day before. A desultory fan except when his favorite team was in a pennant race, Phipps usually heard the

fiction

By THOMAS BERGER

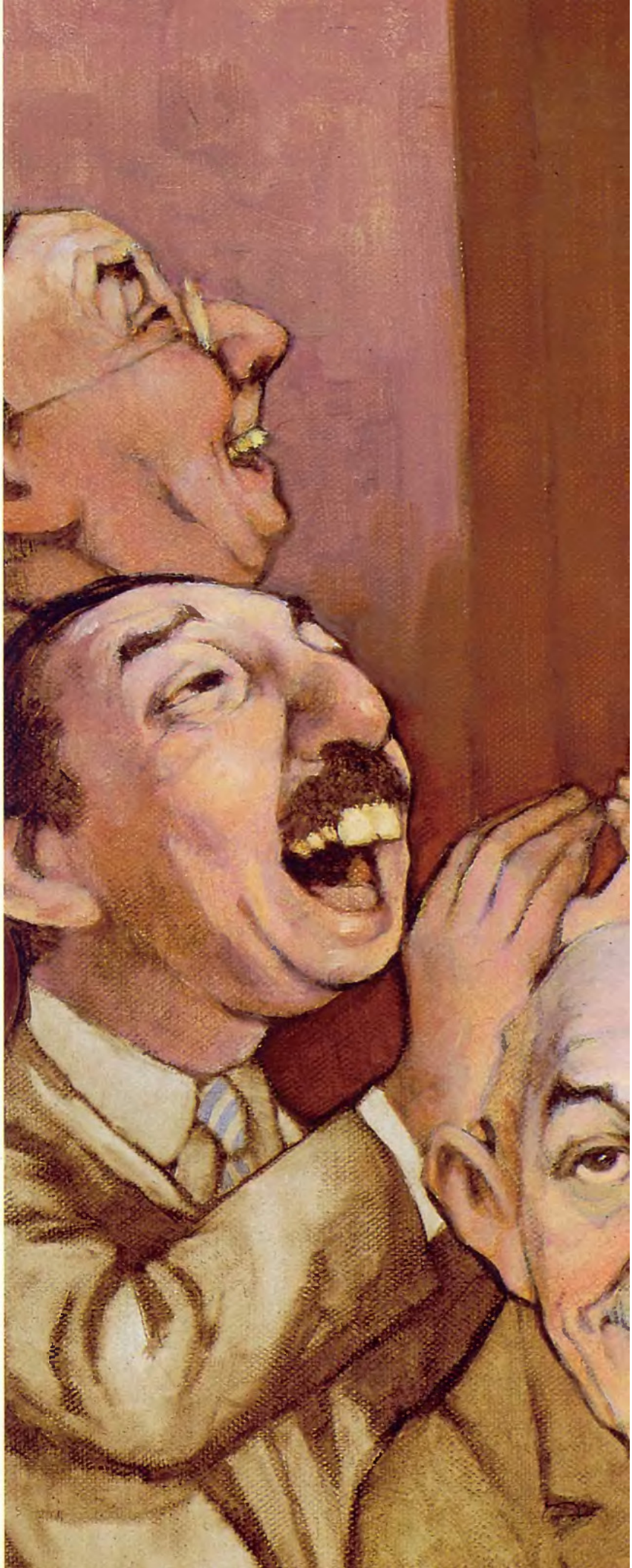


ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRAGG

scores in a distracted state that permitted him only occasionally to note a strenuous effort to avoid repeating the obvious verbs. Thus if the Yankees *beat* the Red Sox, and the Mets *lost to* the Cards, the Cubs must *win over* the Reds, while the Twins *bested* the A's. Beyond that point, the terms grew more rarefied. One team might, were the score sufficiently unbalanced, *devastate* or *hand a shellacking to* another. When one team had *chalked up* no runs whatever, never having even *gotten on the board*, it could be said to have been *skunked*, with a score of *zip*.

But what he was hearing at this moment were the results of games between teams the names of which were unprecedented as designations for major-league clubs. The "Spawn" had "emballoted" the "Hings." The "Jillies" were "oxwalled" by the "Bidwangers." Who had won in a contest between the "Dunktoms" and the "Kalikinlogs" he had no means of knowing, not being able to identify the verb, in pronouncing which the commentator had used guttural effects foreign to English.

Had the material world not been altogether in order, Phipps might have been in panic at this point. But the toast, made from a high-nutrient multigrained loaf, was nevertheless delicious for a change; the honey exquisite, though coming not from the thyme-sotted bees of Provence or another exotic meadow but being, rather, the familiar old supermarket brand; the mocha-Java a first-rate brew as always; and suddenly, even the sun did the cheery thing and broke through the overcast.

The obvious solution to the problem of the radio was to switch it off. Phipps had long since learned that there were only the tiniest handful of true emergencies about which something must promptly be done: fire, choking, gushing blood and a few others. Beyond those obvious and, if allowed to persist, irreversible situations were the partial or limited crises, those inflated by persons with axes to grind, or the downright pseudo problems so convenient for the use of TV newscasters: the probability of flooding if enough rain fell, the alarming rise in the price of prunes and, of course, the wind-chill factor.

On the bus ride to work, Phipps typically exchanged conversation with no one. A mutually maintained silence was nowadays the most civilized arrangement one could expect in public. In the same spirit, he usually managed even to avoid overhearing the conversations of other passengers, if such there were in his vicinity. But on the morning at hand, he was not so fortunate—or deft. The two persons in the seat just ahead of him were arguing.

He could hear them very clearly, yet what they said had no meaning for him. If they were speaking in a foreign language, he could not identify it even by family: Latin, Slavic, Oriental. . . .

"Bet hunan vilmin hupergong bubfile," said the woman, whose hair was short and cut smartly above small but assertive earrings.

"Bay," answered the man, "dinsel topjaw pinjatorial, humper, pinjam pinjallow, kipness." He had projecting ears. He seemed to have the calmer side of the dispute, but perhaps Phipps made that assumption only because this male voice was richer and much deeper than that of this woman—not always necessarily the case: His own had a nasal quality (startling to himself when he heard it on tape).

He decided that for his peace of mind, he would not listen to anything anyone said on the elevator ride to his office, and this proved more or less possible, except for the times he was asked to give way to permit the exit of certain fellow passengers deboarding on lower floors. Undoubtedly, the terms they used were those routine to civilized social intercourse—"please," "excuse me" and the like—but the words he actually heard were unfamiliar: "binkho," for example, "ranchly" and "veemhard."

Therefore, he felt fortunate that the young woman at the reception desk of the firm for which he worked was distracted by a phone call just as he appeared, and he gained entrance to the office with no more than an exchange of loose-wristed waves.

He was less lucky in the case of his colleague Burt Wyman, just back from a midseason vacation, sporting high facial color, a belt that had gained a notch and a pair of shoes made from a hide of unusual grain, perhaps reptilian, but if so, from a serpent unfamiliar to Phipps, and given the incomprehensible identification made by Wyman, he might never know the name, unless there were a lizard called "feemjohn."

But that was only one of the words employed by Wyman, who spoke in the rapid rhythm of high spirits, and Phipps, understanding none, found that it was, however, not unbearable to listen to an account he knew by precedent would have bored him terribly had he been able to understand the language in which it was spoken, Wyman being notorious for telling, with great energy, stories that had no point unless one was a member of his family: Kids lost expensive sunglasses, picnics on the edge of disaster were saved when a nearby group had mayo to lend, distant acquaintances were encountered by chance in souvenir shops far from home.

Having only just reached his cubicle and hung the jacket of his suit on the coat-tree, Phipps heard a sharp rap on the clear glass wall to his left. It was his immediate superior, Mel Fallon, in a suit that, as usual, fit much better than his sandy toupee. Fallon was giving him the thumb and wore an expression from which it could be inferred that an unpleasant interview was imminent, one that might well be nightmarish if Fallon's side of it was couched in more of the gibberish Phipps had heard since breakfast.

Although having summoned him not 20 seconds earlier, Fallon, now behind his desk, first pretended he had not noticed Phipps's arrival. Then, when eventually he lifted his head from the papers before him, he began what Phipps, not able to understand a word of it, could only assume was a furious complaint, punctuated occasionally by violent stabs with a rigid forefinger into the air between them.

Phipps could not imagine what he had done or failed to do that called for such an outburst. His own anger began to grow. He was not a criminal. And Fallon was not judge or jury, nor, for that matter, was he in a position of supreme power. In their division alone were several men and one woman who outranked him. Furthermore, he was not that good at his job, his successful ideas generally having been provided by Phipps (without credit), whereas those exclusively his own were wont to fail. Actually, the guy was a jerk, a fake, a clown, and though he might have the power to arrange for Phipps's discharge, it would provide great satisfaction to return his attack.

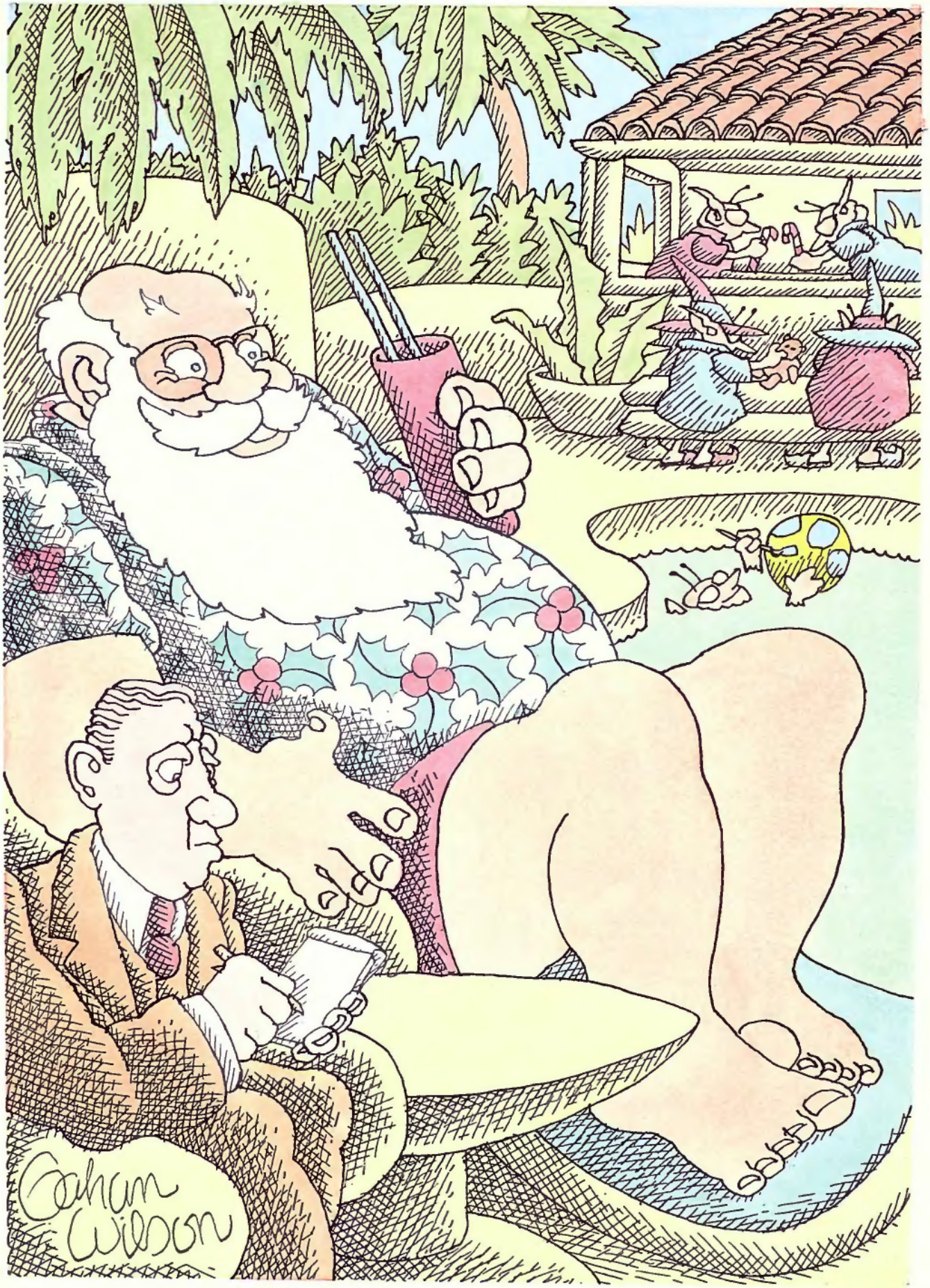
"All right, that's enough! Now it's my turn, you bastard." This was what Phipps intended to say. What emerged, however, was something else, a series of words quite as incomprehensible as those that had been addressed to him.

But Fallon suddenly stopped scowling, looked pensive for a moment, narrowing his eyes and holding his head at the angle of a curious dog, then cleared his throat and said something a good deal more gentle than his previous rant.

For his own part, having got the feeling toward Fallon off his chest and survived, Phipps became more diplomatic. He was trying to craft a statement that would combine a kind of apology with a sort of sense of pride when Fallon rose, came around the desk and indicated that Phipps should follow him.

Down the hall they went and turned

(continued on page 154)



"We've never regretted relocating to California!"

A FIELD GUIDE TO THE BIRDS OF BRITAIN

celebrating the creatures who make the sceptered isle sizzle

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN

THE BRITISH are known for many things: their rainy climate, their excellent butlers, their besieged but enduring monarchy, the quirky personal habits their gentlemen acquire at those so-called public schools, the blandness of their cuisine and the warmth of their beer. What they have not previously been known for in the Colonies is the beauty of their women. Face it; while Prime Minister Thatcher is an able statesperson, she could walk down the street without causing the casual passer-by to suffer whiplash. But Byron Newman, noted London photographer and bird watcher *extraordinaire*, knows where to find beauty in Britain. Here he has assembled examples of pulchritudinous plumage in their natural habitat: at work and play, going about their business. You will see the fruits of a proud history of empire. Here are women with whom we, as Americans, share common goals, if not always a common language. Our fathers and grandfathers fought side by side so that we might have the freedom to get to know one another. Let's not disappoint them.

Patriotism comes in many forms and is expressed both solemnly and with exuberance. Here, the Union Jack, that curiously pleasing geometry of right angles split in two, is being hoisted to catch the stiff and salty breeze of North Atlantic freedoms.

LAST MAN

One of the most closely guarded secrets of the British Empire is that no one, in fact, knows how to play cricket. Batsmen merely acknowledge that it is an activity during which one's wicket becomes sticky (far left). Sheepherding (near left) has always been an important activity in Britain. From those lambs are woven those intricately distracting sweaters. And everybody knows croquet (below) is the entire point of ever bothering to mow your lawn.

The British go bonkers over horse racing (overleaf)—for no logical reason. On Derby day, they dress up in their Wednesday best, get smacked on premium champagne, drive their fanciest cars, park on the sod, pop open the trunk—sorry, boot—munch on those teensy little sandwiches with the crusts cut off and watch very carefully where they place their well-polished shoes. It's a question of breeding, of form over function. Plus, there's that betting.

CHURCHILL: 'S
NOW THE TIME

Winston Churchill ushered the Empire through some of its darkest hours while providing some of the best catch phrases and even fully formed sentences in the language. One can still soak in his aura amid the fumes of expensive Cuban cigars (left). At right, when the rest of the world believed that plaid didn't really go well with anything, the British made the discovery that it goes quite nicely with something shining and neutral: armor.

London is especiolly known for the conviviality of its pubs. There (at top), the British can forget about their class differences and get into their cups while talking about something really importont, like soccer. London taxis (above) are still the most civilized in the world. At right, the *anglais* version of the Arch of Triumph: One fine example of British birdhood lets her knickers but not her guardsman down.

GIBBERISH *(continued from page 142)*

"She rose from her desk and, right there in the middle of the office, kissed him warmly."

the corner into the west wing, lair of the big boss, John C. Nebling, an executive whose ascetic appearance was at odds with his reputation for debauchery, though it was always possible that the latter was a fiction, for nobody Phipps knew had ever seen Nebling in a moment of hanky-panky; and Barbara Clark-Johansen, his assistant, held him in the highest regard and was humorlessly indignant as to the rumors of his sexual depravity, which, to be sure, some thought had been cut from the whole cloth by Nebling himself to give color to his image.

Phipps was always embarrassed nowadays when crossing paths with Barbara, which, fortunately, he was not often obliged to do, for they used different banks of elevators and he had no regular business in the west wing. He and Barbara had had a little thing together, not really long enough to be called an affair, not sufficiently passionate to have been a romance: On the other hand, it was more than a series of one-night stands. Neither really knew what it had been, but both agreed, about the same time, that it was over. For no discernible reason, it had not been replaced, as it should properly have been, by friendship. This was especially true on Barbara's side. Although their parting had been amicable, she had on chance encounters since been barely civil to him. He could not decide whether this coldness was typical of her attitude to any man for whom she no longer had personal use or was reserved for himself after second thoughts had brought bygone injustices to mind. The fact was, despite having spent a half-dozen nights in her close company, he knew very little about Barbara's approach to much other than sex, medium-priced wine and Thai food—and her retention of the "Johansen," though the husband who went with it was no longer in residence.

On seeing her now in the office that was an anteroom to Nebling's, Phipps let Fallon, whose idea this was, do the talking. Although he had got away with the earlier nonsense, he did not wish to try it on Barbara, whose opinion of him was low enough as it was.

But after speaking a few incomprehensible words to her, Fallon treacherously abandoned him.

As expected, Barbara was very chilly in her introductory and, of course, meaningless remarks. But because they had once been intimate, and since he had begun to worry that his failure to make any sense of spoken language, including his own, might have brought him to the threshold of insanity, Phipps threw himself on her mercy.

His intention was to say, "Look, Barbara, I wish we could be friends at least and talk to each other as friends do. I've got a problem at the moment: Everything I hear people say sounds nonsensical to me, and the same thing is true even when I say something myself. Frankly, I'm on the edge of panic." He paused a moment, then asked, "Do you understand anything I'm saying?"

Barbara's reactions were not really appropriate to what he had tried to say, but they were very pleasant to experience, nonetheless. Her brown eyes suddenly became again as they were when he and she had been on intimate terms. She rose from her desk and, right there in the middle of the office, with the door open, kissed him warmly. He was much moved by this and oddly reassured, though it had nothing to do with his basic predicament except, perhaps, in the sense that it is generally better to attract kisses than kicks.

Before he had an opportunity to show a visible reaction, however, Barbara ushered him into the presence of John C. Nebling, who for a few moments was invisible behind the back of his chair, which was turned so that its occupant could contemplate a view of the glassy facades of other buildings similar to the one in which he found himself.

But eventually, the executive revolved slowly to face Phipps. Today, Nebling looked even more desiccated than usual. Every time he saw the man, Phipps decided anew that the rumors of satyriasis must be the fictions of malicious wits. It was hard to believe that Nebling had ever felt a sexual urge and impossible to think any woman would have been willing to gratify it.

Nebling now extended the sharp points of his nose and chin toward Phipps, as if to impale him. Evidently he, like Fallon, had a complaint to bring, but Nebling did not raise his voice or show anger. His style was subdued in volume but penetrating in effect. Even though Phipps could not understand what the man was saying, he could detect, with his nerves, as it were, the corrosive sarcasm that characterized every element of the statement, and he could only assume that what Fallon had started Nebling would accomplish: namely, his firing.

And once again, he could not suppress his anger. "*You* should talk! Everybody thinks you're a joke. No wonder our competitors are walking all over us. You are as stupid as you are ugly. *Keep* the job, you ridiculous old man!"

But before Phipps could turn and make an indignant exit, Nebling put out a hand and said something in a speculative tone. This could hardly be a response to what Phipps had just said.

Nebling next picked up a fat file of documents and presumably began to speak about them. Eventually, he lowered the file, turned it to face Phipps and pushed it across the desk.

Phipps put on his glasses and began quickly to examine the papers. Until this moment, he had assumed that he retained the power to understand written language. But apparently, such was not the case: He could not make out more than a word here and there—a "so" or an "as" or a "than"—but suspected some of what he thought to be vaguely familiar were perhaps only cases of coincidental resemblance: e.g., "beyonding," "distribukor" and "cripple flypass."

He could easily have surrendered to panic at this point but by now was something of a veteran at gibberish, having survived the earlier experiences. So he nodded and plunged in.

"What we have here is a bold and inventive plan that if instituted is guaranteed to smoke our competition in the Southwest, and not only that. As you have better reason than most to know, in recent years, we have more or less slunk out of New England with our tail between our legs. I frankly believe this state of affairs could be altered to our advantage as soon as the first quarter of next year. But don't take my word for it. Look at the graphs!" He turned the file toward Nebling and pushed it back.

Even had his speech been comprehensible—which it had certainly not been to his own ear—the content of it was spur-of-the-moment invention. The company was already in the process of closing the Northeastern division: No "new plan," even if potentially wonder-working, could be put into effect quickly enough to change that situation. Not to mention that he knew nothing of such a plan. He had no idea of what was really in these papers.

But Nebling received the bogus information soberly. He studied the first

(continued on page 218)

"Lord love you, sir—we aren't a needy family."

WHAT NASA WANTS FOR CHRISTMAS

just what the rest of us want: a lot of money and a little luck

WE DON'T KNOW about you, but we're kind of worried about NASA. You remember NASA: big agency, lots of gizmos, nifty logo, rocket jockeys with names like Deke and Gus and Gordo who wore silver suits and said "A-OK" and "Can do." Today's team is full of folks named Frederick and Brewster who dress up in powder-blue jump suits and click off terms such as "nominal" and "on-line." The old NASA had ships dubbed Eagle and Saturn that carried men to the moon; this NASA used something called STS-41C to haul tomato seeds into orbit.

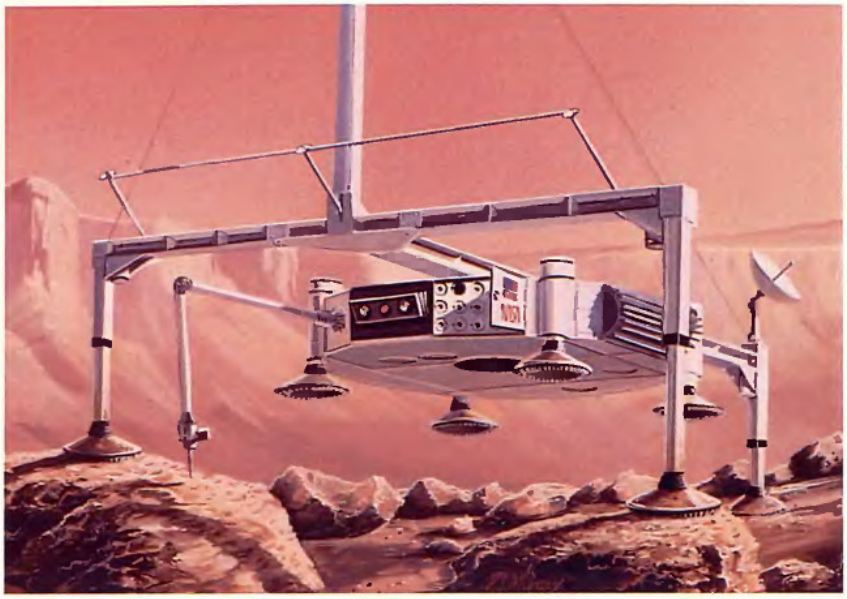
Most important, the old NASA built things that actually worked. When it put together a spaceship that was supposed to go to Mars, by golly, it *went* to Mars. Today's NASA finally got the Hubble Space Telescope into orbit, only to discover that the damned thing was too myopic to read the top line of the eye chart. Then the space shuttles started leaking hydrogen, and engineers predicted that the front end of the planned space station would fall off before the far end was even built.

But, hey, it's Christmas, and even a Federal agency can dream. If the brass at NASA could sit on the lap of the great celestial Santa for five minutes, here's what they'd ask for. Let's hope they've been good little boys and girls.

NASA wants 30 billion–plus dollars to build Freedom, a 508-foot space station that could serve as a pit stop for interplanetary crafts. Engineers condemn the orbiting behemoth as too big and too expensive. So NASA's back at the drawing boards.

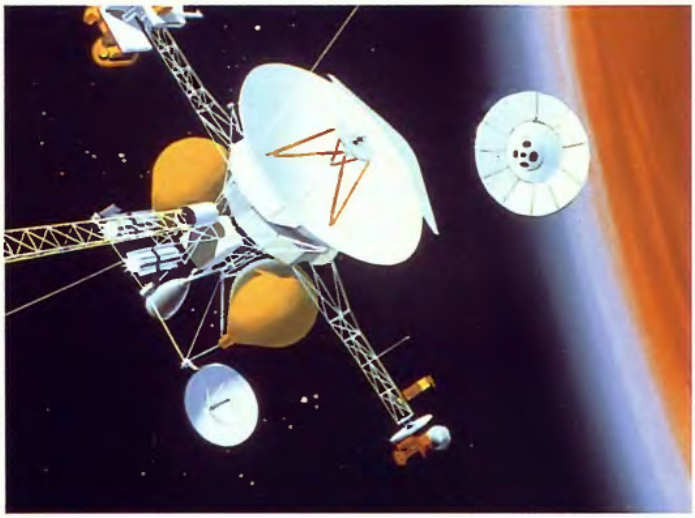
ILLUSTRATION BY MYLES PINKNEY

NASA
NASA



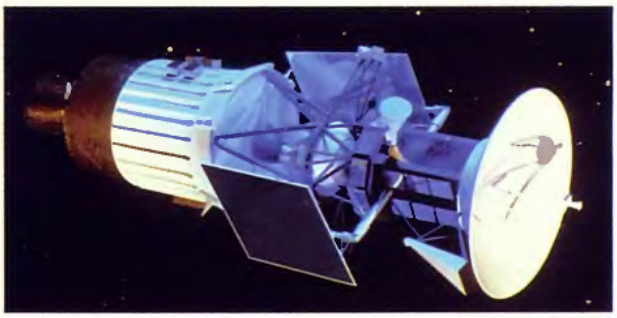
OK, here's the plan: We send a seven-legged robot to Mars to walk all over the planet, collect rocks and load them into a mother ship. After a few months, Momma blasts off and flies back to earth. Price tag: about ten billion dollars. Launch date: 21st Century—if NASA can convince budget makers it's not a harebrained idea.

Slated for launch in late 1990, Ulysses will orbit the sun in 1994, studying its winds and corona. If the date is missed, the $169,200,000 ship will get moth-balled for two years.



Think it's tough for one space agency to get things straight? How about two? NASA and its European counterpart, ESA, hope to send the Cassini probe to Saturn in 1996—*if* they raise 1.6 billion dollars.

Washington has coughed up two billion dollars–plus for a space jet to go from runway to orbit without boosters. So far, NASA has turned out *nada* and Congress smells an Edsel.



Coy Venus hides her face behind a thick atmosphere, but the $750,000,000 Magellan is lifting the veil. Radio contact with the ship has been spotty and NASA's holding its breath.

After floating free of the shuttle's cargo bay, Galileo, NASA's 1.14-billion-dollar slow boat to Jupiter, began the risky six-year journey. For frequent fliers, the trip counts far 872,000,000 miles.

For real anglers: a $150,000,000 rod and reel with a line up to 78 miles long to be used to troll a satellite through the upper atmosphere. The first flight is set for 1991; if the cable becomes unstable, it could be the last.

Here's Galileo again, safe at Jupiter after a perilous trip through the heavy traffic of the asteroid belt. The plucky ship's first job will be to fire an atmospheric sensor into Jupiter's cloudtops. Clipping along at more than 100,000 miles per hour, the little suicide probe will open its parachutes, slow to a crowl and begin to sink lazily through the peo-soup air. For an hour or so, it will radio back information on whotever gases it sniffs; then the pressure of the atmosphere will pulverize it. Back in space, the Galileo mother ship—which got the sweeter deal—will settle in for two years of orbiting the grand planet and taking its picture. NASA's keeping its fingers crossed.

THE **MACGUFFIN** *(continued from page 118)*

"'To hear my mother tell it, you'd think clear skin was a secondary sex characteristic.'"

at the state university. And Rose Helen, already 22, already at her roots' roots the melanin fading, a chromosome snapping in her aging hair. The only Sadie Hawkins part to it—for them, he meant; it really had been Sadie Hawkins Day—was that both of them had agreed to be there. A friend of his from her graduating class in high school had given him her name, had given her his, who'd never mentioned either to the other before, was not fixing them up but only supplying on some mutual demand (though he couldn't, in truth, conceive of Rose Helen's ever having asked for it) this unwritten letter of introduction, the names like a sort of reference—"To whom it may concern," say.

His friend had told him Rose Helen was a cripple.

"She's crippled?"

"What are you, Druff, planning to enter her in a foot race? She has this minor deformity. Some hip thing you can't even notice. It's no big deal, don't be so narrow. She's very insecure. I think she has an inferiority complex. My mother plays cards with her mother. She's very self-conscious; that's why she started college late. I'd call her, Druff. It's the crippled-up girls with the inferiority complexes who are hot to trot."

"How come *you* never took her out?"

"Hey, don't you listen? Our mothers are friends. Though, personally, my mom would love it. She keeps giving me this shit about her beautiful skin. Druff, I don't know how we ever got born. To hear my mother tell it, you'd think clear skin was a secondary sex characteristic."

And, really, you didn't notice it and, after he met her, the notion of her invisible physical deformity was vaguely exciting. It was a mild scoliosis, the slight curvature of her spine lifting her left hip and thrusting it faintly forward, providing a small shelf where she characteristically rested the palm of her hand and lending her the somewhat hard look of a dance-hall girl in Westerns.

But on the Sadie Hawkins Day in question, they almost missed each other. He looked for a girl with a deformity. He looked for a girl with clear skin. And, although he found no cripples, two or three clear-skinned girls agreed to dance with him when he went up to them. He said his name, they told him theirs. Then he bowed out.

And found her, of course, where he should have looked first, along that wall of wallflowers, which isn't always a wall, or even a partially occupied row of chairs, but often as not just an area, some dead space in the room that, occupied or not, is something set off, a kind of sanctuary, as necessary to the practice of civilized life as flatware or toilets. Asking as soon as he saw her, "Are you Rose Helen Magnesson?"

"Yes, I am. Are you Robert Druff?"

"Yes. Happy Sadie Hawkins Day. Would you care to dance?"

Dancing wasn't his specialty, even a simple box step, though now he thought that if it had only been a few years later, when people first began to dance to rhythm-and-blues, it might have been a different story. He could have handled the fast stuff, accommodated to the large motor movements of funk. It was going in close that clumsied him, moved him, that is, toward unearned intimacy, pulled him, he meant, toward love. Dancing with Rose Helen that evening, moving his hand to rest casually on her left hip when she suddenly started, bolted, pushed it away, as if he'd grabbed her haunch. (Druff assuming he'd found her invisible deformity, believing in some compensating synergistic justice, the up side of eye-for-eye that, wounding her in one place fixed her someplace else, cleared her skin, say, which *was* beautiful, radiant in fact, incandescent, burning with the pearly collagens and organic steams, all the natural cosmetics of, at once, a shining virginity and a devastating pregnancy.)

Druff blurting, "Did I hurt you?"

"No," she said, "I'm not a good dance partner. I think I'd like to sit down now."

"Oh, sure," he said, "but I'm the lousy dancer. I'm sorry I hurt you."

"You didn't hurt me," Rose Helen said, "I'm not hurt. My dancing's OK, I'm not a good partner."

•

They were having coffee in the Union. Rose Helen guessed that their friend had told Druff all about her. "All there is to tell," she said. "I'm not a good partner, because, well, I don't like it when a boy touches me there."

"I wasn't trying anything. I mean, all he said was it was some hip thing, that it isn't even noticeable. It really isn't."

"A full skirt covers a multitude of sins."

He thought it a wonderful sentence. He believed she was clever. The synergistics again, the very thing that had driven her underground and caused her shyness had given her wit.

"Look, I'm sorry if I loused up your Sadie Hawkins, OK?" Then she laughed.

"What?"

"Well, look at me. Sadie *Hawkins*! I mean, did you pick the right girl, or what? I guess I'm just not the type."

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, I'm too nervous to dance, aren't I?" She looked at him. "I'm two years older than you." Sure, he thought, *his* deformity. Their friend was a good reporter. He'd spilled the beans about both their deformities.

They discussed their majors. Rose Helen said she enjoyed being around kids and thought she would become a teacher, possibly declare a minor in English, since, counting this semester, she would already have six hours of credit in that subject. Druff confessed he was still undecided, that he hadn't realized how important it was to have a plan since you'd probably be stuck for life with whatever you chose, adding that it wasn't quite fair to expect someone only 19 or 20—not, he amended in deference to that two-year difference in their ages, that being 19 or 20 was anything of a handicap (that was the word he used, handicap)—to lock in on what he wanted to be doing 15 or so years later. It was a serious business, and sad, really, when you thought about it, that you had to start your life off on the right foot, or otherwise, you could wake up when you were 35 and find out that you weren't where you thought you belonged. Because how many times were you alive? Once, right? He thought that to waste your life was the worst thing you could do with it. It was like self-murder, suicide.

"This is very depressing," Rose Helen said.

"Well, it is," Druff said. "That's why I don't think that just because someone has six hours of credit in a subject that's a good enough reason to say, 'Yes, I have six hours of credit in this subject, I might as well make it my minor.' You have to be interested for its own sake."

"Yes, but did it ever occur to you that the reason a party already has six hours in a particular subject just might be that the person is already interested in it?"

Then she said she thought he was being pretty sarcastic for someone who didn't seem to know what he was going to do with his life and talked about self-murder a few years down the line. And

(continued on page 230)

"I think we'll skip Beirut next year, Petal."

POWDER PLAY

high-tech skiwear that won't leave you out in the cold

fashion

By HOLLIS WAYNE

From the black diamonds in Colorado to the bunny hills of the Midwest, this season's hottest skiwear is as practical as it is sharp. Look for longer jackets, pullovers and one-piece suits in dark, rich colors. Muted neon accents, bright slashes of color and metallic trim give outfits a high-tech look to match the latest skis and boots. And revolutionary fabrics such as waterproof leather and Thinsulate ceramic will keep you as warm and dry on the slopes as you are by the fireside sipping a mug of steaming cider—or perhaps something stronger.

Above: Chinella/nylon pullover, $268, acrylic zip turtleneck, about $36, stretch pants with padded knees, $234, and headband, $21, all by Obermeyer; gloves, by Descente, $69; boot gaiters, by SCI, $17; sunglasses, by Oakley, $110; Incline Series 3 poles, by Scott, $48; Free Flex FX-Two skis, by Volant, $460; Racing Free Flex bindings, by Tyrolia, $265; and Flexon Pro boots, by Raichle, $300.

This skier hits the slopes in a polyamide jacket with zip/snap front and drawstring waistband, $658, nylon pants, $244, both by Bogner; cotton turtleneck, by Skyr, $22.50; wool knit ski cap, by Descente, $25; sunglasses, by Cébé, $100; goggles, by Bolle, $80; waterproof leather gloves, by Gordini, $87; Pro Scott poles, by Scott, $48; Megacomp SLX skis, by Tyrolia, $460; and R 900 ST boots, by Rossignol, $410. (Her suit and gloves, by Obermeyer; turtleneck, by Skyr; goggles, by Carrero; headband, by Smiley; World Cup Racer poles, by Scott; TNS boots, by Tecnica.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GORDON MUNRO

Below: Snow-boarding is the lotest craze among doredevil skiers. This one's hotdoggin' it in Cartouche Leather Skiwear's woter-resistont pullover jacket with drawstring waist, from Howord Imports, $875; acrylic turtleneck, about $21, nylon pants with elastic waist, obout $80, ond nylon gloves with Velcro wristband, $65, all by Obermeyer; sport-style sunglasses with impoct-resistant lenses, by Uvex, $50; TX Snowboard, about $300, and Gyrator bindings, from MC Mages, $149, both by K2; plus Snowboard boots, by Raichle, $350. Opposite page: Looking for new skis? Hot ones to consider include, left to right: 4S Kevlar racing skis, by Rossignol, $445; S9000 Equipe 2S racing skis, by Salomon, $595; M-500 performance skis, by Tyrolio, $500; Synergy S classic giant-slalom skis, by Kästle, $395; V20 Absorber R40 all-mountain extreme skis, by Blizzard, $475; Gyrotor skis, by K2, $375; M5 slalom skis, by PRE, $475; Super Soft powder skis, by Miller, $440; VR 17 Kevlar recreationol sport skis, by Dynamic, $360; GS Super racing skis, by Fischer, $485; Course Equipe Notionale SL rocing giant-slalom skis, by Dynastar, $450; Zero Gravity competition mogul skis, by Olin, $385; TR8 classic giant-slolom skis, by Head, $550; MBX 16 all-mountoin skis, by Elan, $550; and ARC Tricomp 533 CE performance skis, by Atomic, $400.

ROSSIGNOL
SALOMON
TYROLIA
KASTLE
BLIZZARD
MILLER
DYNAMIC
FISCHER
EQUIPE NATIONALE
DYNASTAR
HEAD RACING
ELAN
ATOMIC

Nylon one-piece suit with belted waist, zip/snap front and elastic bottoms, $390, and solar alpha gloves, $60, both by Descente; acrylic/wool neck gaiter, by Skyr, $18; ski goggles with iridium lenses, by Ookley, $90; 982 boots, by Nordica, about $300; and Pro Scott poles, by Scott, about $50. (Her one-piece suit, mittens and neck gaiter, by Obermeyer; sunglasses, by Rēvo; Nordica N607 boots, from MC Moges; and Incline Series 3 poles, by Scott.)

Nylon/spandex Entrant jacket with zip/snap front and drawstring waist, $339, nylon Entrant pants, $199, both by Spyder; cotton turtleneck, by Bogner, $45; ski gloves, by Salomon, $30; ski goggles, by Smith Sport Optics, $30; Pro Scott poles, by Scott, $48; and 470 boots, by Roichle, $275. (Her jacket and stretch ponts, by Bogner; turtleneck, by Skyr; gloves, by Obermeyer; sunglosses, by Uvex; Incline Series 3 poles, by Scott; TXI boots, by Lange.)

Where & How to Buy on page 240.

THE HOLIDAYS *(continued from page 105)*

"The English didn't invent Christmas, but they certainly put a spit shine on it."

Cap Juluca does not fuss over its luxury. People go there because they want to escape the lives they live the rest of the time. The only task one sets for oneself is to notice how, in the presence of the warm ocean and the flawless skies, the world reachieves an unequivocal balance.

OAXACA

Mexico to most of us means beaches, ocean sports, very hot sun and concern about drinking the water. In its resort communities, Mexico has decided to go the route of expansive, inclusive resort-style hotels that have a homogeneity that is, on one hand, reassuringly familiar and, on the other, inconsistent with the character of the country in which they find themselves.

Oaxaca City is a place where a number of cultures butt heads, brush themselves off and decide to have a beer together. It is a 17th Century colonial town that has retained its strong Zapotec, Mixtec and Spanish Catholic character. It is a gourmet's field trip: Sample each of the seven *molés*—though you may want to forgo the shredded-grasshopper appetizer. It is the region that invented that most savage of beverages: mescal. The worm at the bottom of the bottle shouldn't frighten you. In fact, it improves the flavor.

The Stouffer El Presidente hotel is a converted convent with a series of courtyards and fountains and is one of those environments that are stunning in their historicity. It is located in the center of town, making it a good place from which to begin your sight-seeing. Nico Gormsen, a local translator, can take you around to the local sites and explain as much as is explainable. Mexican Catholicism—unashamed of its fascination with death, oppression, pain and the simple necessities—is on view in several churches. You'll want to visit Mitla and Monte Albán, two beautifully complex ruins. You'll also want to visit Teotitlán del Valle, a town that has given birth to hundreds of weavers. The Zapotec patterns loomed there are made vibrantly red by their harvest of the increasingly rare cochineal bug that infests the cactus. When squished, it yields a magnificent range of reds and purples.

Two days before Christmas, Oaxaca hosts a celebration known as Radish Night. The local vendors dangle giant radishes sculpted into animal and human shapes to lure you into their stalls. It all adds to the ambient surreality of the place.

THE POINT

Between 1870 and 1930, a group of industrialists, financiers and railroad magnates invaded the Adirondack Mountains in northern New York State to build vacation retreats for their families. The resultant "camps" and their rustic furnishings, made from logs and native stone to blend with the natural beauty of the locale, became extremely fashionable—and the size of the buildings, if not their style, rivaled the retreats the rich had built for themselves in Newport and Saratoga Springs. The Whitneys, Vanderbilts and Rockefellers, among others, soon had grand estates collectively called the Great Camps.

One of those, Camp Wonundra, was built by William Avery Rockefeller in the early Thirties and is now open to the public as an 11-guest-room resort called The Point. Picture a Ralph Lauren sportswear ad—only with people who aren't into vogueing. It runs year-round, but the winter—and particularly around the holidays—is a terrific time to visit. There is cross-country skiing, snowshoeing and snow barbecues accompanied by a bonfire. Lake Placid, site of the 1980 winter Olympics, is nearby for adventurous souls who want to watch some ski jumping or try the luge.

Indoors, you lounge on one of the many oversized couches in the 30'x 50' Great Hall and become gently toasted by a fire roaring in one of the enormous stone fireplaces. You mix your own drinks, as you might at a friend's house. You dress for dinner (Wednesdays and Saturdays are optionally formal). The Point's dining room is supervised by Bill McNamee, a Michelin-approved three-star chef.

The spirit at Christmas is that of a genial house party; there is a common tree under which guests are encouraged to place their presents. The elegant, baronial coziness of the place, plus the attentiveness of McNamee and his wife, Claudia, who manage the property, ensure that even if you choose to go alone, you will be well looked after.

LUCKNAM PARK

The English didn't invent Christmas, but they certainly put a spit shine on it. And as much as London still can have a Dickensian glint to it (see "Style" on page 22), the countryside is where you'll most likely find those mythically familiar rituals of Christmas past. Six miles northeast of Bath, in Wiltshire, is Lucknam Park—a magnificent Georgian manor house built in 1720 that has been converted into 39 rooms and suites. It is nestled on 270 acres of parkland. The approach to the house is a magnificent mile-long *allée*—a grassy pathway for horsemen with double stands of vaulting 100-year-old beech trees.

Inside, there is a series of public rooms, including a library and a huge living room where, each afternoon, aperitifs and tea are served. Behind the manor house—in a walled garden that was once the stable—is a spa with a pool, a gym, a whirlpool bath, a steam room, a sauna, massage showers and a solarium. There is also a full-size snooker table. For the woman who may accompany you, there is also a beauty salon with a full array of treatments whose effects you will appreciate but the details of which you really don't want to know.

She, and you, may also want to visit nearby Bath. The city is still a favorite for the shopping sprees of the contemporary royals—whose family homes dot, rather grandly, the surrounding shires. Antiquarian bookshops, antique stores, jewelers and silversmiths, country-sport shops and gunsmiths shoehorn themselves into this most comprehensive and beautiful of cities.

Lucknam Park plans a four-night Christmas program that includes caroling, midnight services at the village church in Colerne, followed by mince pies and hot toddies by the library's fireplace. On Christmas Day, you can watch other people's children greet Father Christmas, who shows up in a carriage, then watch them run around the estate hunting for treasure. Boxing Day, the day after Christmas, is traditionally the time to visit friends, and Lucknam Park organizes a trip to the National Trust village of Lacock to see the Avon Vale Hunt. That evening, the hotel hosts a gala dinner and dance. Frivolity aside, it is the ideal refuge for the holidays, a place to relax and soak up an atmosphere that has been percolating for centuries.

SANTA FE

There's a saying that Santa Fe is the only place where you can leave the

(concluded on page 216)

"It's funny, but when I was a little girl, I thought you were a really old man."

sure, they talk dirty—but are they really wild at heart?

text by JIM HARWOOD

EXCEPT FOR MOM and apple pie, there's nothing more wholesome than America's high school marching bands—particularly their wind sections, showcasing those promising players who are herewith celebrated in *Playboy's Sax Stars of 1990*. Psst, over here . . . the preceding sentence is a smoke screen for those censors and Senators who seldom investigate thoroughly before deciding whether or not something is fit for citizens to see. Thus distracted, the censorious may not read on to discover that the actual *Sex Stars of 1990* feature will discuss middle-aged men who court the sort of young women who grab their crotches and talk dirty in public, fathers who send weird gifts to their daughters, leading ladies who lampoon their private parts, rich men who ditch their wives for great sex with models in tight jeans and lots of alluring young lovelies who fortunately aren't illegal.

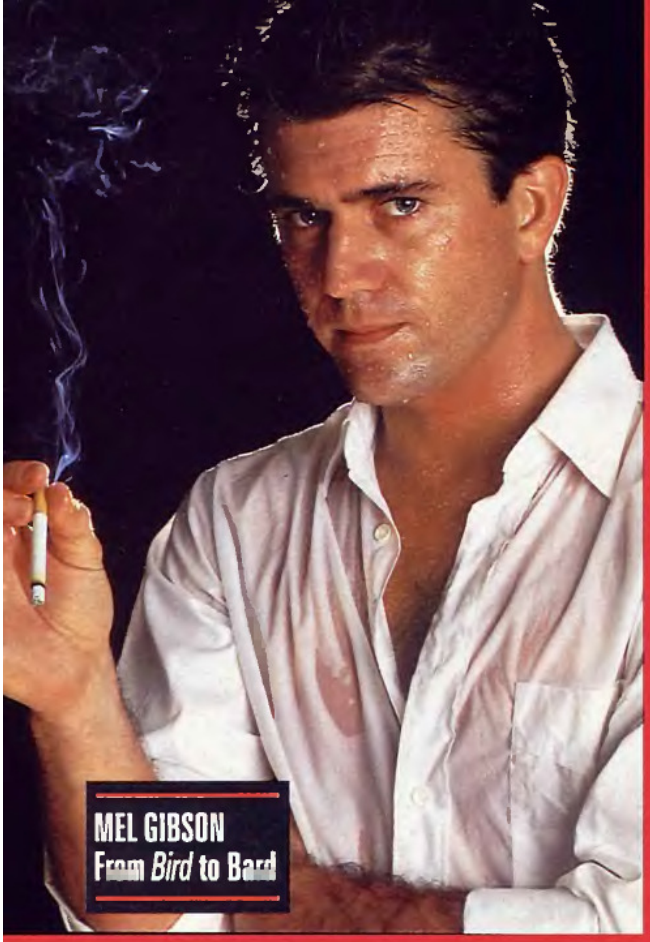
When **Woody Allen** once said he *(text continued on page 180)*

SEX STARS OF 1990

WARREN BEATTY
Legendary dick

LARGER THAN LIFE: She may be Breathless, but Madonna (opposite, in her video *Vogue*) breathes life into the much-ballyhooed *Dick Tracy* with her efforts to seduce the titular detective, played with a straight face by man-about-Hollywood Warren Beatty. Madonna's LP *I'm Breathless* and her record-setting Home Box Office special, *Madonna—Live! Blond Ambition World Tour '90* (which outdrew network fare in subscribers' homes), were socko, but the tour itself ran aground with a bump in heavily Roman Catholic Italy.

MADONNA
She leaves us Breathless



MEL GIBSON
From *Bird* to Bard

TOM CRUISE
Race warrior

SHARON STONE
Spaced in

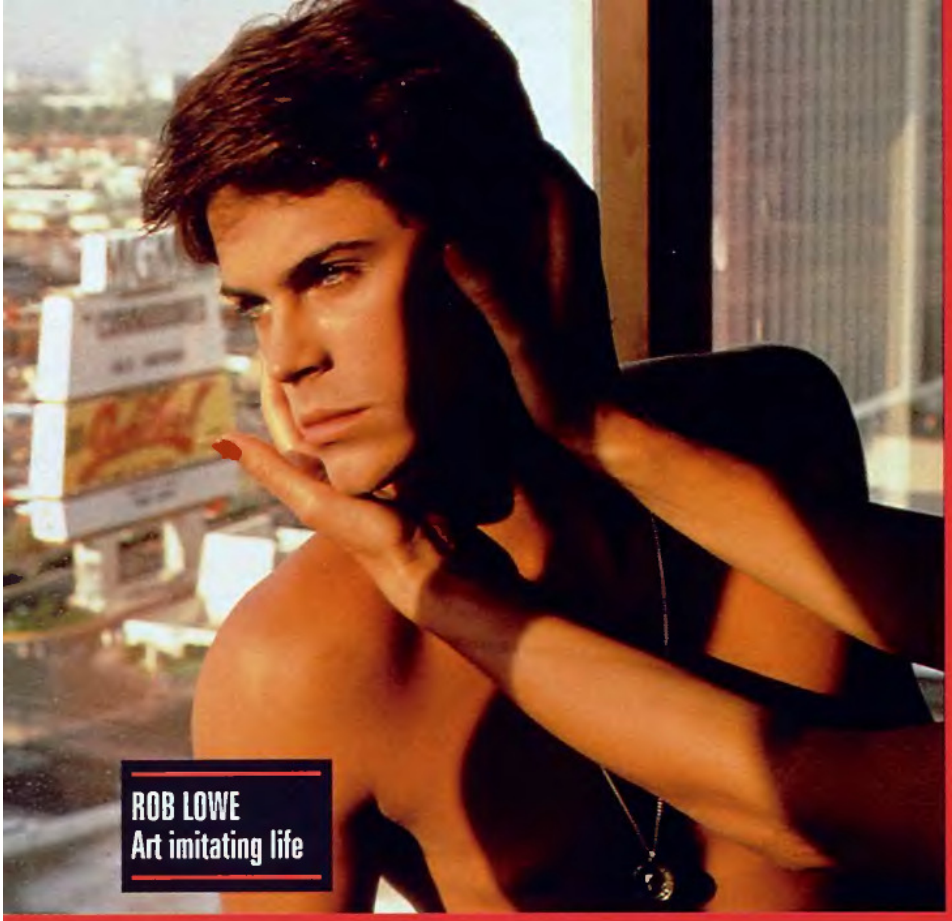
BULL MARKET / BARE MARKET: While Hollywood he-men racked up profits, their female counterparts displeyed abundant assets. Mel Gibson, who hit a cinematic double with *Bird on a Wire* and *Air Americe*, is due next in the title role of Shakespeere's *Hamlet*. Sharon Stone is an interplenetary knockout in *Total Recell* and in a *Playboy* pictorial. *People* dubbed Tom Cruise, a race-car driver in *Days of Thunder*, its "Sexiest Man Alive" for 1990. Television's Teri Copley, *We Got It Made*'s maid, and Erika Eleniak, the Playmate who made *Baywatch* watchable, also graced our pages during the year. Patrick Swayze is a sexy spirit in *Ghost*, his most successful cinematic outing since *Dirty Dancing*; and Kim Basinger, christened by *Venity Feir* the "Blonde of Blondes," tore herself away from the Georgia town she bought last year long enough to film *The Marrying Man*, with up-and-coming Alec Baldwin, powerful as a psychopath in *Miemi Blues* and as a hero in *The Hunt for Red October*, as her love interest.

TERI COPLEY
Maid in America

PATRICK SWAYZE
Sexiest spook

ERIKA ELENIAK
Salt-water sweetheart

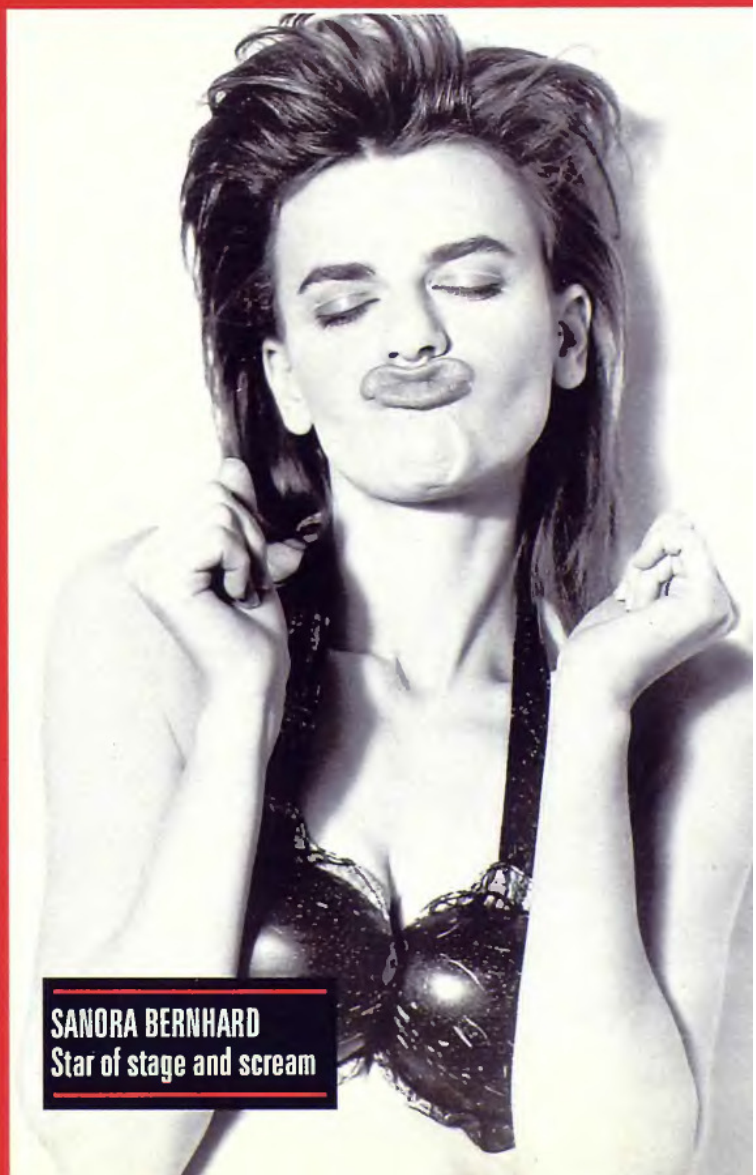
KIM BASINGER
Georgia's on her mind



ROB LOWE
Art imitating life

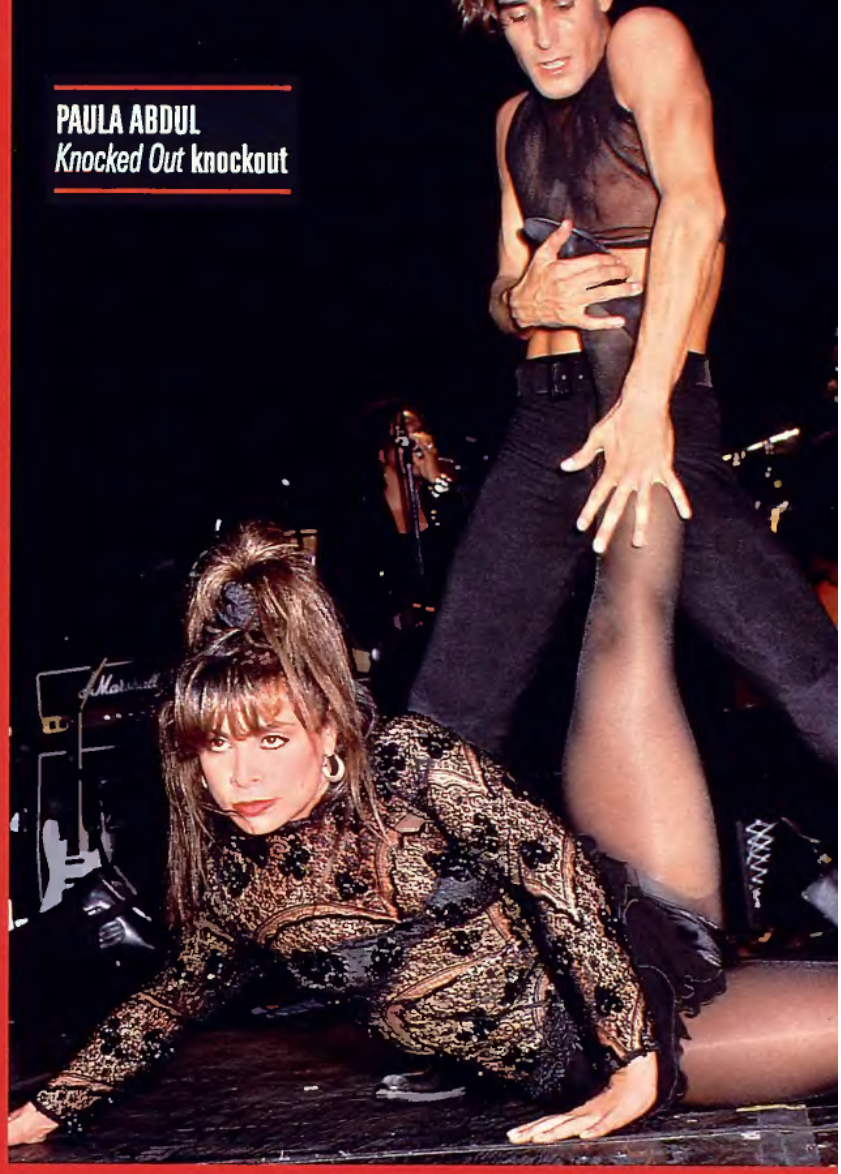
HEAVILY INKED: Media royalty and renegades abound this year, with print and electronic outlets vying for celebrity coverage. Rob Lowe survived the inevitable comparisons of his role in *Bad Influence* to his 1989 misadventures on video tape. Foulmouthed comic Andrew Dice Clay, a hit on records and in personal appearances, bombed in *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane* and became a feminist target for his misogynistic patter. Sandra Bernhard's one-woman show *Without You I'm Nothing* made it to the screen, but not without rating-board difficulties and rumors about wild premiere parties. Denzel Washington, idolized as Best Supporting Actor Oscar winner for last year's *Glory*, plays a sexier role (lip-syncing convincingly to Branford Marsalis' trumpet) in Spike Lee's *Mo' Better Blues*. Paula Abdul is everywhere, having won Rock Female Vocalist honors in the Playboy Music Poll, an Emmy for choreography, a Grammy nomination and other honors; now she has two hot commercials, a pair of top-selling albums and a sizzling video, *Knocked Out*. Papa's grandkid Margaux Hemingway's once-faltering career got a boost from a *Playboy* pictorial and memoir, which drew widespread acclaim for its candor.

ANDREW DICE CLAY
Gross prophet



SANORA BERNHARD
Star of stage and scream

DENZEL WASHINGTON
Hottest hornblower



PAULA ABDUL
Knocked Out knockout

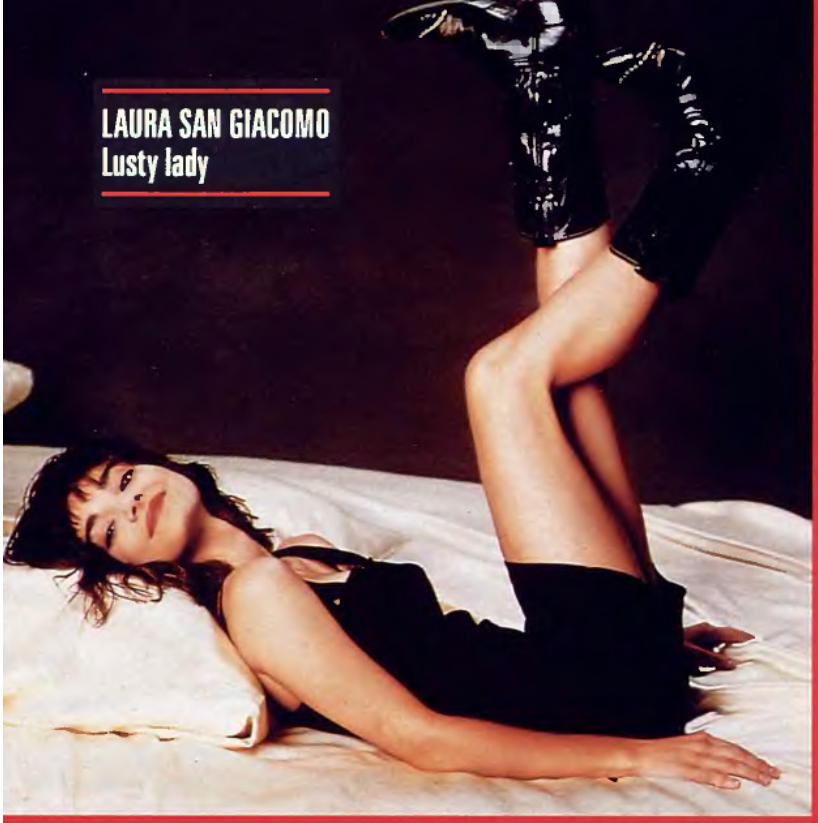
MARGAUX HEMINGWAY
Blue-blooded genes

CLAUDIA SCHIFFER
Guess?'s who

BRAND NAMES: Here they are, the supermodels. "Everyone wants to eye Claudia," said *Rolling Stone* of Miss Schiffer, the Guess? jeans girl. Revlon's Cindy Crawford has a reserved seat on hunky actor Richard Gere's motorcycle, while Elle Macpherson, long a favorite in *Sports Illustrated*'s annual swimsuit issues, is now on screen in Woody Allen's new movie, *Alice*.

ELLE MACPHERSON
Best suited

CINDY CRAWFORD
High Gere



LAURA SAN GIACOMO
Lusty lady

DANGEROUS DAMES: There's e whiff of something wild about these women's screen personae. Laura San Giacomo, now appearing with Tom Selleck in *Quigley Down Under*, is memorable as a hooker in *Pretty Woman*. *Sea of Love*'s Ellen Barkin, dubbed "Hollywood's sultriest blonde" by *Vanity Fair*, is the reincarnation of Perry King in the upcoming *Switch*. Porn queen Tori Welles has erotic dreams in the prize-winning *Night Trips*. Traci Lords, jailbait no more, stars in *Cry-Baby* and in her own calendar; and Delia Sheppard, leading lady of *Witchcreft II: The Temptress*, was hailed by *Variety* as "the Nineties' answer to Mamie Van Doren."

ELLEN BARKIN
Sultriest siren

TORI WELLES
Wet-dream girl

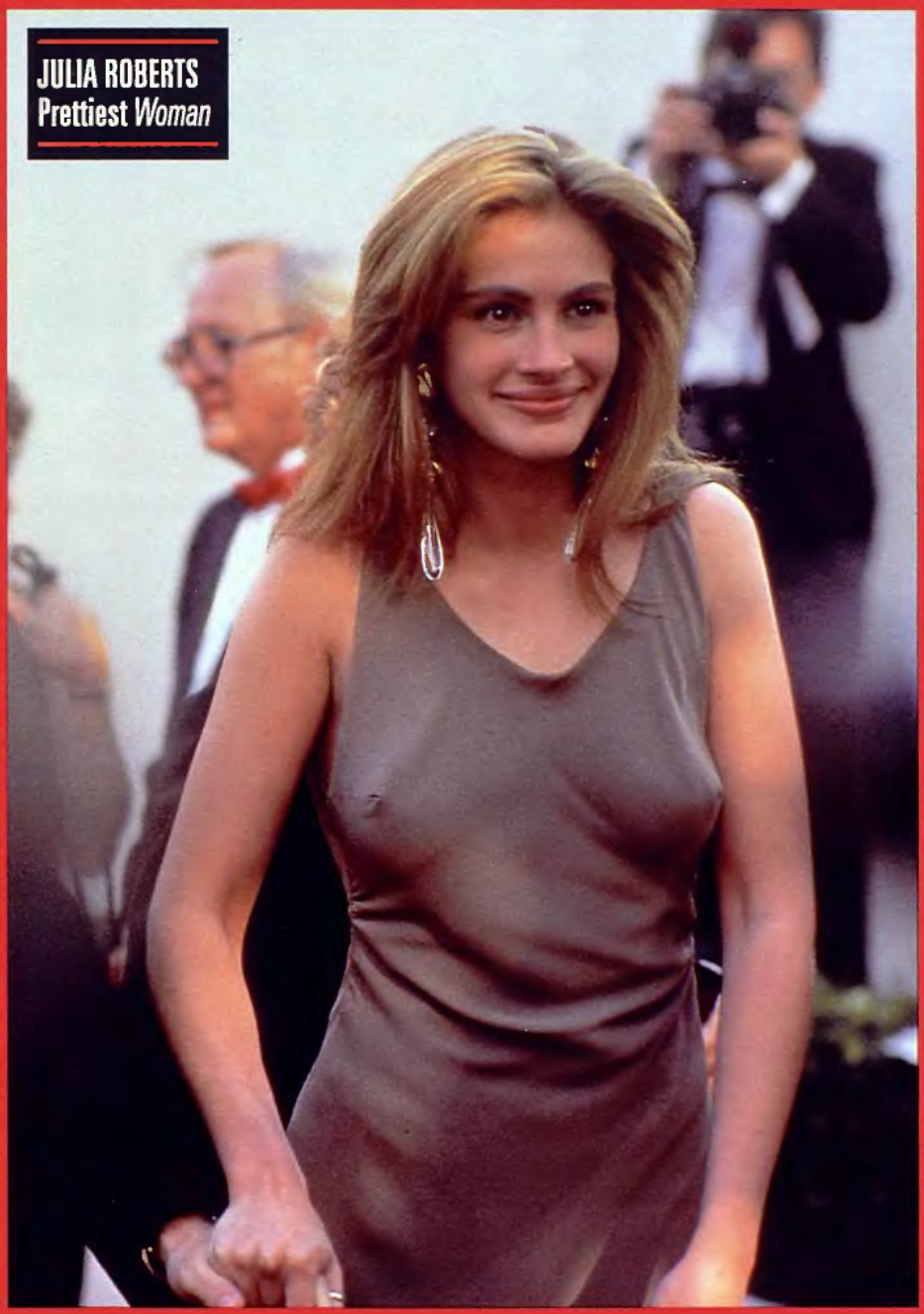
TRACI LORDS
Date bait

DELIA SHEPPARD
Spellbinder

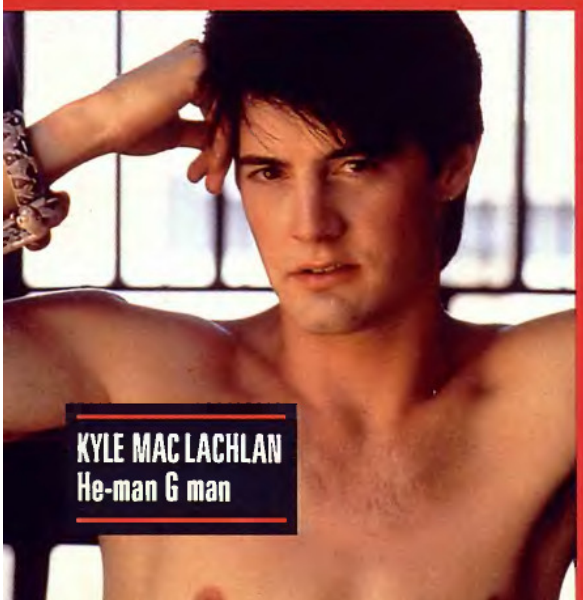
SHERILYN FENN
Cherry with a twist

THE LYNCH MOB: All four performers on the left are becoming inextricably linked with maverick director David Lynch. Sherilyn Fenn, seen to greater advantage elsewhere in this issue, works wonders with a maraschino-cherry stem in Lynch's TV sensation *Twin Peeks*; Laura Dern and Nicolas Cage get it on in the offbeat road movie *Wild at Heart*, top prize winner at the Cannes International Film Festival; and Kyle MacLachlan is magnetic as a pie-and-coffee-loving Federal agent investigating a murder in the fictional Washington State town of Twin Peaks, brought to life in the TV series. Both Dern and MacLachlan are also in Lynch's unsettling 1986 shocker, *Blue Velvet*.

LAURA DERN, NICOLAS CAGE
Love on the lam

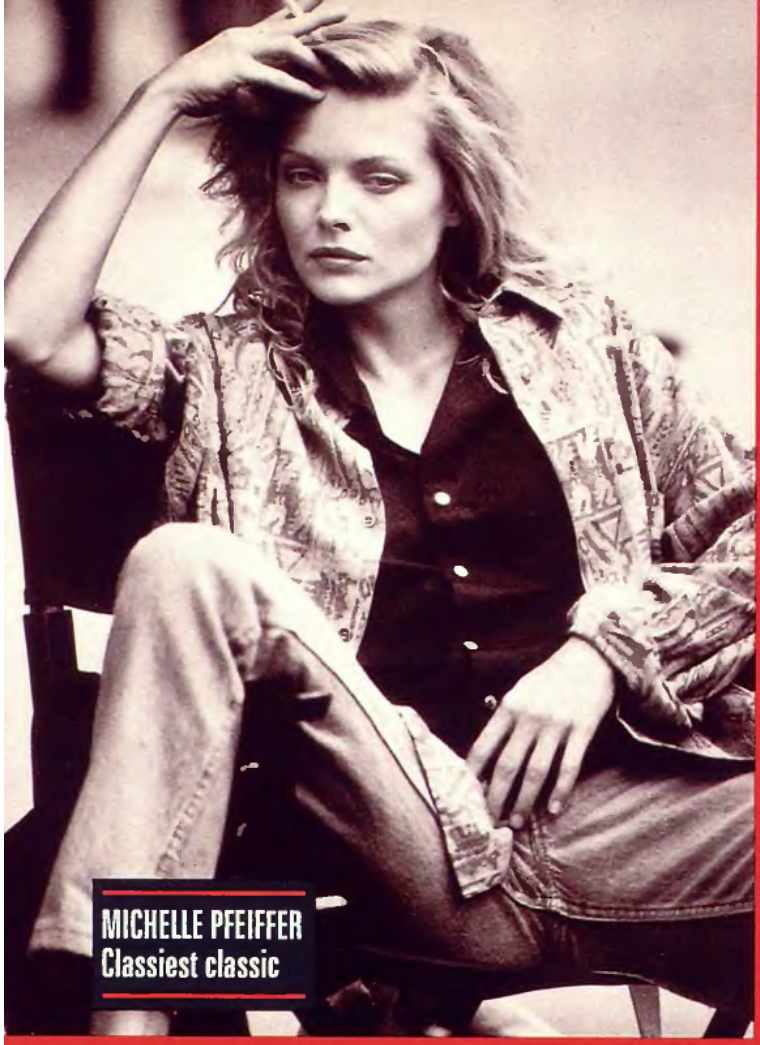


JULIA ROBERTS
Prettiest *Woman*

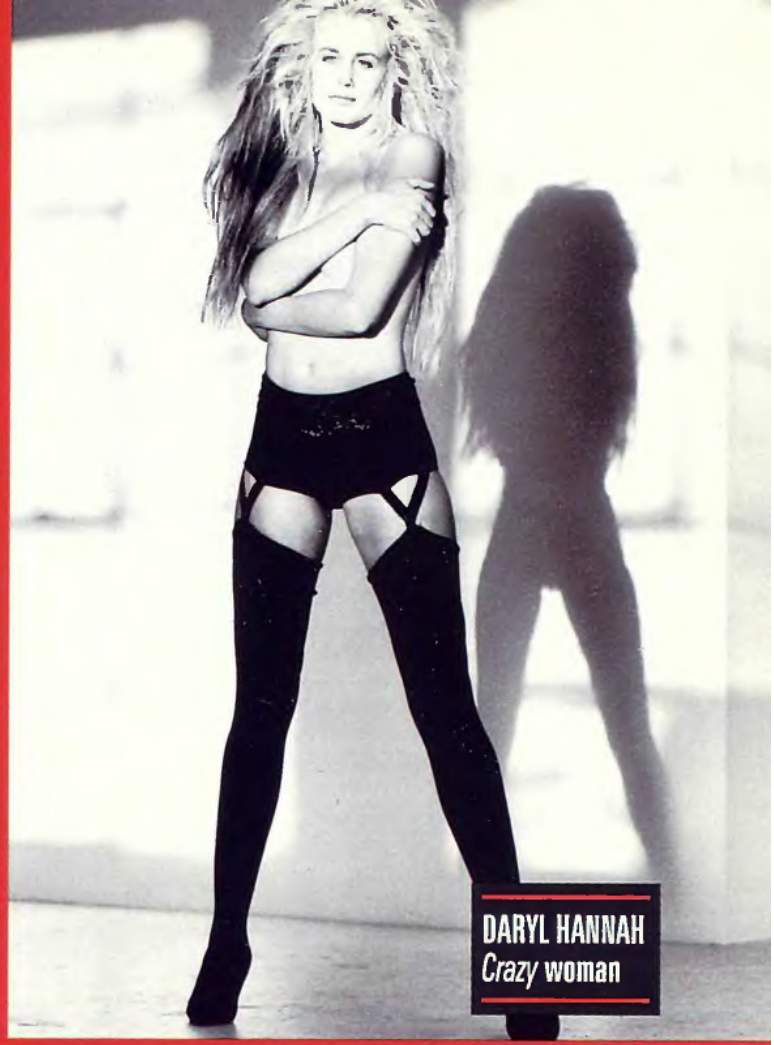


KYLE MAC LACHLAN
He-man G man

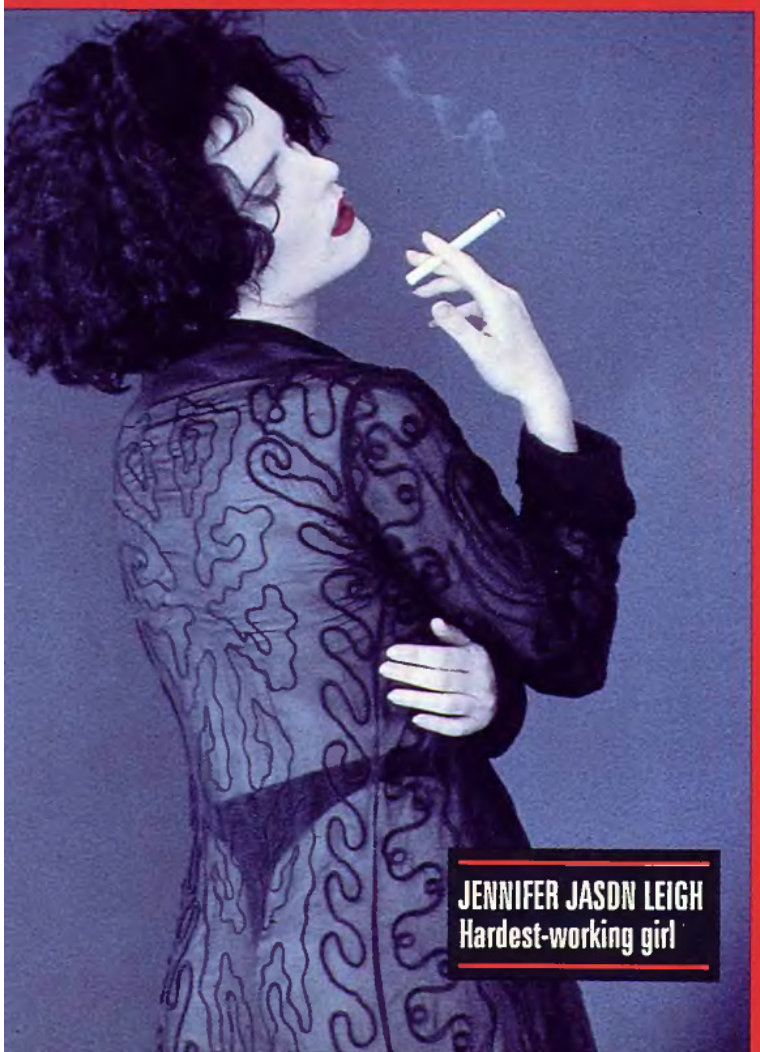
HOLLYWOOD HOT STUFF: Julia (*Pretty Women*) Roberts, Eric's prettier sister, was hailed as one of today's ten most beautiful women by *Harper's Bazaar* and has been romantically linked to *Flatliners* co-star Kiefer Sutherland. Michelle Pfeiffer, "the movies' prettiest face," per *Premiere*, will brighten screens soon in *The Russia House*. Daryl Hannah, a mental patient in *Crazy People*, will appear next as a missionary wife in *At Pley in the Fields of the Lord*. Botticelli beauty Uma Thurman, among 15 gorgeous women celebrated by Italian *Vogue*, is currently on view as Henry Miller's spouse in *Henry and June*; and Jennifer Jason Leigh, terrific as play-for-pay blondes in both *Miemi Blues* and *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, has no fewer than three films in the works.



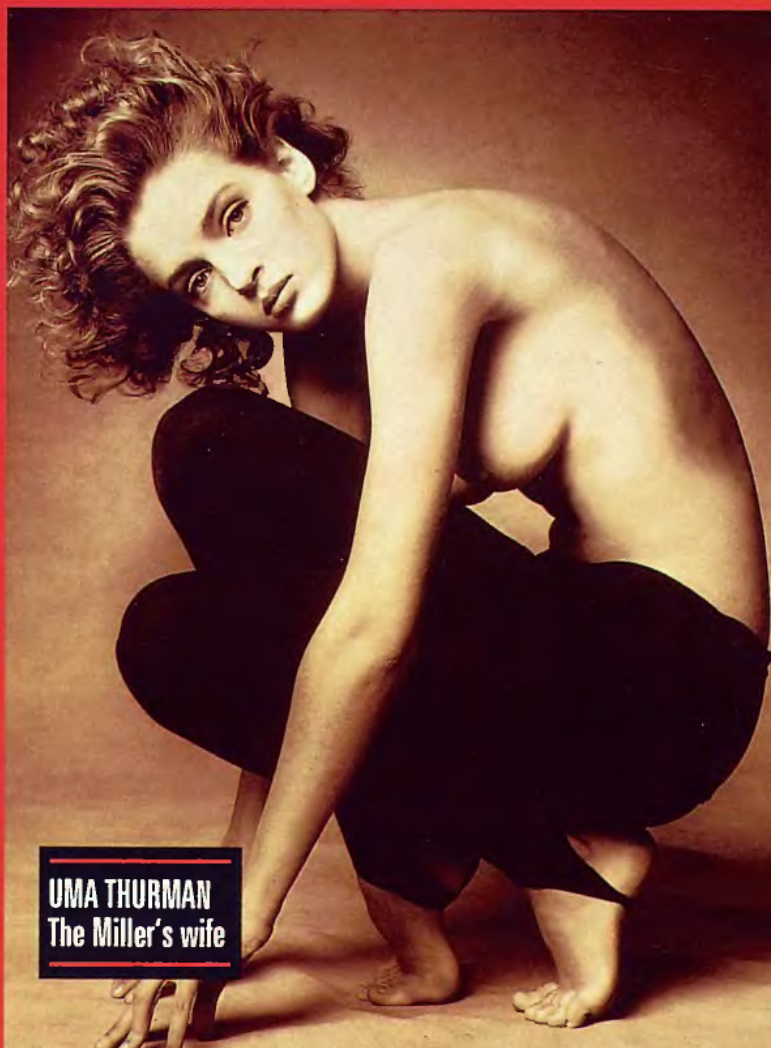
MICHELLE PFEIFFER
Classiest classic



DARYL HANNAH
Crazy woman



JENNIFER JASDN LEIGH
Hardest-working girl



UMA THURMAN
The Miller's wife

would like to be reincarnated as **Warren Beatty's** finger tips, he never expected that line to be quoted as much as it was to promote *Dick Tracy*. Writers were reduced to citing Woody because Warren said little of interest after agreeing to come out of his lair to publicize the picture, likening interviews to prostate examinations. Everybody, of course, wanted to know about his affair with his leading lady, **Madonna.** But he would only say she's "more fun than a barrel of monkeys." That could be a cliché or, given Beatty's extensive romantic résumé, a genuine revelation about Madonna and/or monkeys and barrels. We can only guess.

She, at least, was more candid, confessing to *Vanity Fair* that she was sometimes intimidated by the possibility that 75 percent of the country wants Beatty's approval and 75 percent have had his body. "Sometimes I think, He's been with the world's most beautiful, most glamourous, talented women. I go, 'Oh, my God!' That's one part of me. I mean, how can I ever be as fabulous as Brigitte Bardot when she was twenty-five? Or Natalie Wood? Or any of those people? Then there is the other side of me that says I'm better than all of them."

Away from Warren, Madonna donned an armored brassiere and thrust her hand between her legs for her controversial Blond Ambition concert tour. When Toronto police protested that she was "lewd and obscene," Madonna insisted, "I ain't changing my fucking act" and her manager told the cops they would face 30,000 angry fans if they canceled her show. So they didn't.

Such attention was no surprise to Madonna's pal **Sandra Bernhard** after their mock-lesbian antics became tabloid fodder. "It was just the press picking up on something, because every time Madonna farts, they pick up on it. They want to see how it smells. I hate to break the news, but it smells like everybody else's farts. It's all so geeky, it's embarrassing. She likes it because she loves to cause controversy."

Under a test-case attack in Federal court for raunchy rap lyrics, **2 Live Crew** was greeted on the road by teenage concert fans chanting, "We want some pussy! We want some pussy!" a wish the all-male group was presumably unable to fulfill. But 2, too, confounded censorious forces by pausing in its raps to allow the audience to supply the dirty words, daring watching gendarmes to jail the entire crowd.

Not every celebrity rates instant recognition from the cops. After giving a speeding ticket to gorgeous **Michelle Pfeiffer,** a North Carolina highway-patrol trooper said he'd never seen *The Fabulous Baker Boys* or any of her other films that would inspire most males to rush forward with her $100 bail in hand. "We come into contact with all types of people," the officer explained. **Mae West** would have sighed that any bulge in *his* pants was most likely a gun.

Actually, were Mae alive today, she might have been more graphic. Celebrities are getting so matter-of-fact about their genitalia that they're in danger of losing their mystery, not to mention their fun. Discussing her AIDS-education efforts, the oft-quoted Madonna casually remarked to her *Vanity Fair* interviewer, "I have a pussy and I'm dealing with my sexuality and you can deal with yours if you want. I'm encouraging that. But I'm not saying go out and fuck randomly. You can have sex, but you have to practice safe sex. . . . Use your imagination. Be creative."

Less nobly, feisty **Susan Tyrrell** put forth her privates as analogy for her one-woman show, *My Rotten Life: A Bitter Operetta*. "If I'm gonna throw my legs open to the public, I want them to be so in love with what they see. I do have the pussy of a ten-year-old—so I'm not too worried."

With some justification, women insist such candor only claims a right long enjoyed by men. Speaking of the graphic female views of sex in her new novel, *Surrender the Pink*, **Carrie Fisher** protested, "Why is it men can write that they drag their cock out of their pants and they jack off and it hits the ceiling?" Because men lie, Carrie, because they lie.

But maybe **Arnold Schwarzenegger,** now the head of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, told the truth when he explained (also to *Vanity Fair*) why he took up bodybuilding. "I was always interested in proportion and perfection. When I was fifteen, I took off my clothes and looked in the mirror. When I stared at myself naked, I realized that to be perfectly proportioned, I would need twenty-three-inch arms to match the rest of me."

It all comes down to that "dick thing" **Denzel Washington** and **Spike Lee** kept talking about in *Mo' Better Blues*. Or, as **Richard Gere** put it, "It's basically a psychoanalytical problem that America has. America's got this *dick* problem." His career healthy again with the success of *Internal Affairs* and *Pretty Woman*—and another very pretty woman, Revlon model **Cindy Crawford,** on his arm.

Given all the gutter talk, it was refreshing to see **Sharon Stone** (it's always refreshing to see Sharon) fall back on an old-fashioned word for the male member in the July *Playboy*. "I like a man whose brain is more expansive than his penis," she avowed. "Lips really do it for me: big, full lips. When I was fourteen, this boy told me he'd teach me how to kiss, how to *feel* it, how to give someone room to kiss you back. . . . I was always a great student."

Sharon obviously should get together with **Tom Cruise,** who told *Playboy* in January how, in third grade, he was trained to kiss by his sister's pals. "I would literally sprint home, because her friends were just starting to go out with boys and they would practice on me—put me on top of the sink and, you know, teach me how to kiss. And we'd spend hours after school. I knew when the girls were going to come by and I'd sprint home."

Critics have accused her of chewing the lips off her leading men, but beautiful **Ellen Barkin** likes the sexually aggressive women she plays in such films as *Sea of Love*. "It's kind of a nice thing for women to see a movie where the woman just likes to fuck and she's not a bad girl."

Some parents obviously believe it would be better if their celebrity offspring kept their lips zipped. After reading **Kim Basinger's** revelations about how she learned about oral sex, her father sent her a tennis ball and a roll of adhesive tape, suggesting, "When you give an interview and the feeling of being outrageous is present, please place this ball in your mouth and then tape your mouth shut. If you are still able to say 'oral sex' after doing this, then you are hopeless." Or much in demand.

Auditioning for a job in a brothel, **Sherilyn Fenn** opened her lips on TV's *Twin Peaks* and out popped a knotted cherry stem. She was instantly hired and women went into tongue training all over the country. The scene elevated Sherilyn to stardom in director **David Lynch's** well-attended, offbeat TV series. Happily, however, we can lay claim to having spotted Fenn's fine features two years ago, when she bare-backed through several scorching scenes in *Two Moon Junction*, though a lot of people still haven't made the connection between the ravishing blonde in that picture and the ravishing brunette in *Twin Peaks*. (For more of Sherilyn, see *Fenn-tastic!* elsewhere in this issue.)

Another veteran of Lynch's films, **Kyle MacLachlan,** also hit it big on *Peaks*, playing a very odd FBI agent who's supposedly about as strange as the actor is off stage ("dedicated and dirty-minded," *American Film* declared in an unusually lusty judgment). Meanwhile, Lynch continued to push

(continued on page 197)

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

humor by Handelman

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the dwelling,
The adults were unconscious,
the brats had stopped yelling;
The stockings were hung
with a *je ne sais quoi*
In hopes we'd get presents (especially *moi*).

The kids had exhausted themselves
with their play,
Had wrecked the house
and were through for the day;
And my lady and I, having earned our repose,
Were contentedly snoring (or so I suppose),

His eyes—how they twinkled!
His nose—how it glowed!
His teeth were enormous,
and all of them showed!
He carried no bundle,
a briefcase was all;
The stockings hung empty, forlorn on the wall.

And where were the reindeer?
Had all of them died?
There was only a limousine
waiting outside.
I reproached him: "Kris Kringle,
you've grown very lax!"
"I don't know any Kringle; I've come for your tax."

When soon from the living room, somebody gurgled,
And I quaked with alarm,
for I thought we'd been burgled;
And armed with a baseball bat,
heart filled with terror,
I crept to the scene and discovered my error.

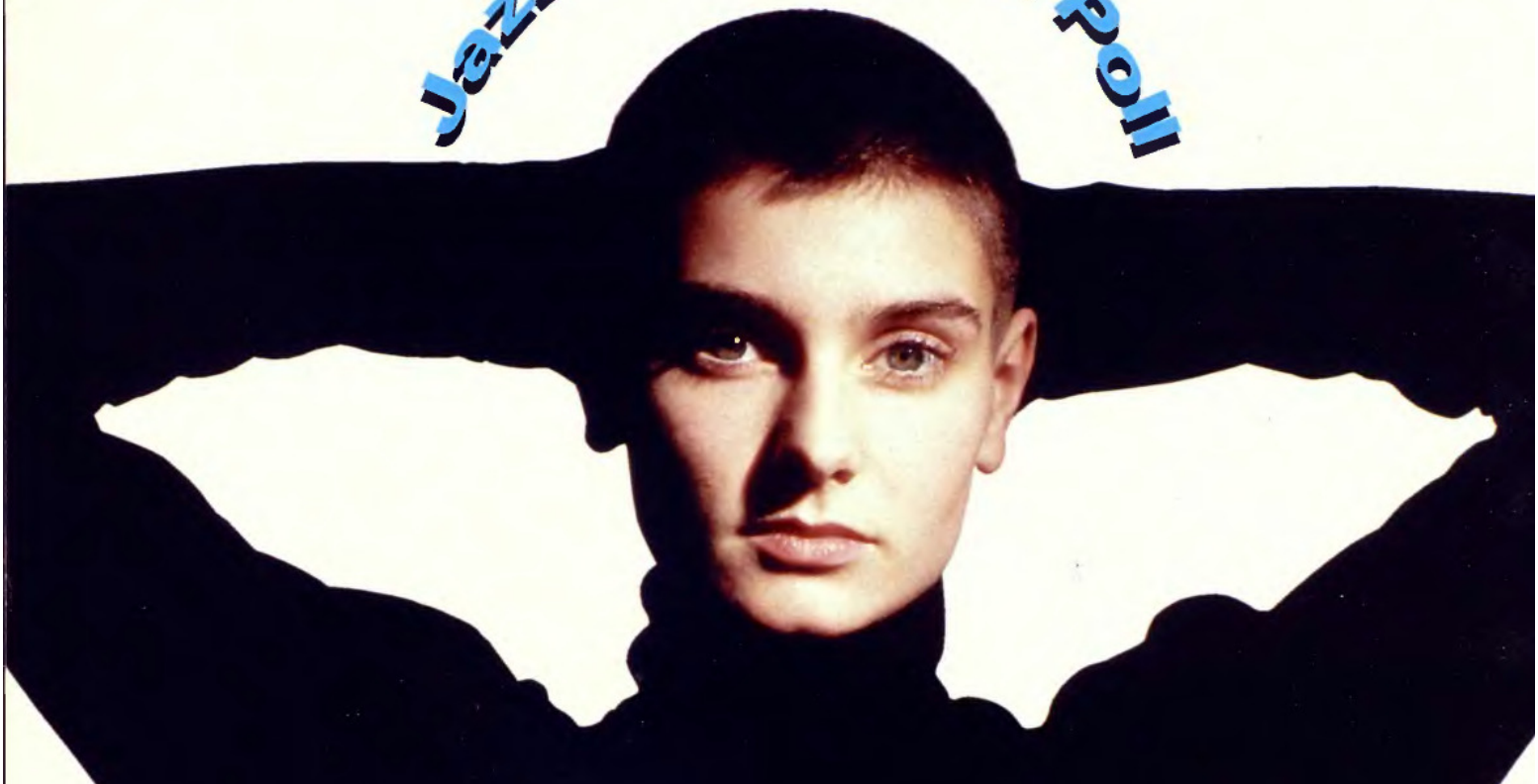
For this was no burglar I'd entered to watch:
It was only Saint Nicholas
drinking my Scotch.
"Help yourself, Father Christmas!"
and "Welcome!" I cried;
"So I have, and 'tis very good stuff," he replied.

"A new law," he explained with a comical dance,
"Says you've got to pay next April's
sum in advance."
"But this," I exclaimed,
"is the worst of all gyps!"
And he chuckled and winked
and rejoined, "Read my lips."

"Then you've come," I inquired,
"from the dread IRS?"
"In a word," answered he
with a pirouette, "yes."
And ere felled by my bat,
he appended (quite loud),
"And Christmas and New Year's are now disallowed."

PLAYBOY

Jazz and Rock Poll



you be the judge and pick our winners

THE BIG MUSIC STORY in 1990 was freedom of speech. Record labeling, Government meddling and a slow response from the music industry made 2 Live Crew the primary target, while all rap music took the rap. If censorship was a low point, Bonnie Raitt's recognition by her peers and fans was a high, proving that hanging tough works. The big guns hit the road—Paul McCartney, Billy Joel, Janet Jackson and David Bowie—and Madonna blitzed the world, on film and on tour. Sinéad O'Connor, last year's weird chick with no hair, is this year's top pop singer. It was a good year for crossing over—making it big on both the black and the pop charts—just ask Lisa Stansfield, New Kids on the Block, Technotronic, Mariah Carey and M. C. Hammer. So-called fringe acts such as Depeche Mode and the B-52's went mainstream, Harry Connick, Jr., had three jazz albums on the charts at once, country singer Clint Black wowed women of all musical persuasions and world music internationalized our taste. From TV to advertising to movies, music was the back beat to our daily lives.

THE BALLOT

Sharpen your pencils—it's time to fill out the 1991 Playboy Music Ballot. Check off the box next to your favorite performer or album in each category (or use the write-in line if you have a better idea). This year, there is a bonus, The Volkswagen 25th Anniversary Hall of Fame Sweepstakes. You could win a new car! Tear off the ballot and use the attached envelope (don't forget to add your sweepstakes entry). Send in your vote no later than midnight, December 15, 1990. Don't forget to put a stamp on it. We can't count it if the Postal Service doesn't deliver it.

ROCK

Male Vocalist

- ❑ Michael Bolton
- ❑ David Bowie
- ❑ Phil Collins
- ❑ Don Henley
- ❑ Billy Idol
- ❑ Paul McCartney
- ❑ Michael Penn
- ❑ Iggy Pop
- ❑ Prince
- ❑ _____

Female Vocalist

- ❑ Mariah Carey
- ❑ Cher
- ❑ Taylor Dayne
- ❑ Gloria Estefan
- ❑ Janet Jackson
- ❑ Madonna
- ❑ Alannah Myles
- ❑ Sinéad O'Connor
- ❑ Bonnie Raitt
- ❑ Linda Ronstadt
- ❑ _____

Instrumentalist

- ❑ Eric Clapton
- ❑ Lita Ford
- ❑ Jeff Healey
- ❑ John Hiatt
- ❑ Ernie Isley
- ❑ Elton John
- ❑ Joe Satriani
- ❑ Chris Thomas
- ❑ Steve Vai
- ❑ Buckwheat Zydeco
- ❑ _____

Group

- ❑ Aerosmith
- ❑ B-52's
- ❑ Depeche Mode
- ❑ Fleetwood Mac
- ❑ Heart
- ❑ Bruce Hornsby & the Range
- ❑ Midnight Oil
- ❑ Red Hot Chili Peppers
- ❑ Wilson Phillips
- ❑ World Party
- ❑ _____

Album

- ❑ *Alannah Myles*—Alannah Myles
- ❑ *Blue Sky Mining*—Midnight Oil
- ❑ *Goodbye Jumbo*—World Party
- ❑ *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got*—Sinéad O'Connor
- ❑ *I'm Breathless*—Madonna
- ❑ *Manic Nirvana*—Robert Plant
- ❑ *A Night on the Town*—Bruce Hornsby & the Range
- ❑ *Step by Step*—New Kids on the Block
- ❑ *Violator*—Depeche Mode
- ❑ *Wilson Phillips*—Wilson Phillips
- ❑ _____

JAZZ

Male Vocalist

- ❑ Tony Bennett
- ❑ George Benson
- ❑ Ray Charles
- ❑ Harry Connick, Jr.
- ❑ Michael Franks
- ❑ Al Jarreau
- ❑ Bobby McFerrin
- ❑ Frank Sinatra
- ❑ Mel Tormé
- ❑ Joe Williams
- ❑ _____

Female Vocalist

- ❑ Patti Austin
- ❑ Basia
- ❑ Regina Belle
- ❑ Betty Carter
- ❑ Randy Crawford
- ❑ Gloria Lynne
- ❑ Carmen McRae
- ❑ Dianne Reeves
- ❑ Dionne Warwick
- ❑ _____

Instrumentalist

- ❑ Stanley Clarke
- ❑ Miles Davis
- ❑ Elaine Elias
- ❑ Kenny G
- ❑ Branford Marsalis
- ❑ Wynton Marsalis
- ❑ Frank Morgan
- ❑ Najee
- ❑ Marcus Roberts
- ❑ Diane Schuur
- ❑ _____

Group

- ❑ Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers
- ❑ Billy Childs
- ❑ Dirty Dozen Brass Band
- ❑ John McLaughlin Trio
- ❑ Pat Metheny
- ❑ Modern Jazz Quartet
- ❑ Rippingtons featuring Russ Freeman
- ❑ Spyro Gyra featuring Jay Beckenstein
- ❑ Take 6
- ❑ Tuck & Patti
- ❑ _____

Album

- ❑ *Deep in the Shed*—Marcus Roberts
- ❑ *Fast Forward*—Spyro Gyra featuring Jay Beckenstein
- ❑ *Lady with a Song*—Nancy Wilson
- ❑ *Live*—Kenny G
- ❑ *London Warsaw New York*—Basia
- ❑ *Love Is Gonna Getcha*—Patti Austin
- ❑ *Question and Answer*—Pat Metheny
- ❑ *Standard Time Vol. 3—The Resolution of Romance*—Wynton Marsalis
- ❑ *Tokyo Blue*—Najee
- ❑ *We Are in Love*—Harry Connick, Jr.
- ❑ _____

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RETURN ENVELOPE

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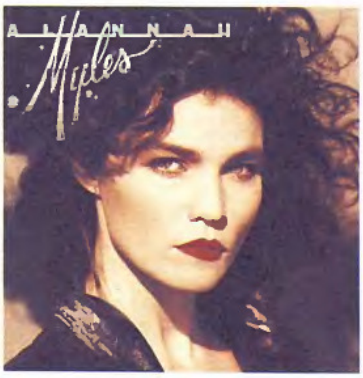
HALL OF FAME

- ❑ James Brown
- ❑ Sammy Davis Jr.
- ❑ Aretha Franklin
- ❑ Jerry Garcia
- ❑ Dizzy Gillespie
- ❑ Quincy Jones
- ❑ B. B. King
- ❑ Bob Marley
- ❑ Buck Owens
- ❑ Charlie Parker
- ❑ Prince
- ❑ Keith Richards
- ❑ Smokey Robinson
- ❑ Hank Williams, Jr.
- ❑ Frank Zappa
- ❑ _____

See page 187 for Sweepstakes details.



R&B

Male Vocalist

- ❑ Babyface
- ❑ Bobby Brown
- ❑ Luther Campbell
- ❑ Johnny Gill
- ❑ M. C. Hammer
- ❑ Howard Hewett
- ❑ Keith Sweat
- ❑ Luther Vandross
- ❑ Barry White
- ❑ _____

Female Vocalist

- ❑ Paula Abdul
- ❑ Anita Baker
- ❑ Ruth Brown
- ❑ Whitney Houston
- ❑ Miki Howard
- ❑ Michel'le
- ❑ Lisa Stansfield
- ❑ Caron Wheeler
- ❑ Angela Winbush
- ❑ _____

Group

- ❑ Bell Biv Devoe
- ❑ Digital Underground
- ❑ En Vogue
- ❑ Eric B. & Rakim
- ❑ Public Enemy
- ❑ Salt-n-Pepa
- ❑ Soul II Soul
- ❑ Technotronic
- ❑ Time
- ❑ Was (Not Was)
- ❑ _____

Album

- ❑ *Affection*—Lisa Stansfield
- ❑ *Back on the Block*—Quincy Jones
- ❑ *Born to Sing*—En Vogue
- ❑ *Fear of a Black Planet*—Public Enemy
- ❑ *Pandemonium*—Time
- ❑ *Please Hammer Don't Hurt 'Em*—M. C. Hammer
- ❑ *Poison*—Bell Biv Devoe
- ❑ *Pump Up the Jam—The Album*—Technotronic
- ❑ _____

COUNTRY

Male Vocalist

- ❑ Clint Black
- ❑ Garth Brooks
- ❑ Vince Gill
- ❑ Lyle Lovett
- ❑ Eddie Rabbitt
- ❑ Randy Travis
- ❑ Ricky Van Shelton
- ❑ Hank Williams, Jr.
- ❑ Dwight Yoakam
- ❑ _____

Female Vocalist

- ❑ Carlene Carter
- ❑ Lacy J. Dalton
- ❑ Holly Dunn
- ❑ k. d. lang
- ❑ Patty Loveless
- ❑ Kathy Mattea
- ❑ Reba McEntire
- ❑ K. T. Oslin
- ❑ Dolly Parton
- ❑ Tanya Tucker
- ❑ _____

Group

- ❑ Alabama
- ❑ Baillie & the Boys
- ❑ Desert Rose Band
- ❑ Foster and Lloyd
- ❑ Judds
- ❑ Kentucky Headhunters
- ❑ Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
- ❑ Restless Heart
- ❑ Shenandoah
- ❑ Southern Pacific
- ❑ _____

Album

- ❑ *Lacy J.*—Lacy J. Dalton
- ❑ *Livin' It Up*—George Strait
- ❑ *Lone Wolf*—Hank Williams, Jr.
- ❑ *On Down the Line*—Patty Loveless
- ❑ *Pass It on Down*—Alabama
- ❑ *Pickin' on Nashville*—Kentucky Headhunters
- ❑ *RVS III*—Ricky Van Shelton
- ❑ *Version of the Truth*—Foster and Lloyd
- ❑ *When I Call Your Name*—Vince Gill
- ❑ *Willie, Waylon, Johnny & Kris*—Highwayman 2
- ❑ _____

VEEJAY

- ❑ Julie Brown
- ❑ Adam Curry
- ❑ Daisy Fuentes
- ❑ Alvin Jones
- ❑ Shelley Mangrum
- ❑ Cathy Martindale
- ❑ Martha Quinn
- ❑ Pauly Shore
- ❑ Donnie Simpson
- ❑ Al Wyntor
- ❑ _____

VIDEO

- ❑ *Black Velvet*—Alannah Myles
- ❑ *Blaze of Glory*—Jon Bon Jovi
- ❑ *Cradle of Love*—Billy Idol
- ❑ *Janie's Got a Gun*—Aerosmith
- ❑ *No Myth*—Michael Penn
- ❑ *Nothing Compares 2 U*—Sinéad O'Connor
- ❑ *On the Greener Side*—Michelle Shocked
- ❑ *Opposites Attract*—Paula Abdul
- ❑ *U Can't Touch This*—M. C. Hammer
- ❑ *Vogue*—Madonna
- ❑ _____

CONCERT

- ❑ Aerosmith
- ❑ David Bowie
- ❑ Depeche Mode
- ❑ Janet Jackson
- ❑ Rickie Lee Jones/Lyle Lovett
- ❑ Madonna
- ❑ Paul McCartney
- ❑ Bonnie Raitt
- ❑ Tom Tom Club/Ramones/ Debbie Harry
- ❑ UB40
- ❑ _____

SOUND TRACK

- ❑ *Adventures of Ford Fairlane*
- ❑ *Days of Thunder*
- ❑ *Dick Tracy*
- ❑ *Graffiti Bridge*
- ❑ *House Party*
- ❑ *Mo' Better Blues*
- ❑ *Pretty Woman*
- ❑ *The Return of Superfly*
- ❑ *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*
- ❑ *Young Guns II*
- ❑ _____

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PLAYBOY JAZZ AND ROCK POLL
P.O. BOX 11233
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VOLKSWAGEN

PRESENTS

25 Years

OF THE

PLAYBOY

HALL OF FAME

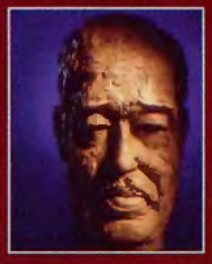
BREAK OPEN the champagne, light the candles and join us for the 25th-anniversary celebration of the Playboy Hall of Fame. To get you into the mood, Volkswagen is sponsoring a sweepstakes with an enticing prize—a new Volkswagen Corrado. And if you'd like to participate in the Hall of Fame "Dream Album" Contest, look for details in the box on page 189. A *Playboy* toast to artist Jack Gregory for his clay sculptures that have immortalized all our previous winners, such as music legend John Lennon (below).

JOHN LENNON, 1970

DAVE BRUBECK, 1966

FRANK SINATRA, 1966

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, 1966



DUKE ELLINGTON, 1967

ELLA FITZGERALD, 1967

COUNT BASIE, 1967

RAY CHARLES, 1968

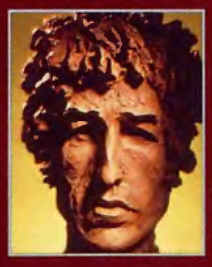
JOHN COLTRANE, 1968

BENNY GOODMAN, 196B

HERB ALPERT, 1969

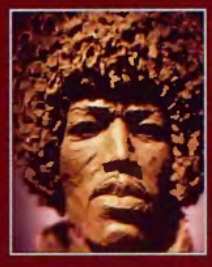
WES MONTGOMERY, 1969

MILES DAVIS, 1969



BOB DYLAN, 1970

PAUL MCCARTNEY, 1970



JIMI HENDRIX, 1971

JANIS JOPLIN, 1971

ELVIS PRESLEY, 1971

MICK JAGGER, 1972

JIM MORRISON, 1972

GEORGE HARRISON, 1972

ERIC CLAPTON, 1973

DUANE ALLMAN, 1974

ELTON JOHN, 1975

STEVIE WONDER, 1976

RINGO STARR, 1977

LINDA RONSTADT, 1978

KEITH MOON, 1979

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, 19BD

JOHN BONHAM, 1981

PETER TOWNSHEND, 1982

WILLIE NELSON, 1983

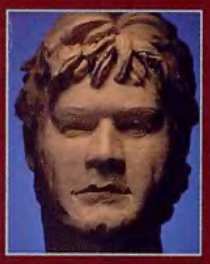
DAVID BOWIE, 1984

MICHAEL JACKSON, 1985

PHIL COLLINS, 1986

TINA TURNER, 1987

MADONNA, 1988



EDWARD VAN HALEN, 1989

ROY ORBISON, 1990

VOLKSWAGEN'S 25TH ANNIVERSARY HALL OF FAME SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL RULES

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

To enter, print your name and address in plain block letters on an Official Sweepstakes Entry Form/"Dream Album" Ballot (it's not necessary to indicate your choice of the ten cuts for the "Dream Album" to be eligible to win) or on a 3"x5" card. Mail your entry with first-class postage affixed in the Playboy Music Poll Ballot envelope or in any envelope no larger than a number ten to: Playboy, P.O. Box 11233, Chicago, IL 60611. For eligibility, entries must be received no later than December 15, 1990. No responsibility is assumed for lost, late or misdirected entries. A new VW Corrado (manufacturer's suggested retail price: $17,900) will be awarded. The winner will be selected in a random drawing to be conducted no later than March 15, 1991, from among all eligible entries received. Winner selection is under the supervision of the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization, whose decisions on all matters related to this sweepstakes are final. No substitution will be made for the prize. Taxes, licensing and registration fees are the sole responsibility of the winner. Chances of winning are dependent upon the number of eligible entries received. Winner will be notified by mail and will be obligated to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility and Release of Liability within 30 days of notification. In the event of noncompliance within this time period, prize will be awarded to an alternate winner. By acceptance of the prize, winner consents to the use of his name, photograph or other likeness for the purposes of advertising, trade and promotion on behalf of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., without further compensation. Sweepstakes open to residents of the United States (except Puerto Rico) who are licensed drivers, aged 18 or over as of December 15, 1990, except employees of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., D. L. Blair Corporation and members of their immediate families. Offer void wherever prohibited by law. All Federal, state and local laws, regulations and restrictions apply. For the name of the winner (available after April 1, 1991), send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Volkswagen's 25th Anniversary Hall of Fame Sweepstakes Winner, P.O. Box 4457, Blair, NE 68009.

ENTER

VOLKSWAGEN'S

25th Anniversary

HALL OF FAME SWEEPSTAKES

WIN A NEW VOLKSWAGEN CORRADO

SEND YOUR ENTRY IN WITH YOUR 1991 MUSIC POLL BALLOT

VOLKSWAGEN'S

25TH ANNIVERSARY HALL OF FAME OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES ENTRY FORM/ "DREAM ALBUM" BALLOT

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

ZIP CODE _____

AGE _____

TO CREATE YOUR OWN *"Dream Album"*

pick your favorite cuts from among the Hall of Fame winners and make up your own compilation album. It can be heavy on Mick and light on Ella, or the other way around. You're in the sweepstakes, even without picking the cuts.

SIDE ONE

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

SIDE TWO

6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____

See the May 1991 *Playboy* issue for the winner of the Corrado and for the Readers' Choice "Dream Album." Sweepstakes entries must be received no later than December 15, 1990. Mail your entry in the Playboy Music Poll Ballot envelope or in any envelope no larger than a number ten to: Playboy, P.O. Box 11233, Chicago, IL 60611. No purchase necessary to enter.

VOLKSWAGEN GTI.
IT JUST MIGHT BE THE RIDE OF YOUR LIFE.

Here's the ticket. The 1991 GTI. Take a seat, buckle up and get ready to ride. A gutsy 1.8 liter fuel-injected engine provides the punch. And a fully-synchronized, five-speed transmission delivers it smoothly.

Head into a turn and GTI feels like it's riding on rails—thanks to power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering, a special sport-tuned suspension and low-profile steel belted radials.

The new GTI. We also gave it hatchback practicality. And a long list of standard features like teardrop alloy wheels, form-fitting sport seats and more—all for a surprisingly affordable price.

But it's the ride that'll grab you. A ride we call Fahrvergnügen.

Want to go again?

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FAHRVERGNÜGEN. IT'S WHAT MAKES A CAR A VOLKSWAGEN.

Seatbelts save lives.
Don't drink and drive.

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For details call 1-800-444-VWUS.

COMING OUT RIGHT

(continued from page 55)

"His commanding officer read a letter he had written home and thundered, 'Are you a Jew faggot?'"

legislation, which he now concedes would have "allowed overt discrimination against gays and lesbians based on their sexuality, sanctioning Government-protected exclusion of gay people from employment, housing and other areas." Although he has since modified his position and favors a broad view of civil liberties, while in the closet, he was, by his own recounting, a self-hating censor. He wrote to one constituent, "I certainly share your support for civil rights. . . . At the same time, I cannot support legislation that would guarantee jobs to citizens who were denied these jobs by other citizens believing that homosexuality is a perversion of nature. I subscribe to this view. I would not want my children taught or influenced by gay people if this could be avoided. . . ."

Two months before FBI agents visited his Capitol Hill office to inform him that they suspected him of committing felonies by transporting men within the District of Columbia for homosexual sex, Bauman had nominated no less a homophobe than Jesse Helms to be Vice-President of the United States.

Yet in his book, *The Gentleman from Maryland*, subtitled "The Conscience of a Gay Conservative," Bauman, like Liebman, argues that he had no choice in becoming a homosexual and does not suggest that any other homosexual, teacher or casual acquaintance, ever lured him into this practice.

Indeed, the cases of Bauman and Liebman, along with those of thousands of other conservative gays in the Federal Government, suggest that being homosexual is no indicator of performance in life—until the Government goes poking its nose where it has no business. Bauman was considered one of the hardest-working, brightest and most effective conservative Congressmen until caught in that sleazy Washington bar. Liebman was serving faithfully in the U.S. Army until his commanding officer read a letter he had written home that included some campy references and thundered, "Are you a Jew faggot?" Liebman said, "I guess I am" and received a general discharge.

Bauman and Liebman were not alone as gays advancing a conservative movement that seemed to delight in making life miserable for homosexuals. In his book, Bauman states, "The closets of Washington are full of gay Republicans and gay conservatives. Many of them serve in high Reagan Administration posts, some in the White House. They serve in the Congress and populate the circles of power that exist in law firms, public-relations firms, lobbying groups, political-action committees, even conservative organizations and the Republican Party structure as well."

One such powerful conservative was Terry Dolan, the cofounder of NCPAC, the leading conservative fund-raising organization, who died of AIDS in 1986. While known to many of his associates to be gay, he never publicly acknowledged this. Upon his death, his brother Anthony, Reagan's chief speechwriter, wrote a tortured two-page ad that he placed in *The Washington Times*, insisting that Terry's personal life be deemed private and left alone by the media. A fine position, except that what makes the plight of conservative gays so awful is that their dominant conservative ideology will not brook leaving their—or anyone else's—private lives alone.

In an interview with the gay magazine *The Advocate*, Liebman exhorts other gays to join him in the land of the conservatives: "Give the Republican Party a chance. Move in on them. Shake them up. If they won't be shaken, leave them. But don't leave the field to the enemy. With the Democratic Party, the liberals, you've [already] got a home. You should go where they *don't* want you."

Not an unreasonable call to arms. Where is it written that only liberal Democrats can champion civil liberty? If there is any validity left to the conservative claim of championing the sanctity of the individual, it will mean that civilized conservatives—led by none other than William Buckley—need to break with the zealots who now control the action on the right. Reagan did this once in challenging the infamous Briggs initiative in California, which would have banned gay teachers from the schools. For consistency's sake, now is the time for these good men to come to the aid of their party and shape the conservative bent as pro-choice—or give up the ghost of being the defenders of individual liberty.

ELIZABETH PERKINS

(continued from page 139)

was yelling at me and I said, "Well, you know what? This office smells so bad from your body odor I can't even sit in here. I don't think you should let me stay in this school. I think you should boot me out on my ass. I think we ought to just call it a day." It wasn't until I became successful in acting that my father forgave me for that.

6.

PLAYBOY: You've been leading lady to the great galootish guys of film: Tom Hanks, Judge Reinhold, Jeff Daniels. Are you attracted to awkwardness in men? Can goofy be sexy?

PERKINS: I don't know if I would call them goofy. Most of the men I've worked with are vulnerable. They're childlike, awkward, human. They are not tough guys. They're not slick like, say, Alec Baldwin. Not that Alec doesn't have vulnerability, but he projects something a little bit more *macho*. And I tend to be really attracted to characters who have an edge, but underneath, there's a real runny yolk.

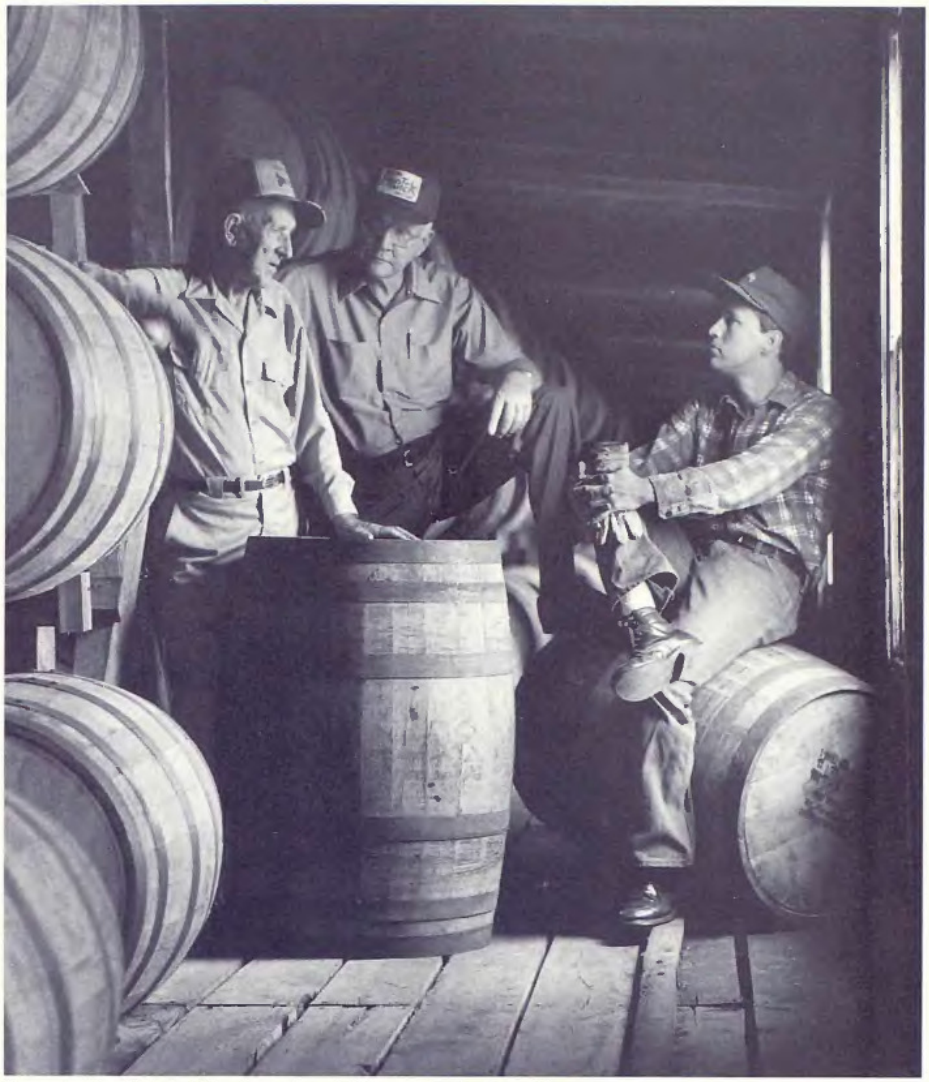
Awkwardness is attractive to any woman. Women's biggest problem is they desperately try to find the vulnerable side of hard men.

A woman finally gets to an age where she says screw that, I'm not going to spend the rest of my life trying to dig something out of a tough guy. Either it's there or it's not. They become archaeologists. Klutziness is much more endearing. And more real.

7.

PLAYBOY: Who's your dream leading galoot?

PERKINS: Oh, Albert Brooks. He's number one. I understand his neuroses—well, that has a negative connotation. He once said to me at a party, "Why is it when you fall in love, you lose your sense of humor?" I'll always remember that as The Thing Albert Said. I understood it without his having to explain it to me. Like Shakespeare, Albert has the ability to turn the corner when you don't think he's going to. And just when you think he's heading in that direction, he turns another corner until he keeps spiraling you inward. Albert has the ability in his comedy to keep taking it that one step further when you don't think anybody can possibly keep taking it that far. And yet he does, with such ease and such realism. He doesn't let situations die. He wants to explore them to the utmost. He's sexy because nothing is on the surface to him. Everything goes right to the bone. It goes right through the blood stream. He's completely intravenous. There's no beating around the bush in his style. He doesn't look like Kevin



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Costner, but that's why I worship him.

Runner-up: Charles Grodin. I love the fact that the world astonishes Charles. He's a complete victim all the time. Everything's going on all around him and he just astonishingly goes through the paces of everything that's being asked of him.

8.

PLAYBOY: You drew attention by turning down the role Madonna played on Broadway in David Mamet's *Speed-the-Plow*. What offended you about it that didn't offend Madonna?

PERKINS: It didn't offend me. What's funny about it is I got an enormous amount of publicity for not doing the role—only because Madonna did it. I'm not a raving fan of David Mamet, simply because he doesn't write roles for women. The role in question—that of an altruistic secretary to a sleazy Hollywood producer—was underwritten. The producer characters abused and tricked her and made fun of her desire to find truth in the movie industry and to get back to the basics in film making. It was extremely cynical. I didn't want to put myself in that position. Ironically, her character is supposedly the symbolism of purity of the art of moviemaking. The men are symbols of commercial shallowness. So for the casting to include, as the two Hollywood producers, two of America's foremost stage actors, who are dedicated to their craft, and then Madonna as the symbol of purity was for me a typical David Mamet move. Darkly, darkly cynical. So sue me.

9.

PLAYBOY: As one so accused, explode the myth of the difficult actress, once and for all.

PERKINS: Oh, *please*. It's amazing to me that each actress I've ever heard was difficult is one of my idols. Like Debra Winger. She's called difficult. Bette Davis was called difficult. The problem is that women are labeled "difficult" for the same things that men are called "knowing what they want." I can guarantee you that if De Niro walks onto the set and takes charge of certain things, he is heralded for it. He is a man who knows what he's talking about, because he's been around for twenty years; he knows what works, and we should respect his opinion. But I think a lot of directors are threatened by a woman who has an opinion. Unfortunately, a lot of actresses push their weight around in terms of "My trailer's not big enough," and that gives everybody a bad name.

10.

PLAYBOY: Name your favorite murderer.

PERKINS: Oh, God, I have a hundred. I don't want to sound like I have a *favorite*. But I will say the murderer Ed Gein *fascinates* me the most. This guy skinned people alive and wore their skins around his house. Moreover, all of his furniture was made from human bones and human skin. He had little drawers of body parts. He had human lamp shades, seat covers, piano benches. The man had completely lost touch with all reality. People might wonder how I could ever be fascinated with a human being like that. I'm fascinated with people who kill. What pushes them to that point to take somebody else's life? To be so out of touch with reality that that horror becomes your reality? I don't believe that it has anything to do with sociology or upbringing or child abuse, because there are many people who are abused who don't turn around and make lamp shades out of other people.

11.

PLAYBOY: Is there a murder trial you would have loved to attend?

PERKINS: Ted Bundy's. One, because, until the very end, he refused to admit he killed anybody. Two, because he was a law student and through much of his early trials insisted on defending himself. Three, because he described the murders in precise detail as if he were the killer—like, "If I were the killer, I would have stabbed her in the upper right forearm and left a two-inch incision"—never admitting that he killed anyone. He's also a man who, during one of his trials, jumped out of a third-story window and escaped. How a human being could commit murders like that, deny it, go so far as to describe the murders and then defend himself in court is absolutely fascinating. Where does that power come from? How do they view the world? When they are walking down the street, what do they see that we don't see? What do they feel that we don't feel?

12.

PLAYBOY: What's the most fun you can have in a cemetery?

PERKINS: Well, I can't really say on tape. When I was growing up in Vermont, there were not a lot of places where you could be alone with a boy. Neck in a graveyard? It's great! There's something sexy about being there. Most people are afraid of a graveyard at night. But it's very peaceful and quiet. Nobody's going to bug you. Actually, on my honeymoon, I took my then-husband on a picnic in my favorite cemetery in Vermont. He thought it was really weird.

13.

PLAYBOY: Where wouldn't you be caught dead?

PERKINS: At a New Kids on the Block concert.

14.

PLAYBOY: List your three nevers in Hollywood.

PERKINS: That's a hard request. There are so many. Never become involved with an actor. [*Laughs*] And I have to say that I divorced one [Terry Kinney]. Never say anything about anybody that you would regret seeing in print. Never insult your agent. Never go to the 7-Eleven without lipstick—somebody will recognize you, then say, "I saw her. And she didn't look so good. She was at the 7-Eleven buying a pack of cigarettes at three in the morning. Looked *bad*." Then you read about it in the Hollywood papers. Never screen your movie before it's finished. Never assume that people have taste. Never spend all of your time with people in the movie industry. That will screw you up more than anything. And never let the fuckers bring you down.

15.

PLAYBOY: Rob Lowe is a friend of yours. What advice did you give him during his girl trouble?

PERKINS: People always go [*shocked*], "Rob Lowe is a friend of yours?" You mean the video problem? I offered no advice. I don't base my friendships on moral judgments. I'm not saying that my friends are allowed to do whatever they want, but I don't think that what he did was so god-awful that he can no longer be my friend. What happened to him was unfortunate. But what he did, millions of people do; he just got caught and he's a celebrity. I'd like to know how the tape got out in the first place. It seems to me that somebody was counting on an enormous amount of money and publicity. Whoever it was should be slapped on the hand for allowing the tape to be circulated to even one news program. That is a bigger crime than what Rob did, not that what he did was a crime.

16.

PLAYBOY: You played a private dick on the trail of indiscretion in the Alan Rudolph movie *Love at Large*. Have you ever participated in love espionage as a civilian?

PERKINS: Oh, sure. Let's face it, *everybody* has spied for love at one time or another. Nobody just falls into relationships. Nobody ever just lets things happen in love. There's always a certain amount of manipulation and searching and waiting. You could call it espionage. There's calling and hanging up when they answer the phone to see if they're there. There's driving by their house if you haven't heard from them. There's sending cards to see if they respond. Even flirting is manipulation. There's a certain amount of underhandedness that goes with the establishment of any love. And that's not meant in a negative connotation at all. It's just a love dance.

17.

PLAYBOY: What would be your tips for the Under-Thirty Divorce Survival Guide?

PERKINS: I've been divorced about a year and a half and single for three years. It's not easy. I didn't date for the first full year of separation. And he did, within the first month. So it's just the way two people react. I spent an enormous amount of time alone. Moved up to a house in the hills and never went out or accepted a dinner invitation with anyone. Couldn't handle it.

The best thing you can do for yourself if you are going through a divorce is to always remember that you loved that person. If you deny that you ever loved the person you are divorcing, you will send yourself into a frenzy and hurt yourself more. It's almost like saying it never happened, and that's bad. You were married to that person for a reason. You loved him at a certain time. Accept that you loved him and that you probably still do. It doesn't mean that you can talk on the phone. It doesn't mean you can have dinner with him. Something dies and you go through a mourning. Except the weird thing is that he's still alive, and that's what you've got to accept. He's still alive, he's still part of your life, and you will always have that. You can't deny that it was there. That's dangerous. It's unfair to both of you.

18.

PLAYBOY: Let's reflect on the classic scene in *Big* where Tom Hanks, as a transformed adolescent, feels up your breast for the first time. Off camera, who took hold of the situation, as it were?

PERKINS: Tom, the director, Penny Marshall, and I spent the afternoon on that one. I don't think there are too many other directors who would have handled it as wonderfully as Penny did.

The first thing we decided on was that you would not see the breast, because then people would have been looking only at the breast, not at the scene. Second, she decided to play it as a wide two-shot instead of focusing on Tom or on me—or focusing on the breast with a close-up shot of his hand in action. Tom—and I have to hand it to him—made the decision not to play it lasciviously. He sat down and said, "OK, how does my hand actually touch the breast? Does it bang it back and forth?" And we all decided that he would display almost an extreme admiration and awe for her body, versus a *woweee!* kind of response, which would involve exaggerated squeezing and bobbing. And he kept the light on. That's what made it work as tastefully and as poignantly as it did. And then he made the choice to kiss me, instead of feeling my buttocks or something stupid.

19.

PLAYBOY: You've been making a movie called *He Said, She Said*, which deals with the disparate ways men and women view the world. So tell us: What do women see in everyday life that men don't?

PERKINS: Women are quick to notice smaller things, whereas men focus on the bigger picture. You don't see a lot of men who sit around and do jigsaw puzzles. Men will look at the puzzle when it's finished and paint the back and hang it. But women will be the ones who sit at the table and put it together. In the movie, scenes are told from the two points of view. And sometimes, the scenes are completely different, which is so true. Same place, same time, same clothing—totally different scenes where each of us hears completely different dialog. It's like going back and rehashing a fight with a friend: "But you said you never wanted to see me again." "No, I didn't." Men, of course, can never remember real-life conversations verbatim and women can, blow by blow. Men see the over-all picture. Women can remember every safety pin that was on their skirt hem.

20.

PLAYBOY: What can you do well that few people suspect you can do at all?

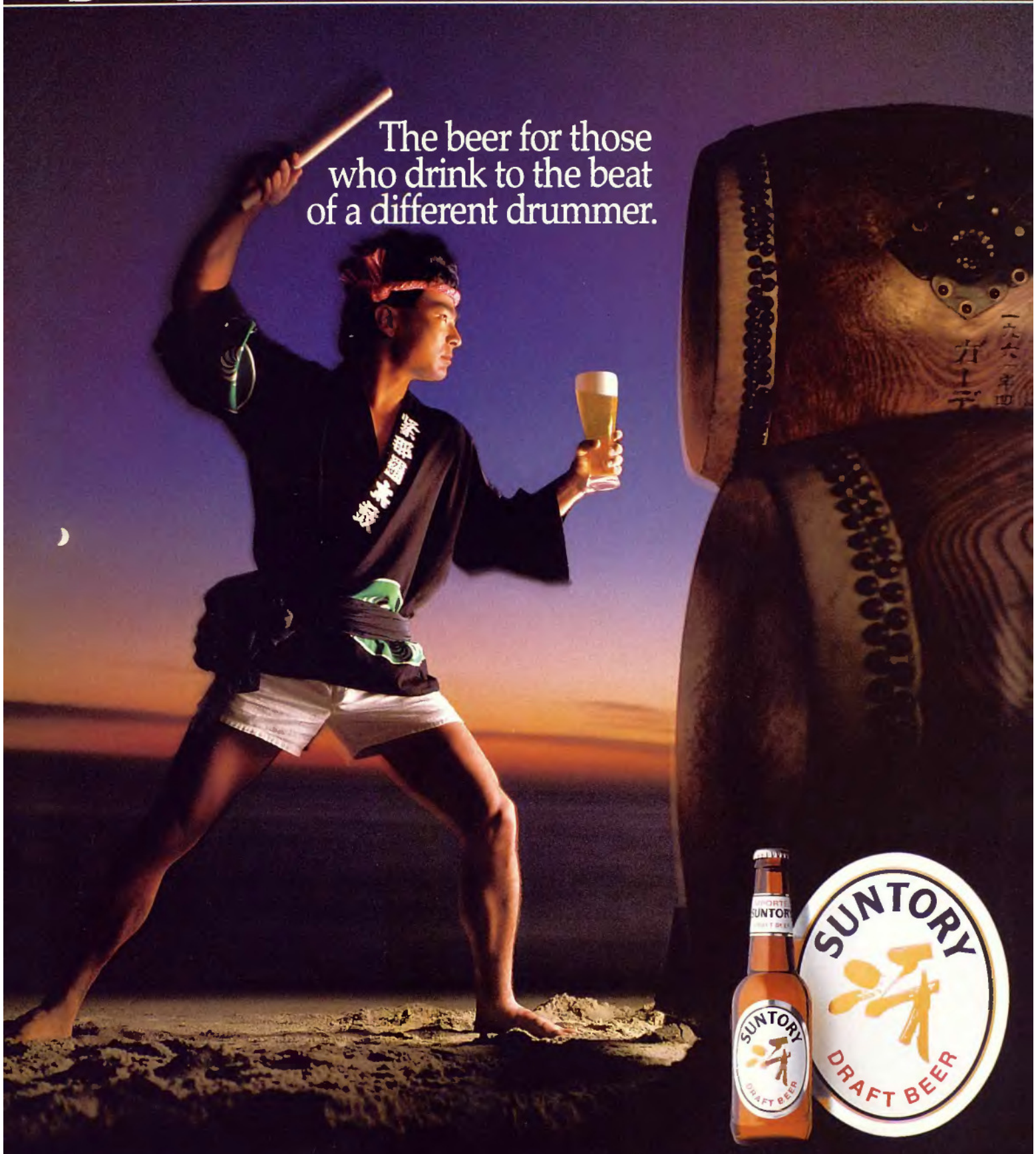
PERKINS: I can move my right pinkie toe independently—to the side, forward and back—without moving any of my other toes. It doesn't come in handy, but very few people actually know this about me. It's very hard to do. Also, I can play the piano without reading music. Pretty well, if I may add. Never had a lesson in my life. I'm afraid to have a lesson. I'm afraid I'll lose whatever talent I have.

Oh, and I can blow smoke rings out my ass. Just kidding.

"We're decorating . . . aah . . . the tree."

SUNTORY

DRAFT BEER



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A taste of another culture.

SEX STARS

(continued from page 180)

for new heights of the sexually bizarre with his *Wild at Heart*, starring **Laura Dern** and **Nicolas Cage,** who sizzle on the big screen while Lynch's TV creations can only simmer. Cage, who has his own reputation for weirdness—"Normalcy, to me, is a fantasy," he insists—likens women to old cars: "There are a lot of problematic '67s out there. . . . They're beautiful to look at but not meant to be driven. You drive them once and they break down. Then you have to strip the car down, sell it or plant a Molotov cocktail in the gas pipe and see what happens. Otherwise, you have a lot of car payments, and you even have a total overhaul, which could involve a lobotomy."

Dern, Cage's co-star, found some *Wild* scenes, such as the one in which she gets down on her knees to lick the crotch of Cage's pants, "embarrassing." But, in a way, the sexpot she plays is "completely in control . . . Not only do I get sexually satisfied but I never give myself away."

There are all kinds of control. Pretty **Virginia Madsen,** in *Hot Spot*, warns her partner, "I'm fucking you to death." That gives us pause. Virginia, could we just do it till we get sick?

Jennifer Jason Leigh, who plays prostitutes in *Miami Blues* and *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, says she found her characters' feelings "complicated. You're getting paid to be humiliated, so you feel this amazing power that you have, but at the same time, you know you're the one crawling on your hands and knees, being fucked up the ass."

Hookers are definitely hot in Hollywood this year. Take *Pretty Woman*, which features **Julia Roberts** as the titular call-girl. Before shooting started, Julia assured her mom that the film was a "Disney movie"—overlooking the fact that *Pretty Woman* was being made for Touchstone, Disney's adult division. Playing her best friend in the business is **Laura San Giacomo,** whose performance in last year's *sex, lies, and videotape* inspired *People*'s Ralph Novak to observe that "her sweaty grapplings with Peter Gallagher are enough to give meaningless lust back its good name."

Speaking of lust, an on-set spy reports in the June *Playboy* that **Mickey Rourke** and **Carré Otis** kept at each other long after the cameras ran out of film while shooting the climactic love scene of *Wild Orchid*. What were they really up to? The question remains unanswered, except for the smile on Carré's face.

Cindy Crawford, incidentally, was set for the Otis part but withdrew because she was shy about the amount of nudity required. Seems to be an issue with several actors these days. **Daryl Hannah** says there are few films in which nudity is important. "I mean, I don't make European films with atmosphere." Well, not since her bow in 1982's *Summer Lovers*, filmed in Greece and affording generous helpings of Hannah.

After appearing naked in *The Hunt for Red October*, **Alec Baldwin** protested to *Premiere*, "It's uncomfortable for me. Women think that guys are like, Here, babe. Get a naked girl on top of me and have some fun.' It's not. It's very uncomfortable. There's always people around."

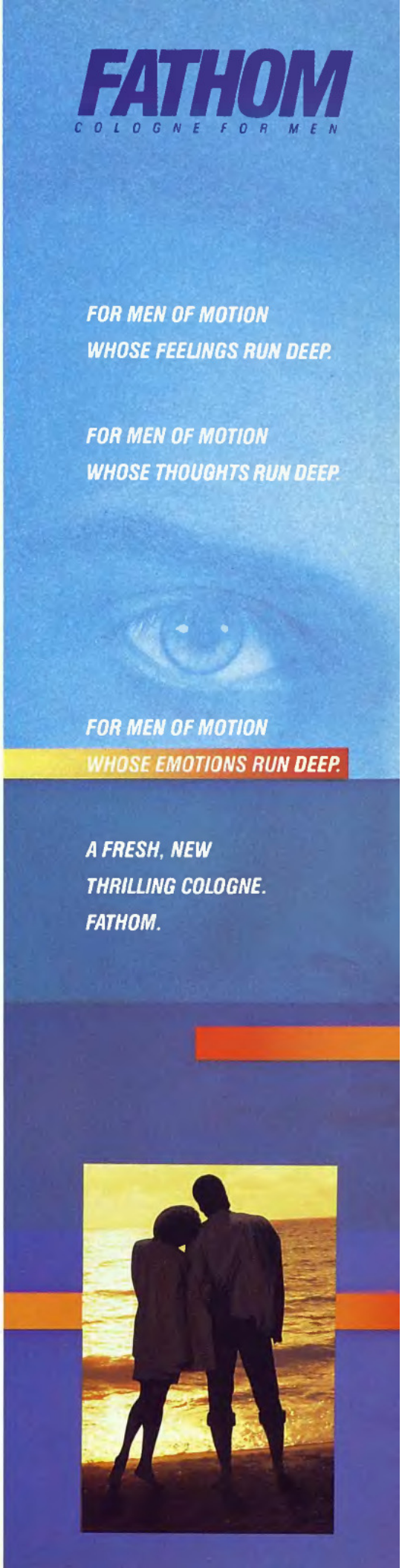
Family man **Mel Gibson** has shown his rear in three of his past four films, but that's as far as he'll go. Steamy love scenes, he says, "are a lot of times unnecessary. *Bird on a Wire* originally had one of those scenes, but it wasn't really needed, so I didn't do it."

Fortunately for us, **Margaux Hemingway** opted to put some fire under her career with a pictorial in the May *Playboy*, though "I never thought of myself as the *Playboy* type—long, skinny legs, big boobs, perfect ass." She needn't have worried and we're happy she ultimately concluded, "I can't tell you how good it feels to want to show off a little again."

Two porn superstars who have gone into mainstream films, on the other hand, have found themselves blushing. Of trying to play a brazen teenager in *Cry-Baby*, **Traci Lords** said, "It was so embarrassing doing that—sticking my boobs out, licking my lips." **Ginger Lynn Allen** interrupted shooting on *Hollywood Boulevard Part II* to wonder, "Why are my nipples hard in the jungle?" Ginger's co-star **Ken Wright** expressed to *Premiere* a cautious reason for keeping his clothes on in her presence. "I had it written into my contract that I never take my pants off," Wright explained, outlining his fear of catching something. "I almost didn't do this film." Somehow seems less than gallant, when you think about it.

Kevin Costner wanted to change pants for his role as Robin Hood in *Prince of Thieves*. "If I end up in tights, you'll know there was one hell of a battle," he announced prior to production. "I'm only trying them on in the security of my own home, so I can be the judge."

Rob Lowe raised eyebrows again this year with his role in *Bad Influence*, in which he video-tapes people having sex. His character has Mephistophelean overtones, as sweet **Lisa Zane** observes when she says, "Sleep with the Devil and sooner or later, you have to fuck." These days, Lowe is seen jogging around UCLA, in a brazen wardrobe consisting of a pair of bright-pink running shorts and a shirt decorated with suggestively undraped women. Whether because of the outfit or because of his reputation, Lowe attracts a lot of attention from female admirers. But, he avowed to *Interview* magazine, he never takes advantage of them. "In no way would I ever assume when I meet some girl that she wants to sleep with me; that doesn't



enter my mind. I think somebody who did assume that would be such an insufferably arrogant person that you couldn't be around him."

Andrew Dice Clay does assume that every woman wants him, at least in Hollywood. "I come out to L.A. and it's, like, any girl you meet, they're going, 'Hey, why don't you come over?'" he told *Vanity Fair*. "I just couldn't believe it. They were filthier than the guys. I'd have guns pulled on me by chicks—I woke up another time handcuffed to my window. And *she*'s laughing like some real sicko." Does this make Clay an insufferably arrogant person whom others don't want to be around? Well, several ladies refused to appear with him on *Saturday Night Live* and Twentieth Century Fox abandoned plans to release his concert film.

Speaking of arrogance—insufferable to some, admirable to others—**Donald Trump** took an imperial pose as his wife, **Ivana,** fought for possession with model **Marla Maples.** The fight, which hit the headlines after a scrap in Aspen, continued in court, where Ivana is seeking to undo a prenuptial agreement. Trump characteristically looked upon both of his blondes in planetary fashion—with himself as the sun, of course. "I've made a lot of satellites," The Donald boasted. "Hey, whether it's Marla or Ivana, Marla can do any movie she wants to now. Ivana can do whatever she wants."

Professing to "fall in love with love, not money," Marla swears she will never sign something so "shallow" as a prenuptial agreement. She may not have to worry. As the financial problems of his empire worsened, Trump was showing no rush to fill Maples' No Excuses jeans with wedded assets.

When his own short marriage to **Sarah Owen** ended, **James Woods** proclaimed lasting gratitude to his lawyer for a prenuptial agreement with the Mrs., noting, "My life would have been a sheer and utter disaster without it." A magazine piece on prenups quoted the actor as saying his attorney had warned him the marriage wouldn't last six months and, sure enough, trouble started after the wedding coordinator introduced Sarah to another man.

A ten-year gag order on the divorce of **David** and **Angela Bowie** ran out this year, freeing her to go on TV to claim she'd once caught her husband in bed with **Mick Jagger.** "It's no big deal," she said. "I didn't say I saw them on the job." Jagger called the allegation "complete rubbish" and David responded via a spokesperson that he never comments on "any of the ridiculous things that Angela has to say."

Lighten up, David. When people stop saying things, ridiculous or otherwise, about you, you won't be a Sex Star anymore.

"This next song, ladies and gentlemen, is dedicated to all of you out there who are in love . . . or who were in love . . . or who are waiting to be in love. . . ."

UNDER GOD

(continued from page 80)

special coverage by an outsider. "Call Martin Marty" is the editor's easiest recourse for the special case. (Where narrowly Catholic or Jewish views are at issue, the call to Marty may be alternated with calls to Richard McBrien or Arthur Hertzberg.)

The severest test to this self-restraint in the coverage of religion at campaign time was Jimmy Carter's candidacy. He was the nominee of a major party—and, in 1976, the winning contender. Yet he disconcerted many liberals by using "backward" language. It seemed vaguely Dogpatchish for him to say he was "born again"—though all baptized Christians are, in some sense, born again, according to Scripture passages such as *John* 3:3–7:

> Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. . . . Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. . . . Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

It is true that evangelicals stress the concept of rebirth, using it to describe the psychological experience of being saved—and that, too, was considered an oddity in Carter, though evangelicals make up the largest number of Christians in America, and 40 percent of the population called itself born again in response to a 1989 survey.

How did such a sizable part of the population escape for so long the notice of journalists and political analysts? Partly, this was the result of elitism. Evangelical believers are, as a whole, less educated and affluent than members of the significantly named "mainline" churches. Many people accepted mainline as a term indicating the predominant, if not quite the mainstream, churches. But the word was appropriately borrowed from Philadelphia's term for the artery extending into the city's established suburbs. The mainstream of American religion has always been evangelical. George Marsden, the best student of the subject, says that evangelical Protestantism was "the dominant force in American life" during the 19th Century, when it made up the "unofficial religious establishment" of our politics.

Nathan O. Hatch has traced the role experiential religion played in the democratization of America. The revival has been the distinctively American religious experience. To the extent that other religions take on an American character, they tend toward revivalism. That explains why a Quaker family such as the Nixons could attend one of the evangelist Paul Rader's revivals, where the young Richard was saved, making him later in life more clearly the disciple

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of Billy Graham than of George Fox. The Catholic scholar Jay P. Dolan has noticed the way his Church acquired revivalistic touches in the preaching of parish "missions," leading up by way of hell-fire sermons (often delivered by the Passionist Fathers, a revivalistic religious order) to long lines at the confessionals, replicating the files of sinners making their "decisions for Christ" at the end of a Billy Graham rally.

The evangelical Graham has been, over the years, the most admired man in America. He is always high on the list of people given that title in surveys, and he stays there as other leaders come and go. He has been in the top ten uninterruptedly for 35 years. During the Eighties, he averaged third on the list, flanked by Pope John Paul II and Jesse Jackson. In fact, religious leaders made up a majority of the top ten, since the two American Presidents named (Reagan and Carter) were known for their religiosity, as was the Catholic leader in Poland, Lech Walesa.

Although Graham represents the broad stream of religious experience in America—something politicians have recognized and tried to use over the years—commentators continue to neglect or dismiss the elements of that experience: revivalism, Biblical literalism, millennial hope (for the Second Coming of Christ). Yet these have profoundly influenced our politics, right down to the shape given to political rallies and national conventions. When, as always happens, new millennial sects proclaim that the end of time is near, these are not seen as the latest manifestations of a central theme in our history—the apocalyptic spirit that drove American settlers to grapple with the Devil's instrument in the wilderness. The religious rhetoric of the millennium was more useful to orators of the American Revolution than were maxims of the Enlightenment. The millennium proved just as serviceable in the Civil War, whether to fill with apocalyptic smoke Julia Ward Howe's *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* or to steer war toward a "peaceable kingdom" in Abraham Lincoln's writings. So, when the followers of Elizabeth Clare Prophet gathered in 1990 to go underground at the world's rending, they were as American as apple pie—or violence.

Yet there is a reluctance to explore the America that can produce a Mrs. Prophet as frequently as a Dr. King. I remember when, in the Sixties, journalists were trying to report on black militants. In attempts to understand the movement from the inside, works supposed to be revelatory were studied with intensity—Frantz Fanon's *Black Skin, White Masks* or *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. With Fanon, people were willing to follow recondite musings on negritude, and with Malcolm, to juggle complex African and Islamic loyalties. But it seems too much to ask journalists to read the Bible (of all things) in order to understand a Pat Robertson or a Jesse Jackson—or even a Dr. King. I know from experience that it is considered a little kookie for a journalist to know what premillennial dispensationalism is—though that is the most important concept in modern fundamentalism. Fundamentalists are not so numerous as evangelicals, but they are a sizable part of the larger evangelical family and have many ties to other members of that family. And no group making up a fifth of the population can safely be ignored by anyone trying to understand America.

People who knew nothing of the intricacies of evangelical eschatology were reporting, in the Sixties, on the "death of God" fad that titillated elite divinity schools. That notion actually led some to think there was a falling off from religion in the Sixties, though religious profession and observance generally held steady. There has been a decline in main-line religions over the past three decades or so—but that affected the less populous denominations (e.g., Episcopalians, who make up only two percent of the nation, or Presbyterians, three percent). The big evangelical churches (such as the Baptists, 20 percent of the nation) are growing.

An evaporation of belief toward the top of the socioeconomic scale occurs regularly in America. Doctrine thins out there—as among Unitarians early in the 19th Century or theological liberals early in the 20th. This is seen as a betrayal of belief by those lower in the scale, who often compensate with a renewal of their own fervor—as the fundamentalists did in responding to theological liberals. Part of the evangelical "resurgence" of the Seventies was a matter of new voices being heard as the elite denominations fell silent on religion, learning to speak in more secular terms. The religious vote has been, increasingly, an evangelical vote, which helps explain the fact that recent Presidents—Ford, Carter, Reagan, Bush—have proclaimed themselves born again.

The need to know something about American religion—if only to understand one's enemies—will be especially pressing as the 20th Century comes to an end. The turning of such a hinge in the world's history always prompts apocalyptic dreams of fiery conclusions or rose-tinted beginnings. The end of the millennium reminds millennialists of what their own name means.

Cults of all sorts will make this a time of ecumenical forebodings; the deepest musings will be Christian, since the end of time is a concept so deep and omnipresent in Christian theology. Just as orthodox Christians consider themselves born again, so all believers profess to be living, in some measure, through

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the "end time." At a minimum, the Christian Scriptures say that Jesus brought the final dispensation to history. There will come no later prophet or lawgiver to establish a different relationship between God and man. The final covenant was sealed in Christ's blood. Religious history has, in that sense, nowhere to go beyond the New Testament. As far as Christians are concerned, Cardinal Newman described the orthodox view:

> But when once the Christ had come, as the son over his own house, and with his perfect Gospel, nothing remained but to gather in his saints. No higher priest could come, no truer doctrine. The light and life of men had appeared, and had suffered, and risen again; and nothing more was left to do. Earth had had its most solemn event, and seen its most august sight; and therefore it was the last time. And hence, though time intervene between Christ's first and Second Coming, it is not *recognized* (as one may say) in the Gospel scheme, but is, as it were, an accident. For so it was, that up to Christ's coming in the flesh, the course of things ran straight toward that end, nearing it by every step; but now, under the Gospel, that course has (if I may so speak) altered its direction, as regards his Second Coming, and runs, not toward the end, but along it, and on the brink of it; and is at all times equally near that great event, which, did it run toward, it would at once run into. Christ, then, is ever at our doors; as near 1800 years ago as now, and not nearer now than then; and not nearer when he comes than now. When he says that he will come soon, "soon" is not a word of time, but of natural order. This present state of things, "the present distress" as Saint Paul calls it, is ever *close upon* the next world, and resolves itself into it. As when a man is given over, he may die any moment, yet lingers, as an implement of war may any moment explode, and must at some time; as we listen for a clock to strike, and at length it surprises us; as a crumbling arch hangs, we know not how, and is not safe to pass under, so creeps on this feeble weary world, and one day, before we know where we are, it will end.

All Christian theology has been permeated by this theological version of "the end of history." The Lord's Prayer is an eschatological prayer. Early Christians thought not only that they were living in the last age but that this age would end *soon*. Much of the fear and exaltation of the earliest Christian letters centered on this expectation. Believers wrote about it in a kind of frantic code; from that language, some of the most bizarre aspects of American religion have taken their rise. It is a forbidding subject in a secular age; yet no one can understand evangelicals' emotional temperature without addressing it. When the Quayle family's interest in a fundamentalist preacher (Colonel Robert Thieme) came into the news during the 1988 campaign, odds and ends of his preaching were printed, with no real attempt to see how they were structured or how closely they were related to the whole fundamentalist endeavor.

The hope of new life in a new century will almost certainly stimulate mystical aspirations of the sort now fostered by New Age movements. Some evangelicals see in this "false religion" itself a sign of the apocalypse. History will culminate in the forging of a "world rule" under a diabolic "angel of light." In any chain bookstore, one can find dozens of titles in the New Age section—and, sure enough, there are three dozen or so titles to be found now in evangelical bookstores exposing the dangers of New Age religion. Even the threat of peace breaking out after the Cold War tends to frighten millennialists, who denounce one-worldism, whether it is represented by the "godless" UN or the "apostate" World Council of Churches. A European community containing ex-Soviet elements is the kind of "false peace" against which the religious right is always well armed. Indeed, New Age eschatology unites a number of the fundamentalists' old villains—evolution, through the alleged influence of Teilhard de Chardin in New Age thought; the "mind control" of psychiatry and "Deweyite" education; and papal Rome, through the ecumenical work of Catholics with Easterners.

But the century's end may be more marked by domestic than by international conflict. The makings of a cultural war are present in religious attacks on pornography, homosexuality, abortion and the eroticism of rock music and television. We hear again the myth that the Roman Empire was sluiced to its ruin in a slither of lubricity—as opposed to the economic conditions modern scholarship finds underlying the Roman decline.

The dying of an era promotes an obsession with decadence—with ideas of decline, decay and the feeble stylishness called dandyism. When these are not denounced, they are celebrated, as in Camille Paglia's giant new celebration of the decadent, *Sexual Personae*. The millennial malaise of the 1890s/1980s, the *fin-de-siècle* failure of nerve, will intensify speculation about our own ends—end of history, end of empire, end of the Cold War—playing against the recurrent Christian expectation of the world's end. The Bible will not be at the center of all these developments, but it will be of more importance than Frantz Fanon's work was to the modern role of blacks. We neglect it at our own peril.

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 (continued from page 102)

"It has been authoritatively demonstrated that there are not enough people to stop a tank."

sang. The soldiers raised their muskets to the ready, the soldiers aimed their rifles, the soldiers poised their machine guns. They were young, the soldiers. They fired. The stones lay down, the pigeons fell. There's a kind of red stone called pigeon blood, a ruby. The red stones of Roukh Square were never rubies; slosh a bucket of water over them or let the rain fall and they're gray again, lead-gray, common stones. Only now and then, in certain years, they have flown, and turned to rubies.

•

This is a bus. Nothing to do with fairy tales and not romantic; certainly realistic; though, in a way, in principle, in fact, it is highly idealistic. A city bus, crowded with people, in a city street in central Europe on a November afternoon and it's stalled. What else? Oh, dear. Oh, damn. But no, it hasn't stalled; the engine, for a wonder, hasn't broken down; it's just that it can't go any farther. Why not? Because there's a bus stopped in front of it, and another one stopped in front of that one at the cross street, and it looks like everything has stopped. Nobody on this bus has heard the word gridlock, the name of an exotic disease of the mysterious West. There aren't enough private cars in Krasnoy to bring about a gridlock even if they knew what it was. There are cars, and a lot of wheezing, idealistic buses, but all there is enough of to stop the flow of traffic in Krasnoy is people. It is a kind of equation, proved by experiments conducted over many years, perhaps not in a wholly scientific or objective spirit but nonetheless presenting a well-documented result confirmed by repetition: There are not enough people in this city to stop a tank. Even in much larger cities, it has been authoritatively demonstrated as recently as last spring that there are not enough people to stop a tank. But there are enough people in this city to stop a bus, and they are doing so. Not by throwing themselves in front of it, waving banners or singing songs about Liberty's eternal day, but merely by being in the street, getting in the way of the bus, on the supposition that the bus driver has not been trained in either homicide or suicide, and on the same supposition—upon which all cities stand or fall—that they are also getting in the way of all the other buses and all the cars and in one another's way, too, so that nobody is going much of anywhere, in a physical sense.

"We're going to have to walk from here," Stefana said, and her mother clutched her imitation-leather handbag.

"Oh, but we can't, Fana. Look at that crowd! What are they—— Are they——"

"It's Thursday, ma'am," said a large, red-faced, smiling man just behind them in the aisle. Everybody was getting off the bus, pushing and talking.

"Yesterday, I got four blocks closer than this," a woman said crossly.

And the red-faced man said, "Ah, but this is Thursday."

"Fifteen thousand last time," said somebody.

And somebody else said, "Fifty, fifty thousand today!"

"We can never get near the Square. I don't think we should try," Bruna told her daughter as they squeezed into the crowd outside the bus door.

"You stay with me, don't let go and don't worry," said the student of Early Romantic Poetry, a tall, resolute young woman, and she took her mother's hand in a firm grasp. "It doesn't really matter where we get, but it would be fun if you could see the Square. Let's try. Let's go round behind the post office."

Everybody was trying to go in the same direction. Stefana and Bruna got across one street by dodging and stopping and pushing gently, then turning against the flow, they trotted down a nearly empty alley, cut across the cobbled court in back of the Central Post Office and rejoined an even thicker crowd moving slowly down a wide street and out from between the buildings. "There, there's the palace, see!" said Stefana, who could see it, being taller. "This is as far as we'll get except by osmosis." They practiced osmosis, which necessitated letting go of each other's hands and made Bruna unhappy.

"This is far enough, this is fine here," Bruna kept saying. "I can see everything. There's the roof of the palace. Nothing's going to happen, is it? I mean, will anybody speak?" It was not what she meant, but she did not want to shame her daughter with her fear, her daughter who had not been alive when the stones turned to rubies. And she spoke quietly because although there were so many people pressed and pressing into Roukh Square, they were not noisy. They talked to one another in ordinary, quiet voices. Only now and then, somebody down nearer the palace shouted out a name, and then many other voices would repeat it with a roll and crash like a wave breaking. Then they would be quiet again, murmuring vastly, like the sea between big waves.

The streetlights had come on. Roukh Square was sparsely lighted by tall, old cast-iron standards with double globes that shed a soft light high in the air. Through that serene light, which seemed to darken the sky, came drifting small, dry flecks of snow.

The flecks melted to droplets on Stefana's dark short hair and on the scarf Bruna had tied over her fair short hair to keep her ears warm.

When Stefana stopped at last, Bruna stood up as tall as she could, and because they were standing on the highest edge of the Square, in front of the old dispensary, by craning, she could see the great crowd, the faces like snowflakes, countless. She saw the evening darkening, the snow falling, and no way out, and no way home. She was lost in the forest. The palace, whose few lighted windows shone dully above the crowd, was silent. No one came out, no one went in. It was the seat of government; it held the power. It was the powerhouse, the powder magazine, the bomb. Power had been compressed, jammed into those old reddish walls, packed and forced into them over years, over centuries, till if it exploded, it would burst with horrible violence, hurling pointed shards of stone. And out here in the twilight, in the open, there was nothing but soft faces with shining eyes, soft little breasts and stomachs and thighs protected only by bits of cloth.

She looked down at her feet on the pavement. They were cold. She would have worn her boots if she had thought it was going to snow, if Fana hadn't hurried her so. She felt cold, lost, lonely to the point of tears. She set her jaw and set her lips and stood firm on her cold feet on the cold stone.

There was a sound, sparse, sparkling, faint, like the snow crystals. The crowd had gone quite silent, swept by low laughing murmurs, and through the silence ran that small, discontinuous silvery sound.

"What is that?" asked Bruna, beginning to smile. "Why are they doing that?"

•

This is a committee meeting. Surely you don't want me to describe a committee meeting? It meets as usual on Friday at 11 in the morning in the basement of the Economics Building. At 11 on Friday night, however, it is still meeting, and there are a good many onlookers, several million, in fact, thanks to the foreigner with the camera, a television camera with a long snout, a one-eyed snout that peers and sucks up what it sees. The cameraman focuses for a long time on the tall dark-haired girl who speaks so eloquently in favor of a certain decision concerning bringing a certain man back to the capital. But the millions of onlookers will not understand her argument, which is spoken in her obscure

language and is not translated for them. All they will know is how the eye snout of the camera lingered on her young face, sucking it.

•

This is a love story. Two hours later, the cameraman was long gone, but the committee was still meeting.

"No, listen," she said, "seriously, this is the moment when the betrayal is always made. Free elections, yes; but if we don't look past that now, when will we? And who'll do it? Are we a country or a client state changing patrons?"

"You have to go one step at a time, consolidating——"

"When the dam breaks? You have to shoot the rapids! All at once!"

"It's a matter of choosing direction——"

"Exactly, direction. Not being carried senselessly by events."

"But all the events are sweeping in one direction."

"They always do. Back! You'll see!"

"Sweeping to what, to dependence on the West instead of the East, like Fana said?"

"Dependence is inevitable—realignment, but not occupation——"

"The hell it won't be occupation! Occupation by money, materialism, their markets, their values. You don't think we can hold out against them, do you? What's social justice to a color-TV set? That battle's lost before it's fought. Where do we stand?"

"Where we always stood. In an absolutely untenable position."

"He's right. Seriously, we are exactly where we always were. Nobody else is. We are. They have caught up with us, for a moment, for this moment, and so we can act. The untenable position is the center of power. Now. We can act *now*."

"To prevent color-TVzation? How? The dam's broken! The goodies come flooding in. And we drown in them."

"Not if we establish the direction, the true direction, right now——"

"But will Rege listen to us? Why are we turning back when we should be going forward? If we——"

"We have to establish——"

"No! We have to act! Freedom can be established only in the moment of freedom——"

They were all shouting at once in their hoarse, worn-out voices. They had all been talking and listening and drinking bad coffee and living for days, for weeks, on love. Yes, on love; these are lovers' quarrels. It is for love that he pleads, it is for love that she rages. It was always for love. That's why the camera snout came poking and sucking into this dirty basement room where the lovers meet. It craves love, the sight of love; for if you can't have the real thing, you can watch it on TV, and soon you don't know the real thing from the images on the little screen where everything, as he said, can be done in two seconds. But the lovers know the difference.

•

This is a fairy tale, and you know that in the fairy tale, after it says that they lived happily ever after, there is no after. The evil enchantment was broken; the good servant received half the kingdom as his reward; the king ruled long and well. Remember the moment when the betrayal is made, and ask no questions. Do not ask if the poisoned fields grew white again with grain. Do not ask if the leaves of the forests grew green that spring. Do not ask what the maiden received as her reward. Remember the tale of Koshchey the Deathless, whose life was in a needle, and the needle was in an egg, and the egg was in a swan, and the swan was in an eagle, and the eagle was in a wolf, and the wolf was in the palace whose walls were built of the stones of power. Enchantment within enchantment! We are a long way from the egg that holds the needle that must be broken so Koshchey the Deathless can die. And so the tale ends. Thousands and thousands of people stood on the slanting pavement before the palace. Snow sparkled in the air, and the people sang. You know the song, that old song with words like *land*, *love*, *free*, in the language you have known the longest. Its words make stone part from stone, its words prevent tanks, its words transform the world, when it is sung at the right time by the right people, after enough people have died for singing it.

A thousand doors opened in the walls of the palace. The soldiers laid down their arms and sang. The evil enchantment was broken. The good king returned to his kingdom, and the people danced for joy on the stones of the city streets.

•

And we do not ask what happened after. But we can tell the story over, we can tell the story till we get it right.

"My daughter's on the Committee of the Student Action Council," said Stefan Fabbre to his neighbor Florens Aske as they stood in a line outside the bakery on Pradinestrade. His tone of voice was complicated.

"I know. Erreskar saw her on the television," Aske said.

"She says they've decided that bringing Rege here is the only way to provide an immediate, credible transition. They think the army will accept him."

They shuffled forward a step.

Aske, an old man with a hard brown face and narrow eyes, stuck his lips out, thinking it over.

"You were in the Rege government," Fabbre said.

Aske nodded. "Minister of education for a week," he said, and gave a bark like a sea lion—owp!—a cough or a laugh.

"Do you think he can pull it off?"

Aske pulled his grubby muffler closer round his neck and said, "Well, Rege is not stupid. But he's old. What about that scientist, that physicist fellow?"

"Rochoy. She says their idea is that Rege's brought in first, for the transition, for the symbolism, the link to Fifty-six. And if he survives, Rochoy would be the one they'd run in an election."

"The dream of the election. . . ."

They shuffled forward again. They were now in front of the bakery window, only eight or ten people from the door.

"Why do they put up the old man?" asked the old man. "These boys and girls, these young people. What the devil do they want us for again?"

"I don't know," Fabbre said. "I keep thinking they know what they're doing. She had me down there, you know, made me come to one of their meetings. She came to the lab—Come on, leave that, follow me! I did. No questions. She's in charge. All of them, twenty-two, twenty-three, they're in charge. In power. Seeking structure, order, but very definite: Violence is defeat, to them, violence is the loss of options. They're absolutely certain and completely ignorant. Like spring—like the lambs in spring. They have never done anything and they know exactly what to do."

"Stefan," said his wife, Bruna, who had been standing at his elbow for several sentences, "you're lecturing. Hello, dear. Hello, Florens, I just saw Margarita at the market, we were queuing for cabbages. I'm on my way downtown, Stefan. I'll be back, I don't know, sometime after seven, maybe."

"Again?" he said.

And Aske said, "Downtown?"

"It's Thursday," Bruna said, and bringing up the keys from her handbag, the two apartment keys and the desk key, she shook them in the air before the men's faces, making a silvery jingle; and she smiled.

"I'll come," said Stefan Fabbre.

"Owp! Owp!" went Aske. "Oh, hell, I'll come, too. Does man live by bread alone?"

"Will Margarita worry where you are?" Bruna asked as they left the bakery line and set off toward the bus stop.

"That's the problem with the women, you see," said the old man. "They worry that she'll worry. Yes. She will. And you worry about your daughter, eh?"

"Yes," Stefan said. "I do."

"No," Bruna said, "I don't. I fear her, I fear for her, I honor her. She gave me the keys." She clutched her imitation-leather handbag tight between her arm and side as they walked.

•

This is the truth. They stood on the stones in the lightly falling snow and listened to the silvery, trembling sound of thousands of keys being shaken, unlocking the air, once upon a time.

THE ANDAMAN SEA *(continued from page 92)*

"I watched a sailfish tail-walk across the surface and concluded I didn't have to die to go to heaven."

watched a 120-pound sailfish tail-walk 100 meters across the surface of that mirror, and the fisherman inside me concluded that he didn't have to die to go to heaven.

Of course, if the fish had been on the other end of my line instead of my wife's, I probably would have tried on death after all, just from the pure jolt of adrenaline. I have felt the surge and buck of a marlin and (for a moment) the lilt and pull of a sailfish, and the two are about even in my book. Beauty and the beast. I know they both have their champions, but the Andaman Sea made a sailfish believer of me, because it is the most beautiful fish running. Blue, green and silver blend furiously in the webwork of its sail.

Now, watching it on the end of Patty's line, 400 meters away, I realized this was what I had come for. I needed that realization, because it had been a long, strange trip to the Andaman Sea. The gods of the islanders conspired against me. World politics threw its wrench in, too. But I was on a charter boat named Ocean Bird out of Phuket (the resort town on the southwest coast of Thailand), snug in the piscatorial arena of what I was already beginning to think of as "my lake." Paradise is always a pain in the ass to get to.

"Sorry, sir, we don't do those kinds of tours," said the first travel agent I called. I called him because his name was Ken Fish and he was listed at a New York firm named Adventures in Paradise, and the combination sounded like just what I had in mind. But with the first words out of his mouth, I hit a brick wall. OK, so my reputation as a—how can I put this gracefully?—a *boulevardier* had preceded me. I was a married man now, and of my three obsessions—sex, food and fishing—only the last was left.

"Those kinds of tours" were, obviously enough, sex tours, hedonistic excursions into the fleshpots of Patpong Road, the Cowboy District, Bangkok, Thailand. The Thai sex industry got its kick start from the U.S. military presence during the Vietnam war (ah, the blandishments of imperialism), and now tourism—apparently abetted by the popularity of the sex sallies—is the major source of foreign exchange for the Thai economy, ahead of rice.

So I had a little trouble convincing Fish about the purity of my motives. He actually was one of the few Stateside travel agents who had caught on to the real draw of the Andaman Sea. As the Caribbean gets too familiar and even Australia gets crowded, Thailand looks more and more attractive to the loose coterie of fishing tourists, trophymen and Hemingway clones who travel the international game circuit. Five or even three years ago, Phuket simply did not have the facilities to support serious game fishing. But just recently, the charter business has boomed, and fairly well-equipped boats can be had for about $80 per person or $480 a day.

The Andaman Sea trip was to be my dry run, my first tourist excursion to Thailand since my marriage. Fish, the man, set me up to go after fish, the animal. A man, a plan, a fish—Andaman! He chartered me on the Ocean Bird out of Chalong Bay, Phuket, for a day excursion to Chicken Island for sailfish, stopping for an overnight stay on Phi Phi Island, fishing all through the next day and then returning to Chalong the next evening. He also booked me on a shark-fishing trip along the coastal shelf of the Mergui Archipelago, but I told him that

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trip conflicted with a one-day excursion into the rare precincts of Burma—excuse me, Myanmar. I was disappointed, since shark fishing has the faint tang of danger to it: It's done at night, with the great white as its ultimate prey.

Like all lucky fishing trips, this one started out badly. We flew into Bangkok from Hong Kong, had time for an idle tour of a few nearby wats, then tried to check into the Grace. The Grace Hotel is a little downscale for most people's tastes, but I remembered it fondly—too fondly. "Ah, Mr. Goldstein," the pleasantly happy-faced manager greeted me, and before I could warn him off, he went on: "You want two-girl suite? Air mattress lotsa soap suds," laughing like a maniac. We stayed at the Hilton.

The community of sport fishermen forms a loose-knit private cabal, like that of golf, say, or surfing, though its members would shudder at the comparison. Its top echelon are the trophy hunters, the men who enter tournaments and hire themselves out as guides. I was a parvenu compared with some of those pros, and even the avidity of some amateurs made me look like a mere worm fisher. Melanoma candidates all, parbroiled and wizened as old men, they haunt the shores of Bimini and Perth, making side trips to the Baja, maybe, or Newfoundland.

I traveled to Thailand with a set of two Penn International reels couched in a traveling case lined with black velvet, and a smaller case with two lighter Shimanos. The Penns are the Rolls-Royce of salt-fishing reels (a bad metaphor, since I once owned a Rolls, and it caused me more grief than pleasure). They are beautiful objects, for starters, and resemble nothing in their smooth efficiency more than Swiss-clock escapements. I listed sex, food and fishing as my three obsessions, but I actually have another one, which also survived the matrimonial cut: gadgets. It is wrong to love objects, the philosophers will tell you, but then, no philosopher has ever reeled in a trophy-sized marlin for me.

The Ocean Bird, a rather dumpy-looking white-and-blue 50-footer, chugged out of Chalong Bay, on the eastern side of the finger of land occupied by the paradise known as Phuket Island. Unfortunately, we weren't on it. It chugged back in, picked us up and chugged out again. By nine o'clock, Thai time, we were trolling for tuna, kingfish and sailfish, on our way to Chicken Island. Jonas, our Thai captain and guide, assured me that Chicken Island was the finest sailfish ground in Asia. I had my Penns rigged to 80-pound rods and my Shimanos to 50-pound, and I was all set. Jonas used Jet Plug lures for tuna and knifelike Rapalas for the larger fish, baited with live sardines from the bait tank on board.

On the way out, I began to taste what an amazing fish tank the Andaman is. I was fooling with a smaller rod when Patty pulled in the fattest skipjack tuna I had ever seen. It was barrel-chested, if fish do, indeed, have chests (this one did), and it reminded me of those little overfed dogs elderly people are prone to herd along the sidewalks of New York. Fat tuna meant a happy, healthy food chain: If they were this big this far down in the pecking order, I salivated about what the *really* big fish were like.

I found my answer when what turned out to be a four-foot wahoo suddenly slammed my line. The Shimano whined like a dentist's drill. Thinking I had a trophy-sized sailfish, I immediately asked for the fighting chair when it hit, but the crew just laughed and fitted me with a stand-up harness. Sailfish or no, the wahoo fought like a divorce lawyer, making ragged plunges against the arc of the line, working itself back and forth, testing the limits of its doom. It was fine, high action, and when they gaffed him, I felt a bit of the same thrill I had when I nabbed my first bluefish off the coast of Long Island, lo, these many years ago.

The wahoo's colors fade upon capture, like a street-gang member's colors, and he becomes indistinguishable from his less feisty cousin, the king mackerel. If you can't tell from the fight, you can see what you have as they bring it alongside: The wahoo, what the locals call *Pla Insi*, has distinctive vertical stripes on a silvery body, while the dorsal of the mackerel is the emerald of a dragonfly. But they both turn gray and flat in the air, and Patty and I couldn't tell which was which after she pulled in a mackerel and it was stored next to my wahoo.

But it was sailfish I was after. I had never caught a big one, a keeper, a den ornament. My father had one on the wall of our apartment when I was growing up, and I remember fetishizing it, both as evidence of my father's prowess (it meant, to my young mind, that he would always be there to bring home the kill) and as a harbinger of the wider world of nature, miraculously present in the claustrophobic confines of Brooklyn. The sail fascinated me, even garishly painted as it was. The sail looked unreal, alien, female. I used to pet the fish and pretend to be swimming alongside it. Among the inevitable blows of adolescence was the realization that my father had not, after all, caught the damn thing but had it palmed off on him by the disgusted wife of a divorced fisherman (sooner or later, all fishermen divorce). Later, I accidentally punched a hole in it with a baseball bat, but of course Freud will tell us that there are no accidents.

Now I was in the home court of the sailfish, ready to play H-O-R-S-E for keeps. I fought and caught a wonderful black marlin on the way to Chicken Island, but it was on the small side, even though it took me 30 minutes to land. I was going from one exhilaration to the next, but always in the back of my mind, I thought of the sailfish. I barely glanced at the marlin, though I had sweated for it and it had snapped back my wrists until they ached. I broke open a beer and looked out over the turquoise Andaman where, I was convinced, lay my greater triumphs. We had a lunch of fresh-broiled wahoo drenched in lime: Food, fishing and gadgetry had combined in a vortex of bliss. To paraphrase Dorothy Parker, what fresh heaven is this?

In the afternoon, the clouds broke open and the sun dazzled us, beating down on my skull, enervating me. I tried to stay up for the strike I knew was to come, but I confess I dozed a bit in the full lull of the water. Patty and I were both on the big rods with live bait, and when the strike came, they hit both of our rods at once—the worst possible situation, since the lines can slice each other off. We immediately did as we were trained and set our reels in free position, with just enough drag to prevent backlash. Patty's fish was off port and mine was running away from the stern.

"Steady," said Jonas, unexpectedly close to my ear. My universe had closed down into a tiny window at the end of 250-pound leader, and his voice made me jump. "Get ready . . . set 'em—now!" Patty and I both bucked back to set our hooks, and I had the most marvelous feeling in the world as my fish cleared the water. He was beautiful. Easily bigger than my father's shameless trophy. He slapped the water and then went back up. Newton was wrong, he said. Gravity is the bunk.

We were still not out of the woods. Patty and I were both shouting, screaming, acting like kids, as we were getting settled into the fighting chairs. The two fish came perilously close to tangling once or twice, while the mate dug the motors into the foam and tried to get ahead of them. Finally, both fish were going in the same direction. For the next 40 minutes, time and space telescoped down to me and the fish and the thin filament connecting us. I felt like a kid with a play phone: I had a can with a string, the sailfish had a can with a string and we were holding a dialog. Mostly, what it said was, "Not today, Al." Its airborne flashes never ceased to surprise me, as the line would slack moments later, after the fish had already dived.

"She is a beauty," Jonas said, coaching me, coaxing it. "Maybe one fifty, one seventy-five. Get her close so we can see her." Him, her, it. The sailfish had embraced all permutations of gender.

Patty's fish was already brought up behind the transom, a very respectable fish. As the mate grabbed the leader, she said something that clutched at my throat. "Let it go," she told the mate. "It's too beautiful to kill." Jonas said later that it was a 120-pounder, easy, "a

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KING SIZE
Winston

keeper." In a way, the release of Patty's fish made my battle more desperate. I worked my fish back to gain some line.

Ten minutes later, he cleared again, and the whole crew ooh'd and ahh'd. I could hear the camera shutters going off as though I were at a film opening. I began to get cocky. The fish made a big circle and came to the surface, his tail clearing, his dorsal fin raked back, purple in the blazing sunlight. Then he heaved himself up and rolled onto his back, snapping the hook out of his throat and sending the leader zinging back through the air like a reject letter.

I was crushed. Zen Buddhism, I thought. Maybe I'll take up Zen Buddhism. The agony of the loss upset me all the more because Patty had given her fish back to the sea. Had I been too greedy? If I had offered to cut mine loose, would it have offered to come willingly into the boat? A pall settled over the whole afternoon. I was baiting hooks and sending out lines, but I was just going through the motions. We gave up early and headed back to Phi Phi Island, where we were to stay for the night. I resolved to get off the boat and stay off it, finished with fishing for the trip.

Phi Phi is almost pornographically beautiful, huge cliff formations and humpbacked hills rising directly from the sea, below which, on sugar-white beaches off a tremendous lagoon, there are a few bungalows. I saw none of this, of course. I was still stewing in my funk. I left Patty and headed for the crude bar as soon as we docked.

"Al, old buddy!" an ugly American greeted me. A fan, he said. I was in no mood, but I got into a conversation, anyway. "No girls here" was his opening gambit, "so what are you doing here?" Ah-ha-ha-ha.

"I came here to fish," I said.

"Sure, sure," he said, and winked. He wouldn't believe me, wanted to know if I had discovered some sort of ultimate whorehouse tucked away in the forest.

"Fishing is lousy," I told him. "I'm going to Burma."

"Burma? I wouldn't go there," he responded. The political situation was getting dicier by the day. It was getting so bad that pretty soon, P. J. O'Rourke was going to show up. "I wouldn't go there," he repeated, trying to sound like an old hand. I had a beer and formulated a rule of thumb for international travel: Never schedule a visit to a country that has recently undergone a name change. And an addendum: Never enter a country whose government is promising free elections sometime soon.

Patty came and soothed me. Canceling the Burmese trip would mean we could stay and go shark fishing the next night. The word fishing still grated a bit, but I could feel my resistance lessening. So it was that I found myself leaving Patong Beach in the late afternoon, again aboard the Ocean Bird, which this time out was a little smellier. I found out why later, when an hour past dark, we arrived at our destination: a reef that held the wreck of a Japanese war boat. We cruised toward it and the mate tossed out buckets of rank-smelling chum into the water behind us to attract the fish that would attract the sharks. Then we anchored above the wreck.

"Watch this," Jonas said, hooking in a buoy with his gaffe. He connected a line to the boat and flicked a switch. Ninety feet below, klieg lights went on and lit up the shell of a sunken torpedo boat. It was ghostly, chilling, utterly beautiful. I felt I was looking down into someone's secrets. Fish attracted by the light came in whole schools. It was touristy, but it was brilliant.

"President Kennedy sank this boat. PT 109," Jonas told me with a straight face. Uh-huh, I thought. Wasn't he a bit to the east during the big one? I imagined hulk after hulk scattered across the Pacific, each claimed to be a Kennedy kill, like relics of the cross. We unplugged our little Disney World and cruised back in a wide circle, picking up the wake where we had dropped the chum. You could still see the dim trail of phosphorus in the water. Now and then, it swirled as it was cut with a dorsal fin.

Seeing a lot of sharks in one place has the same effect as seeing a lot of death-row murderers gathered together, or politicians or airline ticket agents—it raises the hackles on the back of your neck. I had a strike as soon as my line went out, before I even decided whether I wanted a strike or not. If having a sailfish on your line is like going to a ballet, hooking a shark is like a heavy-metal concert. You can feel the steady power as the fish churns remorselessly forward. No real thrash in the fight, just a draining pull.

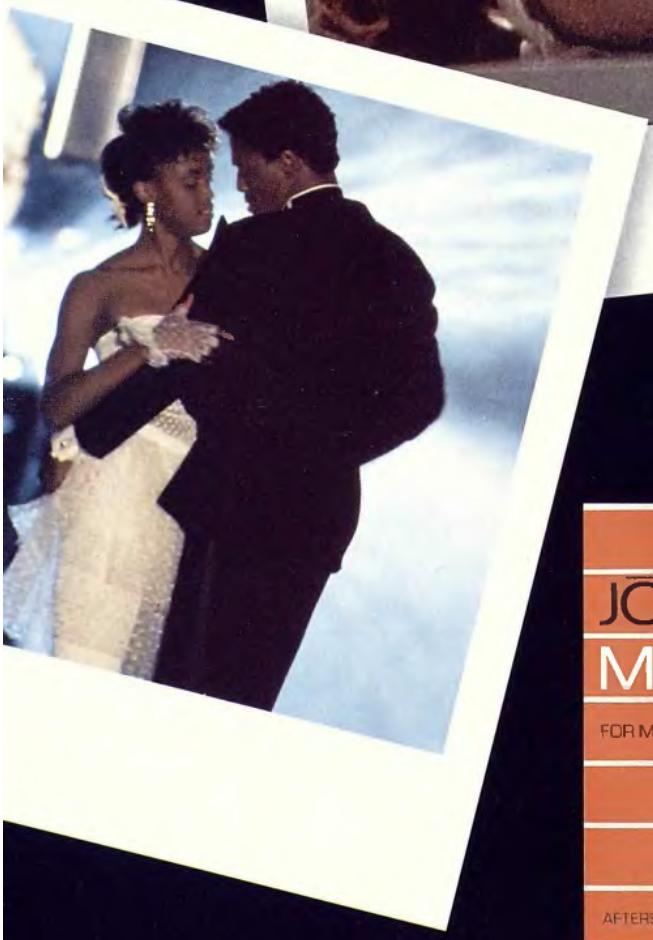
"Let her go, Big Al," Jonas said. We had pulled out of the chum line and he had trained his lights on my prey, an evil-looking, blank-eyed thug. "She is too small."

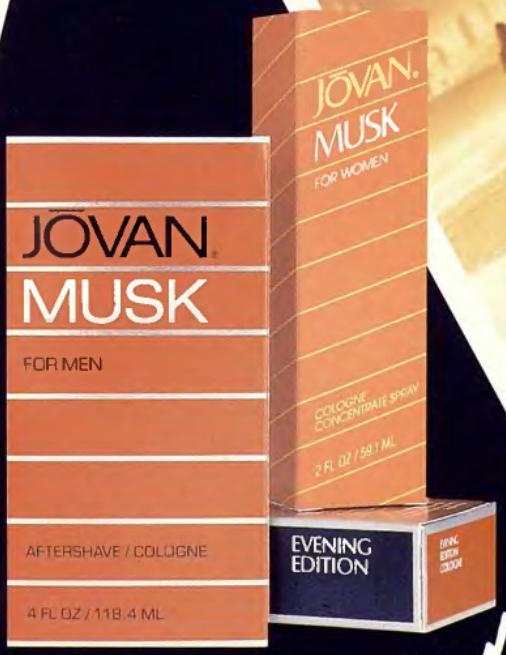
"No!" I said. "No more giving back." I wanted this sea, so rich in everything, to give me something from its treasure chest, even if the jewel were cursed. The shark was half dead when we pulled it alongside and all dead when the mate put a bullet into it with his .38.

"Congratulations," Jonas told me. "You just caught a great white." *That* was a great white? Jesus, I thought, Spielberg must really be a genius if he can make something so small look so big. "A baby one," Jonas added, and I understood. I had caught one of the smallest great whites Phuket had ever seen, or, rather, had ever not seen, since I slipped it into the harbor without fanfare. I didn't care if I had to hide it. I felt proprietary toward it by then. He may be a bastard, I paraphrased Nixon voters, but he's *my* bastard.

A cobbler in Hong Kong has the skin of him right now, and I hope he is in the process of turning it into a pair of size 11s for me. Transformations more miraculous than that have been known to occur: The shark's grin is replacing a woman's smile as the symbol of Thailand for me, and the flash of sail fin is holding more attraction than a whole street of night clubs.

What is sexy?





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What sexy is.

 (continued from page 112)

"Ferrari price advances have been phenomenal. A 1967 275 GTB/4 is now more than $1,000,000."

and baseball's Reggie Jackson, who amassed several garages of old ZL-1 Camaros, LS6 Chevelles and early 'Vettes. Prices, not surprisingly, soared.

FERRARI MADNESS

Over the years, the values of Ferraris have skyrocketed, taking over as the make most coveted by collectors. The Ferrari boom is often attributed to designer Ralph Lauren, who, several years ago, began buying them up at what he termed "tomorrow's prices, today." To keep a low profile, he used Ferrari expert Stan Nowak to make his purchases.

Ferrari price advances have been phenomenal. A 1967 model 275 GTB/4 that cost $14,000 new climbed to $45,000 in 1980, $75,000 in 1985 and then—fueled by a speculative frenzy—shot up to more than $1,000,000 by mid-1989. Other Ferrari models followed suit proportionally. With the dollar's plunge against the yen and the Deutsche mark, Asian and European speculators drove prices even higher.

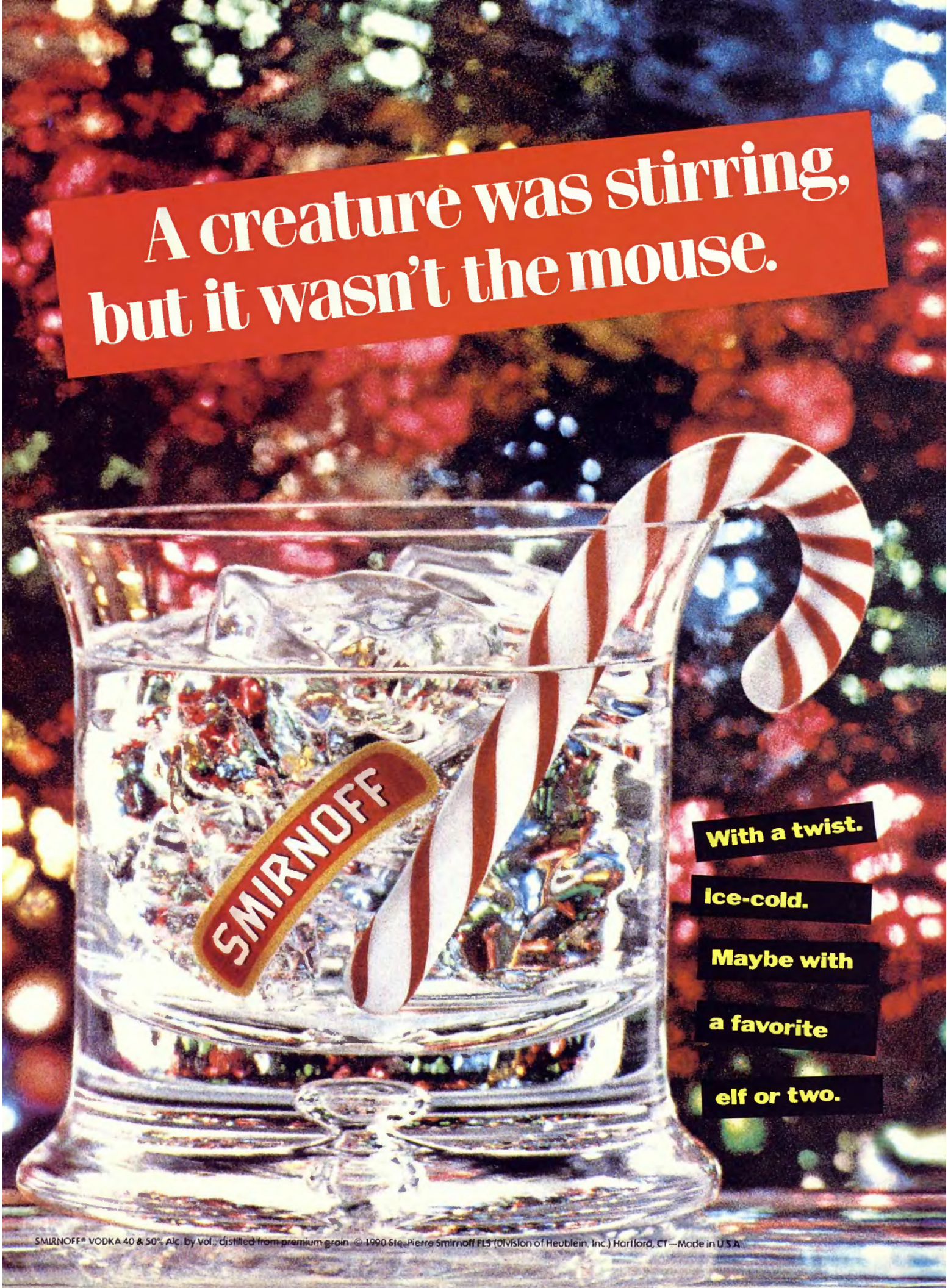
For a while, it seemed as though there were no limits. As Ferraris established a steadily increasing bench mark—and set the pace for the entire collector-car market—frenzied collectors began snapping up Shelby Cobras, C- and D-Type

MILLION-DOLLAR BABIES

CAR	ORIGINAL COST	1970	1980	1985	1990	2000
1907 ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER GHOST	$4500*	$10,000	$75,000	$350,000	$2,800,000	$4,500,000**
1929 DUESENBERG J ROADSTER	$14,000	$75,000	$400,000	$1,000,000	$2,000,000	$3,500,000
1937 MERCEDES-BENZ 540K ROADSTER	$6500*	$45,000	$75,000	$450,000	$4,500,000	$6,500,000
1955 BMW 507 ROADSTER	$6200	$10,000	$35,000	$75,000	$375,000	$500,000
1955 MERCEDES-BENZ 300SL GULLWING	$7300	$5000	$45,000	$200,000	$500,000	$1,000,000
1962 FERRARI 250 GTO	$19,500*	$15,000	$150,000	$650,000	$10,800,000	$20,000,000
1966 SHELBY 427 COBRA	$7000	$12,000	$35,000	$75,000	$300,000	$500,000
1966 FORD GT-40 COUPE	$16,500	$15,000	$40,000	$400,000	$1,500,000	$2,500,000
1973 FERRARI 365 GTB/4 DAYTONA SPYDER	$19,500	NA	$120,000	$145,000	$900,000	$1,500,000

*Estimated original cost.

**Estimated prices for the year 2000 are based on projected trends and the current value of the dollar. (The other prices are representative of approximate market values and may vary according to condition of car.)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Jaguars (and the extremely rare Jaguar XK-SS), Aston Martins, early Lamborghinis, Maseratis and Mercedes-Benz 300SL Gullwings.

OVERNIGHT CLASSICS

Recognizing a limit to the number of older classic cars on the market, manufacturers found ways to create new collectibles. Porsche took the first step when it built a few hundred copies of its all-wheel-drive, super-high-tech 959 in 1986. The 959 was built for European Group B racing, but when the formula was canceled, the auto maker was stuck with a group of unraceable supercars—that is, until someone in Stuttgart decided to build them for the street. Former Porsche president Peter Schutz wasn't expecting to sell the company's 200 or so supply of the $250,000 cars, but collectors and speculators soon proved him wrong.

Ferrari pulled the same coup with its 288 GTO. With 272 built, prices soon soared past the $1,000,000 mark. This encouraged Ferrari management to build a second limited-edition model, the F40, which currently lists about $400,000. It is trading for twice that sum and should top the $1,500,000 mark within five years.

Alfa Romeo and Aston Martin also built their own limited editions. Ford of England found a way to move most of its obsolete (but still wickedly quick) RS200 all-wheel-drive rally cars. And the parade of instant collectibles is expected to continue: Jaguar racer Tom Walkinshaw plans to release a limited series of 40 thinly disguised Jaguar V12-powered race cars for the street. Jaguar's twin-turbo V6 supercar, now the XJ220, is already sold out. Mercedes-Benz is toying with a limited-edition street version of its Group C endurance racers. And in Italy, a car is planned with the revered Bugatti name.

WHEELS ON DISPLAY

For those of us who will never own a million-dollar car, much less a collection, there are at least places to see them. Top museums such as The National Automobile Museum in Reno, the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan, and the Behring Museum outside San Francisco are three of the best. Car shows are held from coast to coast, including the giant Antique Automobile Club of America fall meet in Hershey, Pennsylvania; Rochester, Michigan's, elegant Meadowbrook Concours d'Elegance; and Monterey, California's, Pebble Beach extravaganza.

FORECASTING FUTURE HOT WHEELS

In addition to blue-chip classics of the Twenties and Thirties, pre- and postwar racing cars as well as several limited-edition modern classics remain high on top collectors' acquisition lists. Savvy investors might also think about salting a newer car or two away. Limited-production models such as today's Porsche 911 Speedster, Corvette ZR-1 and the Lotus Elan are all candidates for future fame. That old Corvette bought 30 years ago is now worth more than ten times its original price. The same thing may be true someday for your Mazda Miata.

When asked to pick the cars most likely to increase in value over the next decade, California auctioneer Rick Cole, who specializes in contemporary sports cars, put Japan's first supercar, the Toyota 2000GT, on the top of his "Platinum List." "They're approaching one hundred thousand dollars now," he says, "and are likely to double in price in ten years." Cole also believes that buyers who ante up $500,000 for 1954–1957 Mercedes 300 SL Gullwings today will soon see a 50 percent increase in their investment.

Cole's eclectic tastes also run from early-Thirties Packard roadsters and phaetons to Porsche speedsters of the Fifties. He's bullish on obsolete racers, particularly Can-Am, Formula 5000 and Indy cars, as well as BMW's limited-edition M1 sports coupes, the big, brutal 427 Shelby Cobras of 1966–1967 and the Ferrari F40.

If you're interested in checking out models currently on the market, pick up a copy of the *du Pont Registry*. This glossy monthly magazine offers the most comprehensive photographic listing of classic, luxury and exotic wheels for sale.

Regardless of which car you choose, try to buy what you like and be prepared to keep it for a while. Convertibles (with 300SL Gullwings an exception) are usually worth more than closed models of the same type. Clean, low-mileage unrestored cars are more desirable than high-mileage restored models.

Pedigree also counts, as does competition record. Finally, a famous-owner or one-owner history is a plus. But be careful. If every Caddy convertible allegedly owned by Elvis really did belong to the King, he'd have had more cars than Hertz.

Guidelines for collecting classic and exotic automobiles are the same as those used by connoisseurs of fine art, rare books, coins or other objects of great value. The difference? As a car collector, you can drive your investment home—carefully. Happy hunting.

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SHERILYN FENN

(continued from page 84)

days of glitter rock. Sherilyn wasn't exactly born in a trunk. Maybe a Marshall amp case.

Her mother's sisters, one of whom was Suzi Quatro, had an all-girl band. At one point, they lost their keyboard player and Sherilyn's mom joined up. Sherilyn's father managed the band. Mom served a two-year hitch until Suzi moved to England.

Sherilyn never considered following in her mother's platformed footsteps: "My mother was a product of the time she grew up in. You were supposed to get married, have children and that was it. She married right out of high school. She was a virgin and so was my father. They had three kids by the time they were twenty-three and twenty-five. They had no idea who they were; consequently, they spent the rest of their lives trying to find themselves."

Along that road, Mom and company moved to Beverly Hills when Sherilyn was 17. She said she wanted to be an actress, so instead of attending Beverly Hills High School, she enrolled at Lee Strasberg's Actor's Studio, then promptly dropped out. She has since worked with other respected coaches, but back then, she says, "I didn't have any discipline. I didn't want to have to hold a coffee cup that wasn't there for half an hour. I wanted to go out to clubs. I wanted to be seventeen in Beverly Hills.

"I met an agent and he was a jerk. Then I met another agent, Cynthia Campos-Greenberg, who is still my agent, and she really inspired me. She taught me things. She lit a fire in me that I didn't know existed. I started to want to act for reasons other than wanting to be a movie star. I realized that being emotional is great; it doesn't mean something is wrong with you. I realized that you could grow from acting."

Lucid, sculptural, unpresumptuous Sherilyn Fenn made her movie debut at 17. In Yugoslavia. Playing a shy rich girl in a sort of Yugoslavian coed *Lord of the Flies*. "I remember blowing my first scene. I said, 'Cut!' I didn't know the director was supposed to say that."

The film was not a hit. Nor were the 13 or so other films she was in over the next seven years. Some weren't released. Some went straight to video. But she got a lot of on-the-set experience in teen-exploitation movies playing "the pretty one who likes the guy" or "the cute and spunky one," but her repertoire grew up fast with *Two Moon Junction*, a sort of combination *Gone with the Wind* and *Emmanuelle* directed by Zalman King, the screenwriter and producer of *9½ Weeks*.

Sherilyn got the starring role shortly after dyeing her beautiful long brown hair platinum blonde. "I was searching for things and I wasn't looking within

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myself; I was looking on the outside, as we maybe do at twenty years old. Two days later, somebody called me a dumb blonde when I made a turn without signaling. It really stunned me. Then it sank in. Oh, yeah, I'm a blonde."

That's not why she went back to brown. But maybe she wanted to get away from that *Two Moon Junction* look, since reviews tended to concentrate on the sexual aspects of her performance.

"The nudity in *Two Moon Junction* was really scary, but that's one of the reasons I did it. I didn't want to make choices that would always put me in a place that was comfortable and secure. I had never done nudity. I'm not the kind of person who runs down the beach in a G string, so I thought, God, how would I respond in these situations? I thought interesting things would happen and I would grow. Interesting things did happen. I cried at the end of all my love scenes."

When David Lynch and his collaborating writer-producer Mark Frost called, Sherilyn went to see them, even though she didn't have much interest in TV and wasn't crazy about the script for the *Twin Peaks* TV-movie pilot. She had seen *Blue Velvet* and was intrigued. Lynch doesn't have actors read, he just meets with them; and during the course of Sherilyn's meeting with him, she let it out that she didn't like the script very much. "Everybody's sleeping with everybody. Why don't they solve the murder? Why drag this murder out over seven episodes? I don't think they liked me very much at first, but somehow, I was in the running. I did a reading for the network and before I knew it, we were doing the show."

But once candid, able and collected Sherilyn Fenn saw the premiere episode, she realized that she was part of something important, that she was doing the first work that she really liked in her whole life. And it wasn't hard. Sherilyn says, "Sometimes after an episode, David will call and say, 'Sixty million people just watched you. Sixty million.'"

Alert, unblinking, pacific Sherilyn, for her part, now loves *Twin Peaks* and its pretty citizen Audrey Horne. "She's been great for me. She has brought out a side of me that's more mischievous and fun that I had suppressed, trying to be an adult. She has made it OK to use the power one has as a woman to be manipulative at times, to be precocious. She goes after what she wants vehemently and she takes it. I think that's really admirable. I love that about her."

Do you think she'll end up with agent Cooper?

"Hell, yeah. She'd better. I'm counting on it."

Maybe she will, if she gets her diploma. Does she find her director a strange bird, a "Jimmy Stewart from Mars," as Mel Brooks has described him? Not at all. He's a hard-working, caring director. A pal.

"David asked me if I had seen *Eraserhead*. I told him I hadn't. He said, 'Sherilyn Fenn, do you want children?' I said yes. He said, 'Then you have to see *Eraserhead*. You have to watch it at eleven o'clock at night in a darkened room on a TV set with good volume.' But if he intended to discourage me from wanting to have children, it didn't work."

Tranquil, fluid, wavy Sherilyn is an Aquarius. She has psychic abilities; she can tell when people are lying. She doesn't like parties, she doesn't like clubs, she likes restaurants, especially ones with great Italian food and good chianti. She is part Italian (Quatro is short for Quatrocchio), part Irish (Fenn), part Hungarian (rebel) and part French (Chanel). She hasn't had a tan in years and, on reflection, never really liked having one. She likes cold, rainy weather.

One of young, crystalline, modulated Sherilyn's ambitions is to be cast in the title role in *The Clara Bow Story*, a project that's ongoing in Hollywood. She was turned on to the silent-screen star by her friend Prince.

The Clara Bow Story as told by Sherilyn Fenn: "She grew up in New Jersey. She wanted to be a movie star when she was sixteen and she had ideas about living a wild, exciting, crazy life and meeting all these people and having people putting on her make-up and touching her up all the time. So she moved to Hollywood and did it, but by the time she was twenty-six, she had completely outgrown Hollywood. She retired, she got married and lived out on a ranch. People said she had quit because she couldn't make it in talkies, so she went back to Hollywood for a year and made it successfully in talkies. Then she went back to the ranch. She had outgrown the lifestyle.

"I can relate to that. I'm twenty-five now. I don't think I'll want to retire in a year, but there are a lot of things I want to do in my life besides act. I want to see the world. I want a family. I want children. I'd like to write. This is an insatiable town."

Concise, reasonable, earnest, blooming Sherilyn Fenn does not appear insatiable. Her appetites seem quite reasonable, her desires on the moderate side. Some good challenging roles. A good man. Some kids. Maybe an early retirement. A ranch. Maybe a brief comeback. Nothing outlandish. Just the stuff of which normal legends are made.

"This is the first job you've had in six months! I want a divorce!"

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Photo by James Robinson

PENTAX® SF10

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THE HOLIDAYS *(continued from page 168)*

"Santa Fe is good news for the world-weary holiday escapee who's looking for a forgiving, healing sky."

country without leaving the United States. It's true that the city of Santa Fe and the state of New Mexico have had European settlers for as long as any place in America. But that doesn't stop visitors from asking local merchants where they can change dollars for pesos nor asking their travel agents whether they need a passport to travel there.

All this is good news for the world-weary holiday escapee who is looking for a forgiving, healing sky. Santa Fe was founded by Franciscan Fathers in the early 1600s as a writers' and artists' center. The setting couldn't have been better, situated as it is on a 7000-foot-high plateau in the middle of the sagebrush-strewn Southwestern desert. To the east are twin-peaked mountains that some Indians believed were the breasts of the god from whose white-capped peaks we were created. The Spanish would have none of that and renamed them for the blood of Christ, or Sangre de Cristo. To the west, the Jemez Mountains swell up like a geological crescendo. The sky is the color of polished turquoise and the air is dry and clear. For some reason, the high desert terrain seems to put nature on alert and makes it stand at attention. In the Twenties, D. H. Lawrence and Georgia O'Keefe were lured to the Santa Fe area. Nowadays, Gene Hackman, Robert Redford and James Taylor are some of the people who may be buying their newspaper next to you in town.

Santa Fe is still known for its arts community. It has the highest per-capita percentage of galleries and artists in the world. You can stay in town at La Posada de Santa Fe, a 108-year-old Victorian mansion with both guest rooms and *casitas* with fireplaces arranged on a six-and-a-half-acre site. Eight miles north of town, in Tesuque, is the Rancho Encantado—a resort nestled in the hills whose adobe buildings offer some of the most gracious accommodations in the area. Either way, you will want to rummage around, as Santa Fe has a wide variety of contemporary art and is the best area in which to buy Indian art: jewelry, pottery, weavings, paintings, kachina dolls and baskets.

During the holidays, Santa Fe puts on its Christmas costume. That includes *farolitos*—candles anchored with sand in paper sacks—which outline houses and businesses. During the nine nights before Christmas, special bonfires called *luminarias* blaze for Las Posadas pageants, which are re-enactments of Joseph and Mary's search for shelter. There are as many variations of the procession as there are parishes in Santa Fe, but each is infused with Spanish and folkloric touches. The atmosphere that seems to waft from this simple pageantry can pierce the most cynical of spirits.

"They're for all my old girlfriends. I like to think of myself as the Ghost of Christmas Past."

TALL TIMBER

If you're in the mood for total seclusion during the holidays, there's a resort high in the Colorado mountains—inaccessible and the only privately owned land in the San Juan Forest. During most seasons, Tall Timber accepts guests, as well as provisions and supplies, via the famous 100-year-old narrow-gauge Silverton train that meanders through canyons and rocky cliffs for two hours from Durango.

In winter, however, the only way to get there is by helicopter. There are no phones, just a two-way radio linkup with the outside world. The resort is designed not to distract you from the spectacular scenery. And at Christmas, Tall Timber makes special use of its remoteness. All of its buildings are outlined in lights. There are ten two-story chalets, each outfitted with a fireplace, several bedrooms and its own Christmas tree. Santa shows up on Christmas Eve and distributes gifts to the guests. And when you're not being pampered with sensational food, you can cross-country ski or relax in outdoor hot tubs surrounded by fresh snow. Skiers are helicoptered to nearby slopes. At Tall Timber, a snowy silence takes over and you won't hear a peep—or a beeper—from the world from which you came.

HOTEL BEL-AIR

Although the best strategy for enduring the holidays may be to hide out, there's no reason to skimp on accommodations. Los Angeles' Hotel Bel-Air is on just about everyone's best-hotels list as a refuge of an extremely high order; and it has undergone a renovation that rated a ten-page *Architectural Digest* salute.

This is a hotel without lobbies, elevators or hallways. Its 11 and a half flowered acres are home to 92 rooms and suites, each individually designed and outfitted to meet the standards of a clientele among the most powerful in the world. It's an environment in which guests know they will not be disturbed—by *paparazzi*, by a mediocre meal or by a room appointment out of place.

A Los Angeles Christmas can seem almost a contradiction in cultural terms, but that will fade with pampering of the kind the Bel-Air routinely offers.

We've grown up with the idea that the holidays are a special time—overflowing with good cheer and love for our fellow man. Nothing's worse, however, than finding ourselves in an environment whose psychological ecosystem presents us with expectations we're not ready to fulfill. The good news is that we can just say no. And then go off and have ourselves a merry little Christmas of our own design.

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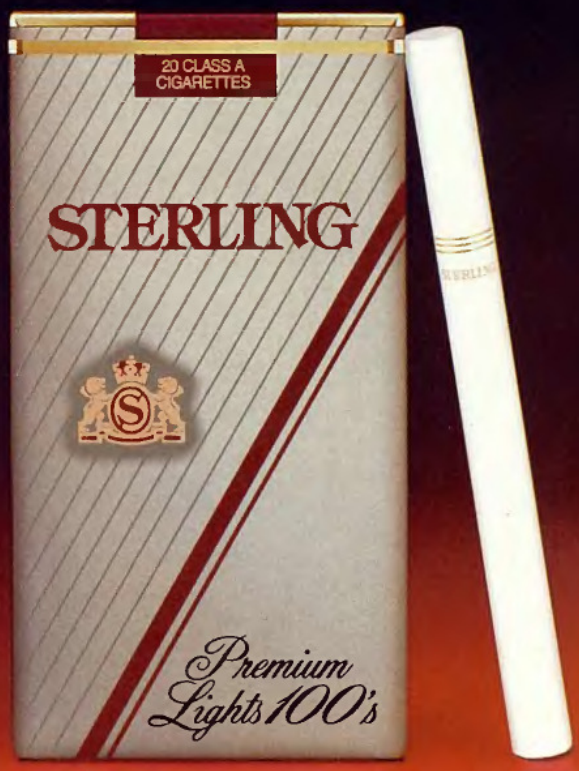

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GIBBERISH

(continued from page 154)

few pages in the sheaf, nodding deliberately, and then picked up the pace with his sharp chin. Finally, he shut the folder, raised it and, walking around the desk, presented it to Phipps with a crisp and positive gesture, like a drill sergeant returning a rifle to a recruit after finding it suitably clean. He clapped Phipps on the shoulder and uttered what, by its tone, could only be an affirmative sentiment.

Folder under his arm, Phipps left. He now felt so confident that he was able to pass Barbara with a smile and a wink. As to Fallon, however, he could not be so easygoing. Now was the time if there ever was one when, backed up by his new support from Nebling, he could try to even the score with his superior.

Fallon was on the telephone when he entered but soon hung up and, babbling amiably, indicated that Phipps should take one of the chairs that faced him.

Phipps, however, thrust the folder across the desk. "You fool," he tried to say. "John Nebling and I agree that this plan of yours is disastrous. John was so furious about it that he even began to consider whether you might be an *agent provocateur* planted on us by one of our competitors. But I saved your job. I assured him you were too dumb to play such a role!" With a cruel grin, he dropped the folder on the royal-blue blotter in its rosewood frame.

All of what Phipps had wanted to say came out in the now-usual nonsense sounds, and he could not imagine what interpretation Fallon could possibly make of it, but the man was smiling as he opened the folder and began to examine its contents.

After a moment, Phipps sat down. He experienced some failure of nerve. It was all very well to pretend to be having fun, making the best of a bad job, but if looked at clearly, his predicament was disastrous. Thus far today, he had proved absolutely incapable of communicating with his fellow human beings. How could any good come of that?

Fallon looked up from the papers, smiling more broadly than ever, tapped them with his forefinger and said something obviously approving. Then he put his hands behind his head and leaned back. He gave every appearance of being expansive, gestured benevolently and spoke at length, with genial simpers here and there and even, in conclusion, a wink. Finally, he stood up and put his outstretched hand across the desk.

Phipps really had no option but to accept it and return the warmth of the grasp. He was willing to consider that he had misjudged Fallon in the past: After all, the man was always under unbearable pressure from his own superiors. Although Nebling had been a nice guy today, it was unrealistic to assume he had got where he was by kindness. Surely, he had been at least as rough on Fallon as the latter had been on Phipps. Maybe Fallon was a better fellow than could be expected. Phipps found that his own apparent success, in a situation that could have been calamitous, made him more generous to his fellow man.

He returned to his own desk, where a stuffed IN basket awaited him. One by one, he found the documents therein to be as undecipherable as the oral language that he had been hearing all day and saw that he had no choice but to dispose of them in the same cavalier fashion as he had dealt with the spoken word. Some papers he initialed forthwith and tossed into the OUT basket. Others that bore densely printed texts he simply slipped into the waste can, but anything showing a graph was first defaced with a felt-tipped pen.

Occasionally, such work was interrupted by the buzzing of the telephone. As he had no idea of what the caller said, Phipps showed ever less patience with each, until finally, his response was simply to lift the receiver, say, "You're talking absolute crap," and hang up.

The strain of so performing, however, had begun to tell on him by lunchtime, and although John C. Nebling had sent for him to eat in the corporate dining room—an invitation he understood only after Barbara had led him there—he had no anticipatory appetite.

His mood changed when he recognized some other guests who had arrived before him: among them, the governor of the state, the mayor of the city and a number of the best-known local businessmen, including several who had attained celebrity across the nation, if not the world. Phipps was no longer depressed. He was now terrified.

But the governor, a large silver-maned man with an outsized set of sparkling teeth, seized Phipps's hand with his own and pumped it, then acted as his ambassador to the others, each of whom naturally addressed him in gibberish, but it was obviously benign.

The dining room, which he had never seen before except in photographs, was quite a splendid, chandeliered place and large enough to seat several hundred people. He found himself at the long head table, on a dais at a right angle to the tables of the other guests. He was flanked by the governor and the mayor. Across the wall behind him was stretched a huge white banner displaying a legend in blue letters. He could make no sense of the words thereby formed, but in a moment, he had remembered seeing a recent report on TV news to the effect that as one phase of the strenuous effort currently being made to dissuade businesses from leaving city and state, an Outstanding Executive of the Month would be chosen

from among the local firms for public commendation. The reporter did not fail wryly to note that the meal served at such ceremonies would be paid for by the company receiving the reflected honor, and not the taxpayer.

Phipps's inclusion in the event was an unexpected benefit of the new esteem in which he was held by John C. Nebling, who until a few hours before would barely have recognized his name. It was very satisfying to be in the company of those to whom success and power were routine, even if nothing said by any of them was comprehensible to him. His terror began to ebb. He chuckled at what were surely supposed to be the witticisms of the mayor, who was noted for his puckish humor, and murmured in response to the paternal-sounding remarks made to him by the governor. He even swallowed a few bites of his chicken, which turned out to be better than he expected, having heard such fodder routinely disparaged by those who ate it regularly. By the end of the meal, he felt so at ease, in fact, that he was about to try a little joke of his own on the mayor when John C. Nebling stood up behind the lectern at the middle of the table.

Phipps, of course, understood nothing of what the big boss was saying, but he nodded here and there as if he did and joined heartily in the applause that came when Nebling finished. But then, in horror, he saw Nebling beckoning to him. By the time he had at last struggled to his feet, hindered rather than aided by the governor's powerful pats on the back, Phipps was so desperate he might have bolted from the room had Nebling, blocking the route of escape, not thrust a varnished plaque into his hands.

He could not read the words that were incised into the bronze tablet affixed to its face but eventually realized that he had been chosen as the Outstanding Executive of the Month—and obviously was obliged to say a few audible words of thanks. . . .

Then it occurred to him that he could say anything he wished to this roomful of influential citizens, for there had now been sufficient precedent to suppose that his words would be received by the audience as at least meaningful enough.

But when a simple "I had not expected this, but I'm pleased to receive it" was followed by deafening applause, and a reference to Nebling's leadership as having been "an inspiration to himself and all his colleagues" evoked an explosion of laughter, he grew bold. "And, hey, you understand I'm speaking not of business but of sex!" He looked at the boss and said, "You randy old bastard, you." To his ears, this was gibberish, and it could hardly have been understood by those to whom it was addressed, for Nebling himself was still smiling benevolently.

Feeling his oats, Phipps next turned to the mayor. "Your Honor—I use the title loosely, for you've proved in the past three years that whatever you have, it's certainly not honor!" The mayor participated energetically in the general roar of laughter. Phipps went on, "But you're not quite the number-one crook in this state. That designation has to go to this big smiling fraud on my right, our sainted governor, who spends more on hair spray than on our schools."

Phipps gestured at the official so named and got a standing ovation. Then he proceeded to deride those who were celebrating him. "As for you idiots, you haven't the dimmest understanding of what I am saying, have you? And I admit that the same thing is true of me: Not only can't I comprehend anything said by you, but I can't make sense of a word I myself utter aloud, though my thoughts are as rational as ever. I can't explain this bizarre state of affairs, but since it's come about, I have been much more successful at work than I ever was before, and I suspect the same will be true of my love life, which hitherto has been lackluster at best; at worst, humiliating. I don't mind boasting that since I have accepted a world in which words make no sense, I have prospered, and I'm sure that if I go beyond that and embrace it, I shall be invincible!"

Again the audience rose to its feet, and now it remained so, the applause reverberating from floor to chandelier. The mayor put Phipps in a bear hug, and the governor placed a hand on each of his shoulders and, looking down, irradiated him with the grandest smile of all. After each of the officials had said a few (incomprehensible) words from the lectern, gesturing lavishly at Phipps, they took their leave, followed by TV cameramen, and Nebling linked arms with Phipps and led him back to the west wing, trailed at a respectful distance by a group of obsequious subordinates, among whom were Fallon and the others who had once lorded it over him. Nebling spoke in a tone of lively affection, and Phipps was sure he was being promoted, with a substantial raise in pay. By now, he could *feel* such messages and with a certainty he had never been able to associate with words, which by their nature were so ambiguous—think, for example, of all the possible connotations of "success," or "prestige," or, for that matter, "love."

With his new-found sense of power, Phipps decided, after leaving Nebling in the latter's office—and speaking some rubbish to Barbara that obviously left her eating her heart out for him—to go home. Anything further would have been by way of anticlimax. He would come back on the following morning, prepared to begin a campaign, the aim of which could not be other than eventually to unseat John C. Nebling himself. There was no reason to set any limit whatever on the reach of nonsense. He

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could say anything at all to other people, and they would inevitably interpret it to his advantage. He might well go on to become mayor or governor, and more.

At his current elevation, he did not belong on a bus. He therefore walked around the corner to the one-way cross street that went in the direction of his apartment and looked for a taxi. A young man in business attire, including a gray felt hat, approached him, smiling.

When he was near Phipps, he opened his soft-sided briefcase and displayed the revolver within. "Look at this," he said, "and give me your money."

"*I can understand you!*" Phipps shouted. "You're the first person I can understand since I got up this morning!" The man scowled and reached into the briefcase. "God!" Phipps cried. "What a relief! I thought I was crazy."

"Stop that noise," said the man.

"Only," Phipps said, the implication having struck him now, "what's that going to mean to my career, my life? How can I return to being what I was?"

"You're one of those jerks who read that if you act crazy and babble away, you'll scare a robber off," the man said scornfully. "I'm telling you for the last time to knock off that gibberish and give me your money, or I'll kill you."

"You don't understand," Phipps shouted. Desperate to get his meaning across, he clutched at the man's lapels. "Suddenly, I had it all because of this weird thing that came over me—oddly enough, not the magical power to *do* something but rather the lack of——"

The holdup man twisted away, took the gun from the briefcase and shot him and, as Phipps was falling, said with contempt, "Either you don't speak English or you want to be a hero. So where did it get you?"

Lying on his side on the pavement, Phipps watched the man walk rapidly away and be replaced by a crowd of other people, some of whom knelt near him and asked questions that he was in no condition to answer, for now he could not speak at all. But there would have been little point in trying to inform them he was dying: That was surely self-evident and, like all the essential matters, beyond words.

GLAS ACT

(continued from page 116)

American market opened up) have made enormous headway in the United States. Although over-all liquor sales here have declined about 24 percent since 1979, sales of imported vodkas have shot up significantly.

The origin of vodka is still a matter of dispute between Russians and Poles, who have argued heatedly for centuries over which of their countries deserves credit. The word itself comes from a Russian diminutive for *voda*, which means water. But *voda* has been applied to a whole range of spirits, including those made from wine grapes, since the 14th Century.

In Poland, the word *woda* first appeared in print in the 16th Century, but many believe it originated much earlier. What Americans know as vodka is what the Poles call "clear vodka," which makes up 40 percent of that country's production. Clear vodka seems to have been derived from experiments conducted in 1810 by a St. Petersburg chemist named Andrey Albanov, who discovered that charcoal absorbs impurities. Pëtr Smirnoff applied Albanov's technique to vodka making some eight years later, and ultimately, the Smirnoff formula was brought to this country in 1934.

Today, only the finest vodkas from around the world are exported to the United States. The variety, however, can be staggering. The Russian Tea Room in New York City stocks more than 30 imported vodkas to go with its eastern European cuisine. With *perestroika* a fact of economic life, an even greater number of interesting vodkas should be arriving from Eastern Bloc countries.

Just what is it that makes one premium vodka different from another? To begin with, vodka is made from a wide variety of distillates, including potatoes, wheat, corn, rye and other grains. Like any other spirit, vodka is made from a fermented mash that is distilled into alcohol. To drive out most of the impurities (and much of the flavor), it is distilled at a very high proof and is further purified by filtration, usually through charcoal. The result is a colorless spirit that's 80 to 100 proof.

Like gin, which gets its name and distinct flavor from juniper berries, vodka can be flavored by the addition of aromatics such as citrus peels, peppercorns and sweeteners. While inexpensive vodkas taste bland, premium brands have velvety textures that send bursts of glowing heat down the throat. Some are elegant and quite subtle; others have power and a range of flavors.

Other elements that distinguish one vodka from another include the quality of the ingredients used, the purity of the

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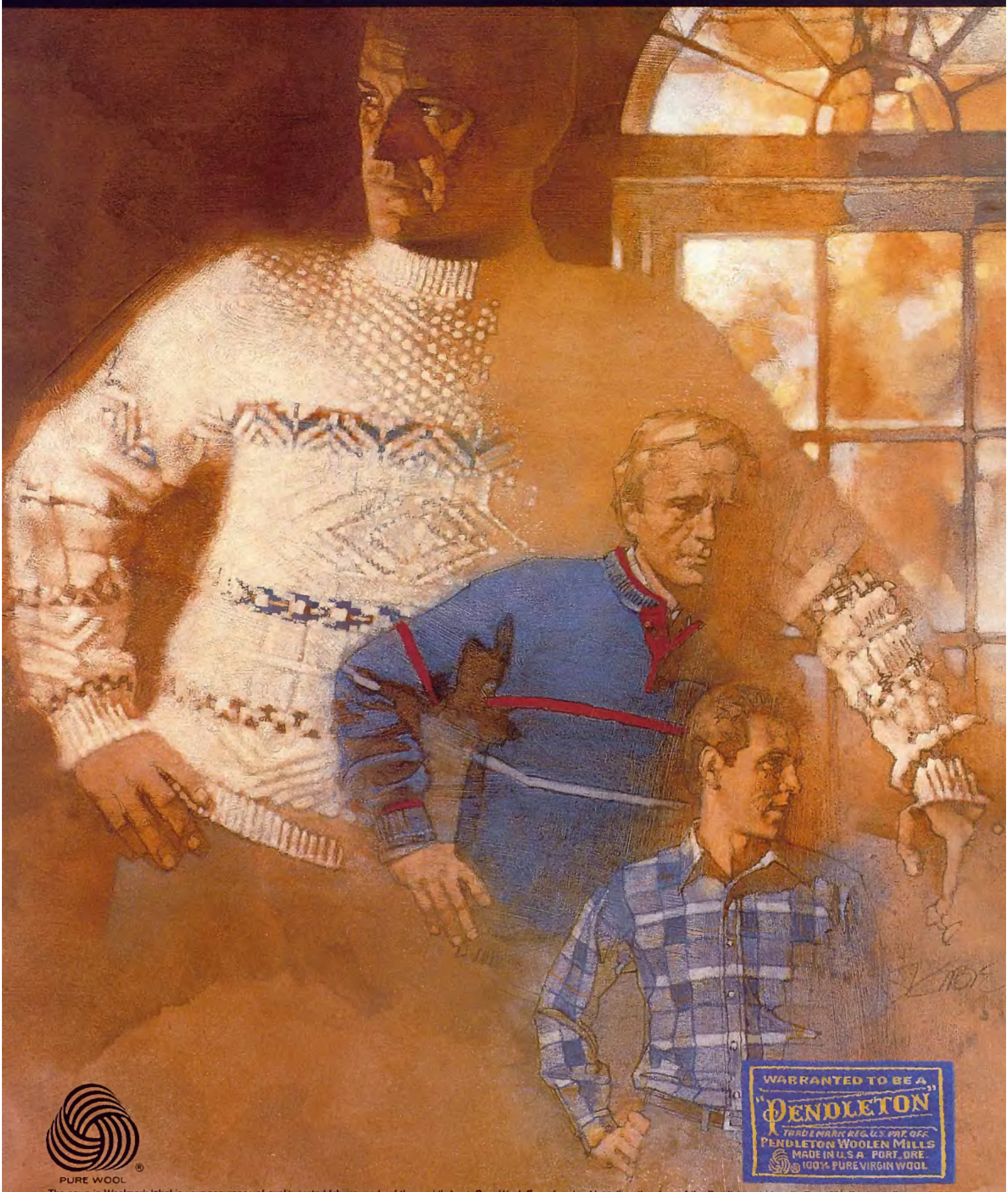

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water and the distinctive properties of the rocks used in the filtration process. Whatever the production method, premium vodkas have three important things in common—they are pure, crisp and consistent.

In 1972, PepsiCo opened the market for imported premium vodkas by striking a trade agreement with the Soviet Union to exchange Pepsi for the exclusive rights to import and distribute Russian vodka in the U.S. Consequently, the only spirits exported from Russia permitted to carry the vodka label are Stolichnaya and Priviet.

"Stoli" is made from wheat and the unpolluted glacial waters of Lake Ladoga. After distillation, it is filtered through quartz and activated charcoal, giving it a classic vodka taste. Stolichnaya's premium brand, Cristall, is made from an even higher grade of wheat and is produced via a more complicated process. As a result, it is available only in limited quantities in the U.S.

Stolichnaya also makes several flavored vodkas. Pertsovka, flavored with chili peppers, goes nicely with a bowl of borscht. The lemon-flavored Limonnaya is delicious with delicate dishes such as smoked salmon. And Okhotnichya, flavored with mountain grass and wild-heather honey, is excellent as an after-dinner drink.

Priviet, the newest premium brand from Russia, currently is sold in major U.S. markets. Made from winter wheat and purified glacial waters, it's a great mixer and is tasty straight up.

Another interesting offering from Russia, Tarkhuna, may only be labeled a grain spirit in America because of PepsiCo's agreement with the Russians. This premium brand is flavored with tarkhuna grass, which gives the spirit a slightly grassy flavor and a brilliant emerald color.

Poland recently opened its famous Wyborowa (Vee-ba-ro-va) distilleries to the public. There, an extraordinary range of spirits, all labeled vodka, are made from a variety of distillates, including potatoes, wheat, rye, grapes and sugar cane.

Its Wyborowa brand, which means "the choicest," is made from 100 percent select rye grain and water from artesian wells and is triple-distilled to remove all impurities. It has a warm, exquisite and sophisticated flavor that ripples across the palate and down the throat, a true connoisseur's vodka.

Another Eastern Bloc entry in the premium-vodka market is Hungaria Diamond. Made from the "centuries-old family recipe" of the Kajari family on Lake Balaton, this new brand is triple-filtered through diamonds, which are said to give it amazing purity.

The vodka that has to be credited with kicking off the thirst for imported premiums in America is Sweden's Absolut. Through a series of clever advertisements (including an Absolut *Playboy* centerfold complete with Data Sheet), Absolut established itself as the vodka of choice for trendies and traditionalists alike. Sold in both 80- and 100-proof varieties, Absolut is a mellow vodka with an enticing aroma. It's perfect in a dry martini or served ice cold. (Delicious, lemon-flavored Absolut Citron vodka and spicy, pepper-flavored Absolut Peppar are also available.)

Iceland's Elduris, meaning "fire and ice," is similar to Absolut in its lush, round flavor, making it a superb match for caviar on buttered toast. Another Icelandic vodka, ICY, owes its purity to the crystal-clear glacial waters of Reykjavik, reputed to be among the cleanest in the world.

Its triangular bottle makes Denaka, from Denmark, easy to spot. Aside from having a clean taste, Denaka leaves a lovely balance of heat and sweet lingering on your palate.

No one need guess where Finlandia hails from, but this is a distinctive, beautifully balanced vodka, particularly well suited to seafood and caviar, with its acute dryness and long, lingering aftertaste reminiscent of the flavor of anise.

Other non-Nordic, non-Slavic nations have hopped aboard the vodka band wagon with some excellent new brands. Possibly the finest of them is Tanqueray Sterling from Great Britain. This grain vodka is distilled twice over granite chips. After the second distillation, it is filtered on a third bed of granite chips before artesian well water is added.

The American-made Smirnoff Silver Private Reserve also is a good choice. It is Smirnoff's top-of-the-line vodka, made according to the company's original formula.

Even the Japanese are vying for a share of the market. Suntory produces both 80- and 100-proof vodkas that are smooth, clean and refined and packaged in a distinctive square bottle.

Regardless of brand, any vodka of this caliber is best appreciated in its most pristine form. Tradition holds that it be chilled and served neat in small glasses that resemble shooters.

Another way to serve vodka is to place a bottle or decanter of the spirit in a bucket of water and then freeze the water around it. Remove the bucket from the freezer and warm the sides to release the ice-bound decanter. Then pour with flair into chilled vodka glasses.

In eastern Europe, vodka is traditionally downed in a single gulp; but here in the United States, premium vodka has become a drink to savor and sip by the fireplace over verses by Pushkin: "How hotly burns a kiss in frosty weather! How fresh a Russian girl is in the powder of the snow!" Read on! Drink up!

"I think we're on to something."

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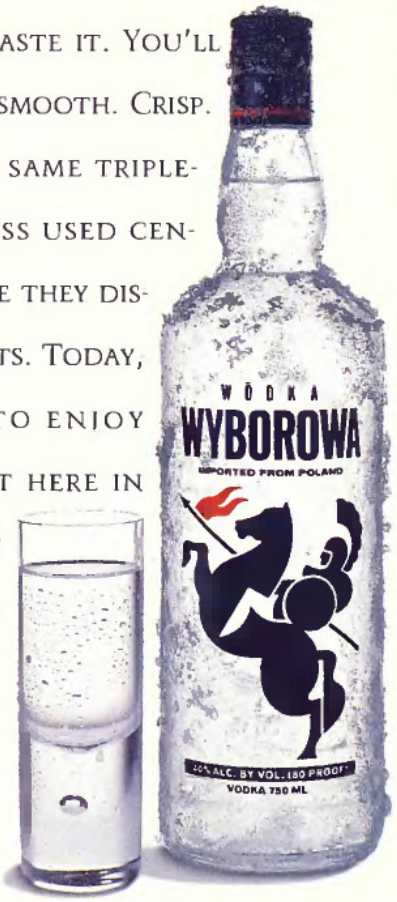

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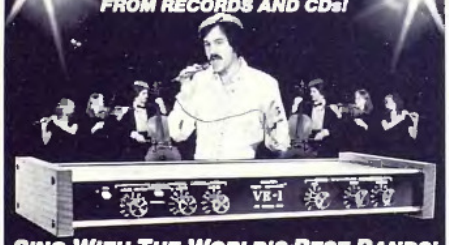

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BEST GIFTS EVER

(continued from page 136)

WELL-TEMPERED TUNES

To: Anna Magdalena Bach
From: Johann Sebastian Bach
Date: 1725
Value: Domestic harmony

Powdered wig or not, Bach was no fop. In 1705, he *hiked* 200 miles to hear his hero Dietrich "*Kapitän* Fantastic" Buxtehude, the Elton John of the 18th Century. Upon his return to Arnstadt, he insulted a hack bassoonist, who fought Bach. Soon, they were duking it out; legend has it that the composer of *The Brandenburg Concertos* and *The Well-Tempered Clavier* punched the man's lights out with a contrapuntal combination. A notorious skinflint, Bach penned wedding and funeral tunes to make ends meet and griped, "There aren't enough funerals." In 1721, the 36-year-old Bach wed Anna Magdalena Wilcken, 20. Four years later, he gave her his *Notenbuch vor Anna Magdalena Bachin*, a notebook of vocal and clavier compositions. This gift would prove priceless, but at the time, it was a fiscal master stroke—easier on the ear than a goose, and cheaper. Two hundred fifty years later, the hack band Toto followed Bach's lead, naming a song for fan Rosanna Arquette. *Rosanna* went platinum and made more money than Bach had ever seen, as the cheap-skate genius did 45 rpm in his tomb.

FRANKLIN'S MINT

To: Boston and Philadelphia
From: Benjamin Franklin
Date: April 17, 1790
Value: £2000

Before he wrote *Poor Richard's Almanac*, served as governor of Pennsylvania and ambassador to France, founded the American Philosophical Society, invented the lightning rod, bifocals and daylight-saving time and caught lightning in a bottle at the end of a kite, Franklin was a printer's apprentice in Boston. At 17, he moved to Philadelphia to help invent the U.S. Sixty-seven years later, the man who wrote "A penny saved is a penny earned" remembered his youth. His real desire, he once said, was to be pickled in a keg of his favorite wine for a century or two, then released to see how the U.S. was doing. He settled for the next-best thing; at his death, Franklin proved he had a ton of love for his two home towns by leaving £2000 sterling—the salary he'd tried to refuse when he was Pennsylvania's governor—to be equally divided among Boston, Philadelphia and their respective states. There were kite strings attached: The principal was to be invested and not touched for 200 years; some could be used for loans to apprentices, but the rest could not be spent until 1990. "Considering the accidents to which all human Projects are subject in such a length of Time," he wrote in his will, "I have perhaps too much flattered myself with a vain Fancy that these Dispositions will be continued." In that, at least, the great gimp was wrong. His bequest has funded hundreds of loans for young tradesmen and is still worth $6,500,000.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

To: Alice Liddell
From: Charles Dodgson
Date: November 26, 1864
Value: Sentimental

Dodgson was an Oxford don. A mathematician, an amateur photographer and—as Lewis Carroll—a writer, he was also a confirmed bachelor who preferred the company of prepubescent girls to that of adults. He took nude photos of his young girlfriends; one *Alice* expert has written that Dodgson's "abnormal devotion to little girls" may have made Victorians "shudder as they read." In any case, Dodgson was 30 and Alice, his boss's daughter, was ten when he took her boating on the Thames in the summer of 1862. On that "golden afternoon," he spun the tale of an Alice who chased a white rabbit down a hole. That story became one of the most popular books ever; two years later, Dodgson dumped Alice, then 12, in favor of a younger girl.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

To: America
From: France
Date: October 28, 1886
Value: $250,000

To mark America's centennial and celebrate their love for all Americans except those who wanted prompt service in restaurants, the French people passed the hat. They collected $250,000 and in 1875 hired Frédéric Bartholdi to sculpt a vast monument symbolizing what America meant to the world. Today, the icon might be a quarter-ton-pounder with cheese or a colossal handgun; in those days, she was Liberty. Bartholdi built a copper-and-steel lady who stood 151 feet tall, tipped the scales at 450,000 pounds and held the torch of freedom. Shipped in crates to New York harbor, she was formally accepted by President Grover Cleveland and took her place on Bedloe Island, where her torch was the first glimpse of America seen by thousands of immigrants. The Emma Lazarus sonnet at her feet, a call to "The wretched refuse of your teeming

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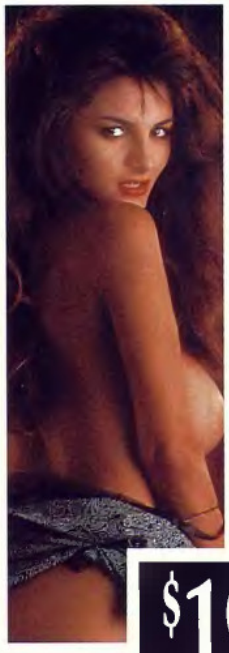

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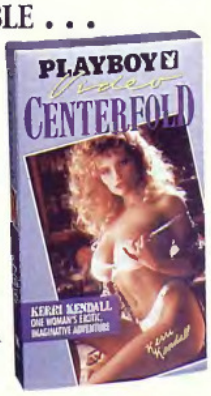

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Also available wherever video is sold.

shore/Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me," is in these days of immigration quotas and border patrols largely ironic. But in 1886, the divine Miss L. ennobled two countries.

THE NOBEL PRIZE

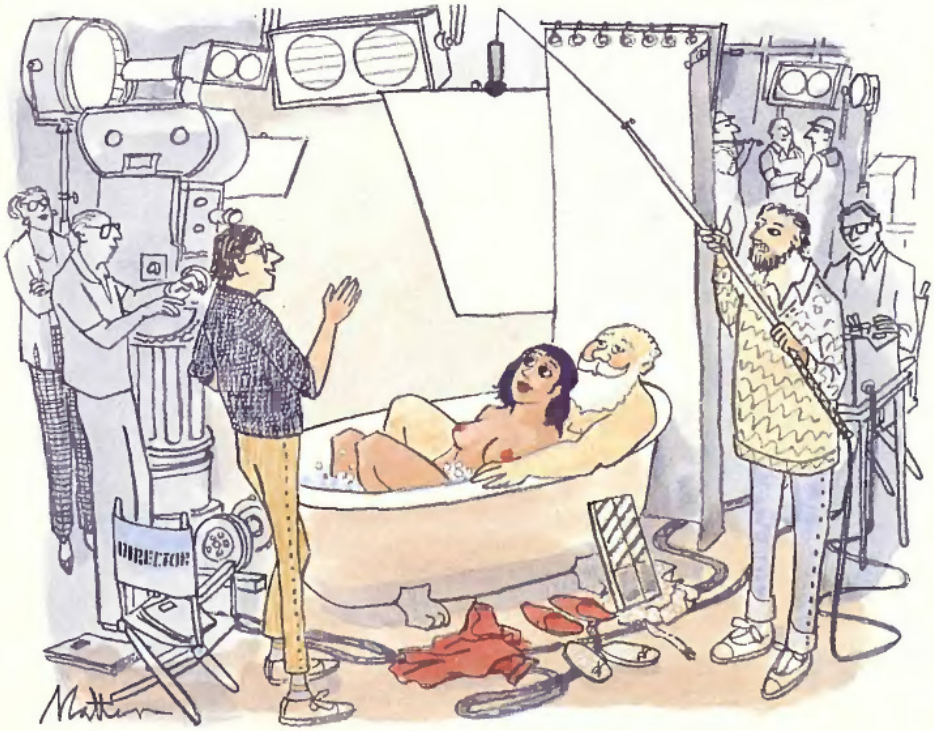
To: Humankind
From: Alfred Nobel
Date: December 10, 1896
Value: $9,000,000

When he was 31, chemist Alfred Nobel literally launched a nitroglycerine factory—the place exploded, killing his brother Emil. The Swedish government told Nobel to find a calmer line of work. Instead, he invented dynamite. Business boomed. A pacifist who just happened to love demolition, Nobel worried about the arms and legs his creation soon blew from pillar to post. When he died, he endowed a fund to reward humanitarians. The recipients of his largess have been generally well chosen by the secretive Nobel committees, except for peace prizes to war lovers Teddy Roosevelt and Henry Kissinger. Nobel laureates include Martin Luther King, Jr., Mother Teresa, Amnesty International and the Dalai Lama for peace; T. S. Eliot, William Faulkner and Gabriel García Márquez for literature; Marie Curie, Albert Einstein and comedian/bongo drummer/quantum electrodynamicist Richard Feynman for science. Each winner now gets $190,000 and change—righteous bucks but not enough to crater Nobel's guilt-encrusted fortune.

THE LIZ DIAMOND

To: Elizabeth Taylor
From: Richard Burton
Date: 1964
Value: $1,500,000

We loved her violet eyes and his golden larynx. She was the most beautiful woman on earth; he was the sexiest man alive. They were the wonders of the Sixties world. They collided in *Cleopatra* and threw sparks that made the royal couple look like Ma and Pa Kettle. Liz and Dick were magic; their chemistry was so potent they could be typecast as Renaissance sex warriors in *The Taming of the Shrew* and as spent symbols of Western torpor in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Liz was late to their wedding in 1964, the story goes (they would divorce in 1974, remarry in 1975 and redivorce in 1976). Dick, the Mod Petruchio, checked his watch and grumbled. A few days later, he sprang a surprise—a pear-shaped 69.42-carat sparkler that outweighed the Hope diamond by 25 carats. More romantic than this it doesn't get: Dick had bid against Cartier for the gem but dropped out of the bidding when the price hit $1,000,000. The next day, he thought better of his parsimony, bought it from Cartier for $1,500,000 and gave it to Liz on their African honeymoon. In 1979, citing the rock's disconcerting heft and the trouble she had insuring it, she sold it. She instantly gained 40 pounds.



"We figure the public is ready for an updating of 'Miracle on 34th Street.'"

THE ANCHOR MAN

(continued from page 114)

father dug ditches. And Dan *loves* extolling those virtues now. [*Smiling*] I think there is *no* virtue whatsoever in digging ditches. Whatsoever. Not to denigrate his or *anybody* else's father who digs ditches. But it is *not* a life ambition to dig ditches."

Yes, Jennings' conversation sounds like an Edith Wharton novel when the scene shifts to the country house and there is some snooty chap at the card table, but he is really an extremely handsome and gregarious fellow, in pink-and-white tattersall, like a bunch of mixed chrysanthemums, with his sleeves rolled up and the top button undone, a reddish-pink paisley tie, and the trousers of a dark-blue suit and black loafers. He is sitting in a tweed easy chair in his office just off the ABC newsroom. Anyone else with his looks would have high-tailed it to Hollywood and firmly resolved never to work again.

Not Jennings.

He strove and sweated to overcome his face. Oh, not completely—he was too clever for that. A smart man in television news can go further on his looks than he can on anything else.

"I meet a lot of young people who are *boring*," says Jennings, leaning over and pulling up his socks, the right, the left, then the right, leaving the left but going back to it after a moment, then drawing down his trouser leg. His office is a perfect rectangle of Eskimo prints, Eskimo gods, Eskimo statues and a Persian carpet. Everything cozy. Tom, the male secretary—to what extent he signals a victory for Miss Marton every wife must decide for herself—brings coffee on a tray.

"Now, I don't face this prospect," says Jennings, "but some men who turn fifty somehow, apparently, I'm told, go through this . . . this thing by which they have to totally date twenty-one-year-old females. I just can't *imagine* dating a twenty-one-year-old girl! I haven't met one who's *interesting* in years! What would you say to one?"

He draws back his head and shuts his eyes. "Owwweeee!" he says.

He opens them.

"I don't know," he says. "I don't think women *begin* to get interesting till they're thirty. My wife is forty and I think she's *really* interesting!"

Then, in a sort of tender reverie, scratching his elbow, he bethinks himself of Miss Marton. It is impossible to know what he thinks exactly, but the day I met Miss Marton, she was haberdashed in a stiff straw hat with a low crown and had pink polish on her toes and was sitting by the pool in the sun in her garden in Bridgehampton. Her glistening blue-and-white bathing suit was cut upon her shapely figure with such candor that she

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may as well have been stark naked. In short, one could see they have a marriage of the purest possible kind.

•

Yes, women are fond of Jennings. He has one of the great reputations in world journalism. Jennings' reconnoiterings are so celebrated that he has begun, in his monogamous state, to be venerated. His opportunities alone would have driven a man of more effrontery to the grave by 1976, or 1977 at the latest.

"I started when I was eleven," says Jennings. "Her name was Sandra Dubiner. She lived in Toronto. The first woman I was *really* in love with lived in a little town. Her father was a schoolmaster. Her name was Jeannette Staples. I remember competing with a *vast* number of people for her favors and *losing*. I harbored ambitions for her for *many* years. I have not seen her since. It would probably not be a good thing for either one of us. We're probably a bit long in the tooth."

He shakes his head fondly.

"I mean, I haven't seen her in *thirty years*! In fact," says Jennings, "I haven't seen her in *more* than thirty years. I understand she has four children. The last time I checked, she was living in Kingston, Ontario. I have no idea if she knows what I do. She may think I run a hardware store. I have no idea.

"But what's going on *now* is a good deal more interesting than what was going on *then*. I would be nervous to go to my high school reunion. I mean, most of us wouldn't recognize one another. I would forget people's names or something and they would be offended, and then I would really be upset.

"In fact, all my life, part of me wished to be excruciatingly normal. And, obviously, part of me wanted to be different. And I suppose I've ended up somewhat more different than normal. Or more different than average, I guess. And that has its pluses and its minuses. I envy people who grew up in my home town and kept their same set of eight friends for lo these many years. They are very limited in some ways, but in other ways, they are very secure and tied to the ground and have something that is essential to them. They've never *had* to go off exploring Saudi Arabia or Java."

•

Jennings appears thinner, darker, more expensively dressed and thicker-haired on television. It is no accident that Jennings and Rather and Brokaw are as handsome as William Hurt, the actor who played an anchor man in the movies. And Jennings is better than anybody at anchoring, because he is the easiest to watch, which is what you are supposed to do with television. He turns slightly and, coughing thoughtfully, looks at his right loafer, a very unchic tasseled affair with sides rising up like rowboat gunnels and the shine of a Naugahyde dashboard.

"Exploration!" he says cheerfully. "That's the thing! Every time I turn around, the best thing that can happen to me is to explore. When I come in here in the morning full of piss and vinegar because I've been out and met somebody interesting or seen something interesting, I come in off the floor. And the people with whom I work that I resent most are the ones who don't come in having explored something the night before. I mean, they've all got access, they've all got derivative power here. And they should be *out* using that power and *exploring*! Everything! Art, boxing, veterinary medicine, bowling . . . I mean, you choose.

"I'll even stand . . . my wife calls me a street-corner talker. I will talk and want to talk to anybody at *great* length, go to the movies and miss the movie because I'm talking to some homeless guy on the corner, and she doesn't approve of it to the degree I do it. I worry about the homeless a lot. I think I'm more worried about the homeless than about anything else. And I am quite engaged with the homeless. Yes, I'm a Christian. Yeah. I'm a churchgoer. Saint Ann's in Bridgehampton. Anglican, as I call it."

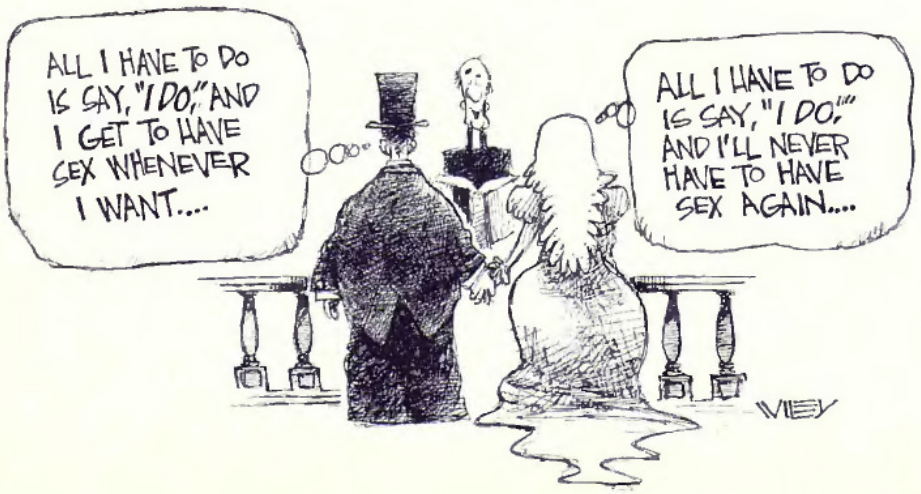
Jennings says he likes competition, but he doesn't think he's particularly aggressive. He doesn't think he has "clubbed his way to the top," and his desire for fame is getting "smaller all the time. . . . When people used to write, some years ago, if people wrote something horrible about me, I'd really get desperately upset. *Desperately upset!* Because one does not think of oneself as being bad. Bad! And, therefore, should not be torn apart. *Now* if they do it—and, fortunately, they don't do it too often—I say, Well, OK. You can't have everybody love you. But I don't have a particularly thick skin. But I don't want to be loved by everybody. No. No. That would be rather bland. I think that would presume I was rather bland," he says, smiling. He has the kind of vanity that is like a boutonniere in the lapel. He is really such a lovely, graceful flower of a fellow. The perfect combination of motion pictures, Edward R. Murrow and teatime at the Stanhope. And switching legs, dropping one to the floor and picking up the other, plucking at his trousers and dropping and pulling in his chin, he sighs happily.

"But I lie in bed and worry," says Jennings. "Why I didn't do a better job yesterday. How I'll do a better job today. It's always been very *useful* to me to think that I was going to be fired tomorrow. It made me work harder. One of my bosses once said to me, 'Why do you hate management so?' And I said, *'It keeps me sharp!'* My wife says I'm not happy if she's not criticizing something. I call her up and ask her every day, 'How was the program?' When she says, 'Fine,' I say, *'What do you mean, it was fine? Wasn't that terrible? Wasn't this awful?'*

"Novel things! I *like* novel things. I like novel ideas. When I watch our own broadcast every day, I *squirm* when it's been predictable. I don't watch *myself*, I watch the pieces in the broadcast. And when we've done something that's unpredictable or novel, whether it's light or soft or intense, I'm very pleased."

•

Around lunchtime in the fall of the year, Jennings is spotted on a side street, about five blocks from the office, in the embrace of a small dark-haired young lady. She must have just fallen on the curb and Jennings is brushing her off. Later, he is seen traveling in a cab with a blonde. Observed from the back, the woman looks old enough to be and probably *is* his mother. In the winter, he is observed on West 81st, across from the Museum of Natural History, very early in the morning, walking down the street, laughing and hugging a thin dark-haired young lady. They look very happy. This, however, turns out to be his wife.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THE MACGUFFIN

(continued from page 160)

"Druff remembered what an attractive, tragic, brooding figure she had made him feel at the time."

now Druff remembered exactly what an attractive, tragic, brooding figure she had made him feel at the time, recalling, who hadn't forgotten so much after all, though they were seated inside the Student Union—*La Mer* was playing on the jukebox—how he had had this vagrant image of himself, how he must have looked in her eyes, this wind-blown, tempest-tossed guy, collar turned up against the elements, cigarette smoke rolling like fog up the side—it wasn't that many years since the war had ended—of his doomed Resistance fighter's sharp features.

"I'm interested—" he said, "to the extent that I'm interested in anything—in politics." To fulfill his social-science requirement, he was taking a course in civics. Monday there might be a snap quiz on the bicameral legislature.

"Really? In politics?"

"I'm like you," the future city commissioner of streets confided offhandedly, "I want to help make sure that future generations of children will have, well, a future."

•

They met for coffee, they went to the movies, they went to concerts. They'd become enthusiastic about certain of their professors and from time to time would sit in on each other's classes. They were the only couple they knew who did this on a date. Though they really didn't know all that many couples. Rose Helen was a sorority girl. (Yes, it surprised Druff, too.) There was this rule that sorority girls couldn't date independents. Well, it was an unwritten rule, actually, enforceable only while the girls were still pledging. Though even after they were initiated, it was strongly discouraged. "They wouldn't want to be hypocrites," Rose Helen told him. "That's what they say, that they wouldn't want to be hypocrites, the hypocrites. That it would set a bad example for the pledges, that what would *we* think if *we* were still pledging and found out one of our sisters was dating someone who wasn't a Greek?"

That's why they didn't know too many couples. That's why they met for coffee in various cafés on campus, that's why they met in front of certain movie theaters, and managed to be in line when the tickets to particular concerts—Odetta, Pete Seeger, Theodore Bikel—went on sale. That's why they sat in on each other's classes.

Because the pressure was on her not to date an independent, because she couldn't bring him to her sorority house (and because the landlady in Druff's boardinghouse was as strict about men socializing with women in their rooms as the sisters were about fraternizing with independents), couldn't and wouldn't, she said, even if she could. Because she didn't want any brooding, tempest-tossed, *La Mer*–whistling, tragic and sarcastic friend of hers subjected to the silly remarks of a bunch of spoiled, malicious, superficial girls. Though Druff felt he could have held his own with the best of them and wouldn't have minded. He told Rose Helen as much.

"No," she said. "Why stoop to their level?"

"Well, why did you?" he asked in turn.

Which was just exactly the wrong question. Druff's little poster girl dissolved in tears, and not because she couldn't answer his oblique reference to her hypocrisy but because she could. Because she knew herself that well.

"I'm two years behind my year," she sobbed. "I should be graduating in

June. Instead, I'm only this sophomore. Don't you know anything? Because why did they rush me if it wasn't to show off how liberal they were? Not only a cripple but a relatively presentable cripple, and not only a relatively presentable cripple with this almost sanitary deformity but someone older than they, and aren't they sisters, and don't sisters have *big* sisters? So what does that make me if not an intermediary somewhere between an older sister and their housemother? Someone who not only can do for them—make last-minute adjustments on their hairdos, go over their lists of French and Spanish vocabulary with them, help with their mending, give them a hip to cry on—but who looks good on their record, too. Don't you know anything? I wasn't here three days before they spotted me and rushed me. They didn't even give me a hard time. I wasn't even hazed."

She was telling him—though, of course, the terms for all this hadn't been invented yet—that she was their first affirmative action, token project.

He persisted. "You didn't answer my question. Why? Well, why did you?"

"Don't you know anything? You don't know anything, do you? I told you, they made it easy for me. All I ever had to do was pose with them in the front row when the group picture was taken. I wasn't even hazed."

•

If she was their first affirmative action, Druff was their second.

Rose Helen said she'd told them about him and that they couldn't wait to meet him. He was invited to come to dinner Tuesday night.

"Well, yes," he said, "I'm an 'independent.'" This was in the living room. (He supposed it was a living room, though it might have been a drawing room or a music room or even a library, even, for all he knew, the board room of some fabulous, oak-paneled corporate headquarters. He'd never seen anything like it. It could have been a manor house in the family for generations.)

"Rosie tells us that you intend to be a politician," said one of his hostesses.

"Well," he said, "I'm not *running* for anything, if that's what you mean. My eye isn't 'out' for any particular 'office.'" That's how he spoke to them all evening, in the living room—if that's what it was—and, later, at the head table at dinner, shooting for aphorisms by stressing individual words or setting them off in what he hoped would be understood as quotation marks, sometimes punching up everything, addressing them in a kind of oral Braille. When they were informed that they would be taking their coffee and dessert by the piano that evening, Druff rose, wiped at the corner of his lips with his napkin and thanked the president of the sorority for having him over for dinner. "Really," he said, "though I'm this, quote, bred in the bone, unquote, quote, independent, unquote, I have to admit that the dinner was excellent, and the evening was *fascinating*, and I underscore fascinating. You're very kind, all of you. As a would-be, quote, public man, unquote, I have to confess to a certain, quote, interest, unquote, in the dynamics of your organization. I find it's all rather like some loyal politician's allegiance to, well, '*party*.' Quote, party, unquote, underscored."

In that living room again, Rose Helen and he were directed to seats on one of the leather sofas and offered coffee and cake by a waiter. (Druff recognized him. They lived in the same boardinghouse.) There was some general conversation. Then the waiter went around the room taking up their cups and saucers, their cake plates, their forks and spoons and paper napkins. One of the sorority sisters walked over to the piano and sat down on the piano bench. She was joined by the rest of the girls, who ranked themselves about her in what even Druff recognized as a formation, a kind of musical battle stations.

"Oh, no," Rose Helen groaned.

"What?"

"Oh, no."

Some of the waiters had come in from the dining room and were leaning

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against a wall in the entrance hall.

The president of the sorority was speaking directly to Druff and Rose Helen on the sofa. "Robert," she said, "the women of Chi Phi Kappa are proud of all their sisters. Rose Helen, however, whose maturity and unselfish generosity have been an inspiration to all of us, holds a special place in our hearts, and we do not wonder that she should have found one in yours. Now, Rose, in your honor, and in honor of your interesting new friend, the ladies of Chi Phi Kappa house are pleased to honor you this evening with a serenade, one of the most cherished of our traditions.

"Your sisters smile on you tonight, Rose, and wish you all the happiness you could wish for yourself. We delight in *your* delight. We support you, we love you, we bless you."

They sang the Chi Phi Kappa song. They sang the school fight song. They sang love songs. They sang *Rosie, You Are My Posy*. They sang *La Mer*.

Of course they were embarrassed, of course they were. All that drilled attention, it was like having the attention of a firing squad, a little like taking, at close range and at full force, a blast from a fire hose. Of course he felt patronized, of course he did. Nevertheless, he felt he had made a good impression.

•

He had, Rose Helen told him, he'd confirmed all their misgivings, was everything they thought an independent would be.

"Didn't you feel it?" she said. "Didn't you feel any of it? Didn't you? Don't you know what that was?" They were in one of the small study rooms—two small typing tables, a couple of desk lamps, two chairs, a narrow cot—at the back of the sorority house. The door to the study room was open. Rose Helen was standing with her hand on the little shelf above her damaged left hip, the akimbo'd arm and forward thrust of her body giving her her familiar, faintly bold air, and a suggestion about her mouth (though if this was there at all, it was something Druff had penciled in himself) of the pout of some saloon cupid.

"Rosie, you are my posy," Druff said, reaching for her hand and lifting it from her hip to pull her gently toward the cot.

She held her ground. "If I scream, they'll come running."

"Why would you scream?"

"Listen, it's almost ten-thirty. Males have to be out of here by ten-thirty."

"Why would you scream?"

"We came in here to study. We're supposed to be studying."

"Isn't this the passion pit? Isn't that what they call it?"

He stood up and kissed her.

"The door's open."

"I'll close it."

"It's supposed to be open. You're not allowed to close it."

"The door across the hall is closed. That one over there is."

"Girls are studying in those."

"Sure," he said.

"They are," she said. Then she went over to the door and closed it herself. Druff stood waiting to embrace her. "They are," she said, "but even if they're not, even if they're in there with boys, even if they're slow dancing with their hands all over each other's behinds, even if they're French kissing. Even if they're, quote, doing it, unquote, I wouldn't let you touch me. I wouldn't even let you hold my hand."

"Why? My God, Rose Helen, why? They're your sisters. They serenaded us. Isn't that like piping us aboard? Didn't they just, like, marry us at sea?"

"Don't you know what that was? Don't you? They as good as made you their mascot. They brought the waiters up from downstairs as witnesses."

"Come on," Druff said, "I don't care about them."

She was crying again, and Druff suddenly understood that that was why she'd closed the door, because she knew they were going to have this conversation. And why she'd extended their invitation in the first place, because it was exactly the conversation she'd wanted to have with him from the beginning. Understood she was permitting him something far more intimate than just the groping he had anticipated, showing him a glimpse of her turf, an unrestricted view of her cards on the table.

He tried to comfort her. "Oh, Rose Helen. Rose Helen, oh."

"Don't you?"

"Don't I what?"

"That was it. That's what they were saying. That's what they were waiting for all along."

"What are you talking about, Rose? What were they waiting for, what were they saying?"

"That was my hazing."

"No," he said, "you've got it wrong, Rose. They're your sisters, they're on our side. Really. All the happiness we could wish for ourselves, remember?" (Druff taking her in his arms—maybe he *was* political, maybe he *was*—and working his own agenda, wondering, marveling, Don't they know? Don't they know it's all a line? Don't they see how it is with us? Don't they know what we want to do to them, what we want them to do to us? Are they fools, or what?)

And astonished to be stroking her breasts beneath her sweater, to slip his hand up beneath her skirt, to negotiate the rind of stiff corset and feel the damp silk of her panties.

•

They were seated on the edge of the cot now. He tried to draw her down, to get her to lie beside him, but she resisted. She struggled to a sitting position and started to rise. "All right," he said, "all right," and she sat back down again. (Of *course*, political. Political, certainly. Bargaining actual territory, dividing physical spoils, making these Yalta arrangements, so that it was somehow agreed without one word passing between them that he could do this but not that, that but not this. Although he was not, for example, permitted to blow in her ear, he was allowed to lick her nipples. Although she would never hold his erection in her hand, she might touch it here and there through his trousers.)

Druff, astonished, astounded, amazed now by her bizarre terms, terms, he realized, roughly equivalent to the restrictions imposed by the Hays Office in regard to the sexual conduct in films. (One foot had to be on the floor at all times. They could kiss with their mouths open, but only one of their tongues could be moving, and if it was his, he could touch her breasts but was not permitted to go under her dress.) It was to become the source of what weren't so much arguments as vaguely legalistic, quickly abandoned disagreements, like appealed line calls in tennis, say, or a batter's brief, abrupt flash of temperament about an umpire's questionable called strike.

And touching her hip, of course, was out of the question.

As out of the question as the flesh and hair beneath that chartered, licensed, two-or-three-inch strip of damp silk or cotton underwear, the tolerated, *nihil obstat* elastic piping that edged her drawers and that he worried with his finger like a lock of hair.

So maybe she was political, too. A born legislator, some negotiator of the physical being. Because she was right, it *was* almost 10:30, almost time for him to leave, gratefully disappear with the other males—she was right about that, too; his presence in that house of females had altered him; he was "male" now, his sexuality some new state of chemical excitation, simmering, charged, changed, like the cooked properties of solids melting to vapors—and she'd somehow managed to arrange all this in the last quarter hour of that first night.

(But why was he grateful? He was grateful for the same reasons he'd been relieved, the shit-scared avoider, to learn that the clear-skinned beauties of the Sadie Hawkins Day Dance had been the wrong clear-skinned beauties. He was wrapped in a cocoon of stupidity, innocence, inexperience. Not virtue, but its simulacrum, what virtue did while it bided its time, until it sloughed fear and all fear's hiding places in the cosmetic folds of guilt. *He was grateful because he was a virgin and he didn't have to fuck her and get it all wrong was why!*)

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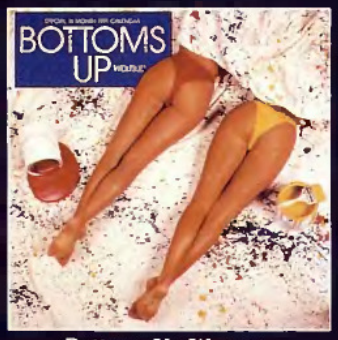

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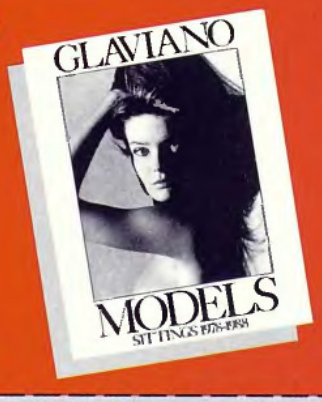

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there—at least, as her legacy, Druff was—on sufferance, like guests of an associate member of a country club, say. And if, collectively, they were novelties to the girls of Chi Phi Kappa, the girls of Chi Phi Kappa were even greater novelties to Druff. Rose Helen was a novelty to Druff. Indeed, *Druff* was a novelty to Druff. (It was strange—that simmering maleness, his ballsy, new-found exhibitionist's swagger, his vain regard, his simmering chemical privilege and liberties—but these days, he went about feeling as if he had on brand-new clothes.)

On weekdays, he went there to study with Rose Helen, and if they were unoccupied, they would go into one of the tiny study rooms. (Since the night of the serenade, when she had gone to the door and closed it herself and then negotiated with him the unspoken rules of their relationship, the study was never closed when they were in it.) At 10:30, however, he was the first male out of the house. Even on weekends, when the curfew was extended until midnight, he was always the first to leave.

It was as if he understood their sufferance (he did), their combined weight on the thin social ice that supported them. And if he was political, he thought, it was a strange way to practice his politics, lying low, muting, as it were, his own horn, making himself scarce on the very dot of the curfew hour like Cinderella.

He could not keep his hands off her, their almost surgical, circumscripted petting as complicated as the careful, delicately drawn lines of a contended geography, treatied borders; obsessed (not just Druff, Rose Helen, too) with the endless diversity, variations, interpretations and fine distinctions available to them within compliance. So that he became, *they* became, respective Casanovas, very Venuses, geniuses of foreplay.

He was fastidious, meticulous with their curfews, and lived like some fabulous criminal, by the letter of the law, as if he sought to keep his nose clean by paying his taxes, or each day dropping by the library to show the librarian the due date on his still-not-overdue book.

Yet it was no game he was playing, neither with Rose Helen nor with her sisters. He was not seeking to test the limits of their patience. He *knew* the limits of their patience. He didn't observe their curfews out of any of the old olly-olly-oxen-free impulses of his childhood, but because he was quite terrified of them, really, afraid of having his privileges stripped from him.

Because those privileges were large, new, rare, immense. It wasn't just what happened between the two of them in the study (and much, despite the unimpeded view they afforded anyone who happened to be passing that open door of their strange love gymnastics, the compulsory Olympic figures they cut, did happen) but the incredible feeling he somehow fed by the curfew he was forced to observe, by his knowledge that the door was open, that their exciting, dangerous gyrations were almost adulterous, anyway, risky.

On weekends, they never even got close to one of those studies. (It was understood that on weekends, these rooms were reserved for upperclassmen and their dates.) Then they went out into the big music—— drawing—— living room—— *cum*-library, whatever the architectural equivalent was for that commodious, luxurious center—the house's real passion pit, he supposed. And there, in that crowded space—there might be upwards of 100 people in it, girls returned with their dates from campus beer gardens, from dances, from parties, flicks, pep rallies, concerts, basketball games, celebrations—a strange thing happened. He melded in with them, felt that he had somehow become invisible, though the others were plainly visible to *him*, what they did—he heard sweaters sliding up over cotton blouses, glimpsed underpants, cleavage, flesh, erections—— he brandished his own, less self-conscious, finally, than he might have been in a communal shower, a public bath. All about him, he could hear girls groaning, boys coming. ("Our comings and groanings," he joked to Rose Helen.) Not a voyeur. In the scene. Of it. Could feel, hear, see, taste the mass dishevelment, some sense of the undone and awry, of smeared lipstick and smudged face powder, of colognes gone off and all the fired chemistry of naked pheromones. A passion pit, indeed, a steamy, cumulative sense of the stuff growing, of love cells dividing, multiplying, building in the room like weather, rain cloud, say, electric storm, thunderclap, passionate waves sweeping over them, a kind of heavy sexual traffic, his hip at their haunches on the long, crowded window seats, so that what he felt was not just his own passion but his passion added to the passion of everyone else, his passion compounding, earning interest on the passion of both sexes. A great joy in this, like the joy in a marvelous parade.

He was in his element. He *loved* Friday and Saturday nights, he *loved e pluribus unum* and would willingly have traded four weeknights alone with Rose Helen in a study room for just one additional half hour of extended curfew on the cushioned window seats, long leather sofas, upholstered wing chairs, or stretched out with her in the sexual traffic on the fine Oriental rug in the big ground-floor room.

•

Which is just where Mrs. Post, the housemother, found them on the one night out of the 80 or so since Druff had been going to the Chi Phi Kappa house, on the single occasion when he was not the first one out the door. A fixture, in-

deed. And not only a fixture but someone whose habits were so well known by now it was said that you could set your watch by him. He had simply lost track of the time. Or no, that wasn't quite true. As a matter of fact, it was time he was thinking of at the time, how this was only a Friday, how they still had all Saturday together. (Because he loved her now, had discovered in just the past month, the past few weeks, that there was something there beyond the simple fact of her availability, the damaged-goods advantage he thought he had over her because of her two-year seniority and scarcely legible limp, which, if it was not completely put on, she had at least to take the trouble to memorize, a little studied, like a dance step or a swimmer's kick turn. Because he loved her, because no one could hold his tongue in someone else's mouth for 80 out of the past 100 nights without developing a certain fondness for the head as a whole, the neck and everything it rested on. Because he loved her, because he had come to appreciate her savage resentment, enjoy her outcast representations of herself, his own accreditation in the drama, appreciate Rose Helen's marvelous mimicry of the sisters and frat boys, even of the waiter from Druff's boardinghouse. She had qualities. Also, she let him put his tongue in her head.) Thinking, This is only Friday, there's still Saturday.

"What?" Druff said, startled. "What?"

Mrs. Post laid one finger across the face of her wrist watch.

"Is it curfew? I'm sorry, I wasn't paying attention. Is it curfew already?"

Although here and there, there were people about, the room had begun to thin out. The bays and window seats were cleared, the piano bench. No one cuddled in the wing chairs, the sofas were all but vacant.

Rose Helen sat up and, to Druff's chagrin, immediately began to lay into her housemother.

"How *dare* you?" she demanded. "He's not the only one left." Pointedly, she named names, not only indicating a few of her sorority sisters still lingering with their dates but ticketing indiscretions, citing violations of dress codes, dishevelment of human decency.

"I'm sorry," Druff mumbled, "I guess I must have lost track of the time."

Rose Helen interrupted him. "You've nothing to apologize for, why are you apologizing? It's not your job to be sorry, it's not your job to listen for the bell. It isn't your job to have people set their watches by you." She was furious with them both, Rose Helen. And although it was Rose Helen who did the shouting, it was Druff and Mrs. Post who got all the attention. The girls, their dates, looked from one to the other of them following their flabbergast silence. Druff felt an odd connivance with and sympathy for the housemother. It occurred to him that her heavy, almost powerful hair, its immaculate sheen, so at odds with her wan, brittle features, must have been a wig. "Well, come on," Rose Helen said, "let's just *see* what's going on in those study rooms!"

"Most of those people are pinned," Mrs. Post defended. "Many are engaged."

"So," said Rose Helen. "They're in there. They *haven't* left! They're in there, all right."

"Please," Druff said.

"No," snapped Rose Helen, but not at Druff, at Mrs. Post, at her sorority sisters, at the fraternity boys, "I *won't* please. Rules are rules. I'm going to empty out those study halls for you!" And then began exaggeratedly to limp about the now silent, curiously passionless passion pit, circling the big room and gathering, it seemed, a sort of momentum, and went out into the hall, going past the big staircase and continuing on toward the studies at the back of the sorority house.

He heard her roughly opening doors, heard her shout "*Curfew, curfew*" like a hysterical town crier.

"I'm going," Druff called. "I'm leaving now, Rose Helen."

"*Curfew in there! Curfew!*"

"I'll phone you tomorrow," he called. "Would you tell her I'll call her tomorrow?" he appealed to Mrs. Post.

But she called him. It was almost three in the morning. It was the waiter from Druff's boardinghouse who came to fetch him to the phone.

"It's your girlfriend," he said.

"So late?"

The waiter shrugged. "They ask for catsup when it's right out there on the table in front of them."

"I hope nothing's wrong," he told the waiter.

"Sometimes, if it's chicken cacciatore, or meat in a heavy gravy, they ask us to cut it up for them in the kitchen so they don't dirty their hands or get grease on their clothes."

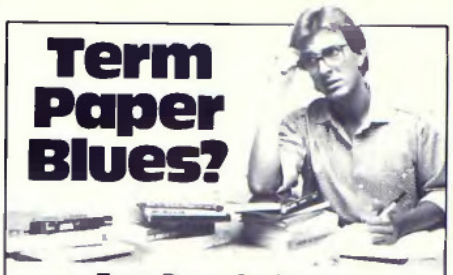
"Rose Helen? Are you all right, Rose Helen?" He expected her to be crying. She wasn't, though he could tell she seemed excited, even pleased. She didn't scold him, didn't mention that he'd left without saying good night.

"I threatened to resign," she said. He didn't understand. "From the sorority. I threatened to resign from the sorority."

"But why?" Druff said.

"Mrs. Post was there when I told them. Though you know," she said, "I don't blame Mrs. Post. She doesn't make policy, she takes her signals from the girls." Druff was uncomfortable. If any of this was on his behalf. . . .

"I've only just left them," Rose Helen went on. "It could have been, I don't know, a beauty parlor in there. You should have seen them. All those girls in



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their curlers and face goo. . . ." He thought of her own soft, beautiful skin, oddly back-lighted, pearly from suffering, maybe from grudge. "Except for the few of us who were still in our clothes, it could have been a giant slumber party, all those girls in their shorty pajamas, some still clutching their Teddies, the goofy, outsize turtles, froggies and stuffed kitty-cats they take to bed with them. It was really rather touching."

"You woke them? Got them out of bed?"

"I called a special meeting," Rose Helen said. "I had charges, I had witnesses. You can call a special meeting when you have charges and witnesses."

"Charges against who? Mrs. Post doesn't make policy. She takes her signals from the girls, you said."

"'If I resign,' I told them, 'your room and board goes up. You've lost Jan and Eileen this semester. Rachel's on academic probation and may flunk out.'"

Druff thought of the furniture, of the grand piano, the Oriental rugs. He couldn't imagine that whatever few dollars Rose Helen's leaving might cost them could make a difference. He thought them rich enough to take up the slack by themselves. He didn't want her to resign. He'd grown too accustomed to the furniture.

"Charges?" Druff said. "Witnesses? Has this anything to do with me? Am I at fault here?"

"Why, against the girls in the studies, silly. And my witnesses against them were those boys I roused."

Now she was more interesting than Druff.

She was political, certainly. It was those two years of seniority she had on him, had on most of them, plus all those other years of pure physical outrage, years she'd worn successively larger braces to correct her spine, plus things he could only have a guesswork knowledge of—prosthetic bathing suits, perhaps, prosthetic evening gowns.

"Rap carols! Is nothing sacred?!"

There were more meetings. Nothing, of course, was done to the girls Rose Helen had brought her charges against. She was political; perhaps she didn't intend any more to come of them than the apologies—which she got—and pleas to stay with the sorority, which she got.

•

In the end, however, she determined to resign from the sorority.

She told him she didn't even want to live in a dorm, the women's residence hall the university had put up, that she'd prefer a room in a boardinghouse.

"A boardinghouse," Druff said. "What's so great about a boardinghouse? You live in a boardinghouse, you have a landlady. I've told you what mine is like, Rose Helen. They're all like that."

"It just seems," she said, "I don't know, romantic. You know what I really think? I think they won't be around much longer. Those big old wood houses. They're a piece of Americana. All those old landladies and landlords will die out one day. Their kids won't take them over. One by one, they'll burn down, or the university will buy them and turn them into queer little departments—meteorology, Asian studies. Or just raze them altogether and put up big new buildings. You're lucky. You already live in one. You know what it's like. I want to live somewhere where they put your supper down on the table in big serving dishes and you have to ask someone to pass the mashed potatoes, pass the string beans, the water pitcher, the rolls and bread. It's like missing out on vaudeville. Al Jolson, Fanny Brice, Burns and Allen. All those people I know only from listening to on the radio who lived in boardinghouses and used to be on the 'circuit.' No," she said, "when I resign from Chi Phi Kappa, I'm definitely going into one."

Because she was definitely more interesting than Druff, falling for her now at second-per-second rates, as stones fall. But who tried still to talk her out of the boardinghouse. Uncertain whether he'd be welcome once she moved. Knowing there'd be no more study rooms, no passion pit worthy of the name (not, as it were, after you'd seen Paree), forced again to think of those long lines at the movies, big public rooms in the Student Union, even of the classrooms and lecture halls where they'd spent the early weeks of their courtship.

Meanwhile, she denied him access to the sorority house, insisting it would be too humiliating for them (who, for his part, was hard to humiliate, who was perfectly content to accept serenades at face value, to have watches set by him, to be the first out the door, content to eat shit, to be seen there together).

He asked the waiter from his boardinghouse to keep his eyes open, to tell him if anything was going on.

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"No, of course not. Look, Edward," he said, and took the waiter into his confidence, told him the story till now. "I'm not asking you to spy. I'm not asking you to do anything you're not already doing. Just keep an eye out." He revealed intimate details of the complicated, astonishing foreplay they practiced. He made mention of her hip.

Druff didn't regard any of this as payment for information, or even as bragging, but as simple, heartfelt confidence, one heartfelt guy in a boardinghouse to another. All that detail—are you kidding?—if anything, it was as if he were the waiter's spy and not the other way around.

Rose Helen called on him at the house. She was standing outside. It was Edward who came to his room to tell him she was there. (If we ever get married, I'm going to have to ask him to be my best man, Druff thought.)

Rose Helen was waiting for him on the ramp that, in lieu of steps, led up to the porch. Druff looked at his escort and opened the door. It hadn't closed behind him before Rose Helen spoke.

"What's different about me? Can you say, can you tell? No, don't look at my hair, it isn't my hair. Why do boys always look at your hair when a girl asks that question? Come on, I'll give you a hint. It's something you wear, but it isn't clothes." He examined her scrupulously. "Oh, Robert," she said, "you're so *dense*!"

"It's your pin. You're not wearing your sorority pin," Edward said.

"Who's that? Edward? Good for you, Edward. You're absolutely right." She suddenly sounded to Druff like the schoolteacher she would one day be. "Well, I've done it," she said.

"They make you turn those things back in if you resign?" Edward asked.

"Please," Druff said, "we're having a private conversation."

"Sorry," the waiter said, injured, "sometimes it's hard to know what's private and what isn't." Druff remembered he'd once tried to describe to Edward the taste of her breasts, the smell of her damp pants on his fingers, the odd feel of a particular softness here, the compensatory muscularity somewhere else from the exercises she performed for her hip, her spine, stretching and bending herself, he supposed, like one doing farm work, forking hay, maybe.

"So," she said, "I've voluntarily deconsecrated myself. I've left the Chi Phis. I'm an independent now, too."

Now they were sunk, he thought. She didn't sound sunk, but now they were sunk. He wouldn't taste those breasts again until they were married.

She started to come the rest of the way up the ramp, but Druff went to meet her. He began to walk with her toward the Student Union. "Here," she said, when they had gone about a block, "you wear this." She took her sorority pin from her purse and pinned it to his shirt.

"So," Druff said, "they don't make you give them back."

"Nope, that one's bought and paid for. It's free and clear. I burned the mortgage on that when I quit the Chi Phis."

"Usually," Druff said, "when pins are exchanged, it says you're going steady."

"It means you're engaged to be married," she said. "It means you have children together. It means forsaking all others. It means till death us do part."

"I don't have any pin," he said.

"Hey," she said, "you're this quote, independent, unquote. You've probably got your own weird customs." He gave her the waiter, he gave her Edward, as he'd given parts of Rose Helen to the waiter. They still didn't know any other couples, they still didn't double-date, but they had a side-kick now, a retainer, this best-man-in-waiting, this in-the-wings witness, their sworn fifth wheel and interested second party, someone to legitimate their love, make it interesting enough, dramatic enough.

•

She'd taken a room off campus, in town, in enemy territory, behind the lines, near the railroad station, not far from that diner where they'd gone the time Rose Helen had sobbed to him, confessing her suspicion that she'd made Chi Phi Kappa because of what she called her "sanitary deformity."

Strictly speaking, it was an illegal address; unauthorized, nonuniversity housing, not the apartment that undergraduate girls weren't permitted to lease, and not even the boardinghouse—no meals were served—about which she entertained so many fancy, romantic notions, but a furnished room in what wasn't even a rooming house for an exclusively female clientele. The house where Rose Helen stayed had as many men living in it as women—railroad employees, conductors and engine drivers, switchmen and gandy dancers. The women in the house were mostly students at a local college for beauticians; some were wives from the nearby air base whose enlisted-men husbands, still receiving their training, could leave the base only on weekends. Two or three Druff recognized from the Student Union—cashiers, food handlers.

"What do you think?" Rose Helen asked him.

"How did you get this place? You're not allowed to live here. They could withhold your credits."

"I never gave the university a change of address."

"Suppose they have to get in touch with you?"

"Why would they have to get in touch with me? I lived at the Chi Phi Kappa house almost two years; they never had to get in touch with me."

"What about mail?"

"Edward's there for lunch, he can bring it to me."

"It's beautiful," Druff said. "Really nice."

It really was. His standard was the rooms at Mrs. Reese's, his own, Edward's, the three or four others he'd visited since coming to the university. His standard was the small study rooms with their typing tables and desk lamps, their wooden chairs and narrow cots.

There was a double bed with a pale, flowered spread across it, a small sofa, a ladder-back rocker, a stripped dresser with a pitcher and washbowl on it. There was a closet. There was a painting, a pleasant landscape, not a reproduction but an actual oil. There were lamps, plants, hooked rugs, lace curtains on Rose Helen's two big, southern-exposed windows.

He heard someone on the stairs.

"Am I supposed to be in here?"

"It's Edward," Edward called, "with the rest of your things."

"The landlady never said anything about visitors," Rose Helen told him. "All she ever said was that the railroad workers come in at all hours, that they

"Down the hall."

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WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Style

Page 22: **Jacket, shirt** and **tie** shown by *Henry Grethel*, 212-237-1555. A&S, N.Y.C.; Dayton Hudson, Midwest; The Harris Co., San Bernardino.

Christmas Gift Guide

Pages 94–95: **Camera** by *Canon*, 800-892-0020. Available at authorized Canon dealers near you. **Belt** and **boots** by *Falconhead*, 213-471-7075. Falconhead, L.A. **Watch** by *Rado*, 800-283-RADO. Available at fine jewelry stores and select department stores nationwide.

Page 96: **Puzzle** from *SEL/Hunt*, call 800-345-6066 to order. **Knife** by *Barrett-Smythe, Ltd.*, 212-249-5500. Barrett-Smythe, Ltd., N.Y.C.

Page 97: **Sunglasses** by *Porsche Design*, 714-662-2992. **Motorcycle** by *Honda*. Available at authorized Honda dealers near you.

Pages 98–99: **J's Professional Driver** from *Bridgestone Sports*, 800-358-6319. Call for dealer locations near you. **LaserDisc player** by *Pioneer Electronics*, 800-421-1404. Call for the Elite dealer near you. **Telescope** by *Meade Instruments*, 714-556-2291. Shutan Camera & Video, Chicago; National Camera Exchange, Inc., Golden Valley, Minn.; Oceanside Photo & Telescope, Oceanside, Cal.

Powder Play

Page 162: **Pullover, turtleneck, pants** and **headband** by *Obermeyer*, 800-222-3031. **Gloves** by *Descente*, 800-999-0475. Ski Chalet, Arlington, Va.; Cole Sport, Park City, Utah. **Boot gaiters** by *S.C.I.*, 800-666-6724. Breeze Ski & Sport, Tahoe City, Cal. **Sunglasses** by *Oakley*, 714-951-0991. **Poles** by *Scott*. **Skis** by *Volant*, 303-443-3378. **Bindings** by *Tyrolia*. **Boots** by *Raichle*. Equipment available at leading ski shops nationwide.

Page 163: **Jacket** and **pants** by *Bogner*, 212-752-2282. Bogner, N.Y.C., Boston, Chicago and San Francisco. **Turtleneck** by *Skyr*, 800-225-1906. Ski Market, Boston; Viking Ski Shop, Chicago; Breckenridge Nordic, Breckenridge, Co. **Ski cap** by *Descente*, 800-999-0475. Ski Chalet, Arlington, Va.; Cole Sport, Park City, Utah. **Sunglasses** by *Cebe*, 208-263-7113. Scandinavian Ski & Sport Shop, N.Y.C. **Goggles** by *Bolle*. Ski Market, New England and New York; Gart Bros. Sports Castle, Denver; Big 5 Stores, West Coast. **Gloves** by *Gordini*, 802-655-1189. Available at fine specialty ski shops. **Skis** and **bindings** by *Tyrolia*. **Ski boots** by *Rossignol*. **Poles** by *Scott*. Her **suit** and **gloves** by *Obermeyer*, 800-222-3031. Her **turtleneck** by *Skyr*. Her **goggles** by *Carrera*, 800-631-1580. Her **headband** by *Smiley Hat Co.*, 702-358-8235. Her **poles** by *Scott*. Her **boots** by *Tecnica*, 800-258-3897. Equipment available at specialty ski shops nationwide.

Page 164: **Jacket** by *Cartouche Leather Skiwear* from Howard Imports, 708-965-3500, x41. Northern Lights Leather, Provincetown; Frivolous Sal's, Vail, Co. **Turtleneck, pants** and **gloves** by *Obermeyer*, 800-222-3031. **Sunglasses** by *Uvex*, 800-343-3411, x215. Big 5 Sporting Goods, nationwide. **Snowboard** and **bindings** by *K2*, 206-463-3631. **Boots** by *Raichle*. Equipment available at leading specialty ski shops nationwide.

Page 165: **Skis** from left to right: by *Rossignol*; by *Salomon*, 508-352-7600; by *Tyrolia*; by *Kastle*, 801-972-6226; by *Blizzard*, 800-654-6185; by *K2*, 206-463-3631; by *Pre*; by *Miller*, 801-225-1100; by *Dynamic*, 603-298-6845; by *Fischer*, fax 800-343-6550; by *Dynastar*, 802-655-2400; by *Olin*, 800-955-SKIS; by *Head*, 800-874-HEAD, x745; by *Elan*; by *Atomic*. All skis available at factory-authorized ski shops nationwide.

Page 166: **Ski suit** and **gloves** by *Descente*, 800-999-0475. Ski Chalet, Arlington, Va.; Cole Sport, Park City, Utah. **Neck gaiter** by *Skyr*, 800-225-1906. **Goggles** by *Oakley*, 714-951-0991. **Ski boots** by *Nordica*. **Poles** by *Scott*. Her **suit, mittens** and **neck gaiter** by *Obermeyer*, 800-222-3031. Her **goggles** by *Revo*, 800-843-7386; in California, 800-367-7386. Her **boots** by *Nordica*. Her **poles** by *Scott*. Equipment available at specialty ski shops nationwide.

Page 167: **Jacket** and **pants** by *Spyder*, 800-333-0302. Scandinavian Ski & Sport Shop, N.Y.C.; Christy Sports, Vail, Co.; (Pants only) Sport Chalet, La Canada, Cal. **Turtleneck** by *Bogner*, 212-752-2282. Bogner, N.Y.C., Boston, Chicago and San Francisco. **Ski gloves** by *Salomon*, 508-352-7600. **Goggles** by *Smith Sport Optics*, 208-726-4477. Scandinavian Ski & Sport Shop, N.Y.C.; Sports Stalker, at major resorts in Colorado and Utah; Breeze Ski & Sport, Tahoe City, Cal. **Poles** by *Scott*. **Boots** by *Raichle*. Her **jacket** and **pants** by *Bogner*. Her **turtleneck** by *Skyr*. Her **gloves** by *Obermeyer*, 800-222-3031. Her **sunglasses** by *Uvex*, 401-232-1200. Her **poles** by *Scott*. Her **boots** by *Lange*. Equipment available at specialty ski shops nationwide.

On the Scene

Page 245: **Christmas pipe** by *Ascorti* from Tinder Box Stores nationwide, 201-934-9440. **Nightcap pipe** from *Dunhill*, 213-274-5351. Dunhill, N.Y.C., Chicago, Beverly Hills. All other **pipes** and **accessories** from *Davidoff's International*, 800-548-4623. Davidoff's of Geneva, New York and Beverly Hills (opening soon); Iwan Ries, Chicago; Up Down Tobacco Shop, Chicago.

sleep when they can. All she said was that I have to be considerate of my neighbors, to play my radio low even during the day."

The room was beautiful, it really was. Still, he felt a thousand miles from a grand piano, big stately furniture, Oriental rugs, civilization.

•

It was like being married. It was and it wasn't. They studied there, necked there, did all their heavy petting there. Because despite the sofa (to say nothing of the double bed), they still played for the same relatively low table stakes that they had played for in the study rooms and in the big, crowded, luxurious central passion pit at the sorority house on those Friday and Saturday nights deconsecration ante. He even observed the same curfew. Maybe, despite what they'd told each other, it *was* a game, or a sort of game, but something loftier, higher, more important. Maybe they weren't yet but were still striving to become the respective Casanova and Venus of foreplay, sexual-stimulation savants. Maybe foreplay was their event, their white, unconsummated courtship. Because these were the days of *magnificent* foreplay, the student prince, his education-major consort. He could remember packing blue balls like kidney stones. Other times, Rose Helen, who often sensed his pain before it reached actual critical mass, would bring him off.

She brought him off, he brought her off. But always in the dark—because there was a daytime curfew, too; Rose Helen wouldn't let him touch her while it was still daylight, and sometimes he had to sit like an Orthodox waiting for the last light to quit the two big windows with their southern exposure—and always between the mutual, prophylactic cloth of each other's clothing—beneath coats, towels, laundry, things grabbed out of the closet, on the always-made double bed.

•

They grew closer. Not just he and Rose Helen but he and Rose Helen and Edward, as well. Who broke stolen bread with them, increasingly shared in their diminished, doggy-bag suppers, and whom, and not as founder of the feast, they regarded as their invited guest, despite the fact that he was the one who always served them whatever happened to be reheating itself inside whichever pot or pan he had placed there for them on the hot plate. Not just eating warmed-over supper together but some shared sense, too, of roughing it, dividing foraged food.

"So," Rose Helen would occasionally remark after Edward had cleared away their dishes, "how's *your* life?" This was the signal for him to start his strange commentary, as if it were not enough that he had just brought them their supper and prepared and even served it but

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must now sing for it, too. (And now it was *exactly* as if they were outdoors, in dark woods, say, beneath the stars like tramps in hobo camps alongside railroad tracks, Edward's voice lulling, his gossip like some post-prandial accompaniment to their digestion.)

"I don't know how any of them expects to make it in the real world," he might begin. "Do you know what Anita Carlin had the nerve to ask me to do for her tonight? Her soup was too hot. Instead of waiting for it to cool, she told me to take it back to the kitchen and bring it to her again when it was safe enough for her to eat without scalding herself. Just who does she think she is, Goldilocks? When I asked how I was supposed to know when it was the right temperature, you know what she said? 'Edward, do I have to do your thinking for you? Just pour off a little in a cup and sip it.' Now, how will someone with an attitude like that ever raise children? Or Jean Allmann? Last night, she complained that the milk was sour. It came from the same pitcher everyone else's came from at her table. No one else thought it was sour, but she made me go back and open up a bottle just for her use. 'Where's the catsup, where's the salt?'" he grumbled. "'Is there cream on the table?' When it's right there in front of them. 'Edward, my napkin's disappeared. Would you be a darling and get me another one?' 'Edward, there are too many bones in my fish. See if you can find a piece that doesn't have so many bones in it.' I mean it, the average Chi Phi expects there's always going to be someone around to wait on her hand and foot, cut up her meat for her, blow on her soup, recommend her dessert. 'Which is better tonight, Edward, the German black forest or the chocolate mousse?' Then light up her cigarette as if we were waiters in some fancy four-star restaurant instead of just students trying to get an education like anyone else. How *will* they? I mean, really, how *will* they? Make it in life, in the world?

"Oh," he said, "and Rachel?"

"She never studies," Rose Helen said.

"The one who may flunk out," Druff said.

"Well, that's the thing," the waiter said. "But you know, the last few weeks, she's been eating like a horse. She asks for second helpings. Seconds on soup, the main course, seconds on salad."

"Rachel doesn't even like salad," Rose Helen said.

"She never particularly liked soup. She never *particularly* liked anything. Now she eats—pardon my French—like she's got two behinds."

"Is she fat?"

"She's pregnant."

"She isn't," Rose Helen said.

"She is," the waiter said, "she's pregnant, all right. She's had the tests."

All Druff could think was, Where? How? She was an underclassman herself. On weekend nights, she hadn't any more access to those study rooms than they had—he, Rose Helen. She was pregnant? She'd *done* it? She wasn't a virgin? And if she weren't a virgin, he wondered, then who was the guy? Not the mouse, the little Gamma Beta Sigma shrimp she dated, it couldn't be him. And if it were him, then how many times did the runt get to poke her before he knocked her up? And who, finally, were Miss and Mr. Foreplay on this campus, anyway, and what was the point of having a girlfriend with her own private room in her own unauthorized, nonuniversity housing with a landlady who apparently not only lived and let live but was this high-rolling high liver herself, if all he ever got to show for it was—pardon my French—the goddamn blue balls he went around with all bent over so he was never any higher than the little runt Gamma Beta Sigma son of a bitch himself?

•

The curfew, because of what the waiter had told them, had suddenly become a question between them. Because, though it was true, it no longer mattered to him that she was the more interesting. He had begun to discount her seniority, the damaged-goods factor, her recovered cripple's way of walking, her defiance and resentment and pride, even the outlaw housing, where, in the dark, in their nest there on the double bed, beneath all the queer hodgepodge of their coats and towels and laundry, all the odd, invisible motley of what, for warmth and style and texture, might just as well have been a house painter's dropcloth, she was even more inventive than he was. He had even begun to discount the fact that he loved her. Because he was jealous now. Because not only was he jealous now, he was furious.

Furious (and not just on poor, pregnant Rachel's behalf, either), and not just at the mouse, the little runt shrimp Gamma Beta Sigma son of a bitch, but at all single men and women everywhere, particularly at every unmarried undergraduate or graduate student, coed or otherwise, who was getting it, regularly or otherwise, anywhere in the jiving, shucking, civilized world.

And not only furious, either. Regretful as well. For all his bent-over trials by erection, his excruciating stalled blood and stopped-up sperm.

They quarreled. Or Druff did. Rose Helen just said no. *He* quarreled. Or cajoled and wheedled, rather; fawned and flattered, soft-soaped and begged.

He argued.

"There are less attractive guys than me. The Gamma Beta."

She didn't want to know.

And now they really quarreled, really went at it.

We never do this, he told her, we nev-

er do that, naming acts for her, citing specifically denied sexual frictions, indicting the five-or-so months they had known each other now, almost, as lawyers do, fixing dollar amounts to his pain and suffering (so much for each blue ball, so much for going around all bent over) and assessing his mental anguish (so much for frustration, so much for the personal humiliation he felt when he'd learned that even a little runty Gamma Beta Sigma mouse had knocked someone up).

"Don't I let you touch me down there?" Rose Helen said. She might have been close to tears. It sounded that way, but he couldn't tell. They were on Rose Helen's made bed. It was too dark to see. "Don't I?" she repeated. "Let you touch me down there?"

"Sure, through layers of underwear."

"Haven't you kissed my nipples?"

"Oh, come on, Rose Helen, you practically make me brush my teeth first," he said irritably. "And when did you let me even *touch* them with your brassiere *off*?"

"Don't you get to hold my behind?"

"With gloves on, mittens, through goddamn snowsuits."

"Don't you go under my dress?"

"I have to get past all the dry cleaning first, all the clothes and shower curtains on the damn bed. I have to prick my fingers on the pins in your Ship 'n Shore blouses. It's a regular obstacle course!"

"All right," she said, "haven't I kissed you down there?"

"*Through my trousers!*" Druff yelled.

"*Don't raise your voice to me!*" she said, raising her voice to him. "*And if this bed's such an obstacle course, why don't I just get out of it and remove one of the obstacles?*"

She got out of bed, smoothed down her clothing, turned on the light.

"Fine," Druff shouted in the now bright room, "and why don't *I* just remove the rest of them!" He ripped the bedspread off the bed, scattering it across the floor along with all his and Rose Helen's intervening protections, the various towels, washcloths, throw rugs and clothing.

"Pick all that up!" Rose Helen said.

"I won't do it," Druff said.

That was when Edward came up with their dinner.

"Hey," the waiter said, "what's going on here? It looks like a cyclone hit the place. What happened?"

"A cyclone hit the place," Druff said.

"Here," Edward said, "let me help you get some of this stuff up," and started to bend down.

"*Leave it alone!*" Rose Helen shouted. "*Don't touch a thing!*"

Which was when Mrs. Green, startling them all, came into the room.

"What's this shouting?" she demanded. "Didn't I tell you about the railroad workers," she said, "the irregular hours they keep? How are they supposed to get the rest they need if you people are so inconsiderate?"

She looked from one to the other, taking in the mess on the floor, taking in Rose Helen's *Butler's Principles of Basic Education*, Foerster's *American Poetry and Prose*, Druff's *Civics*, taking in the big cellophane-wrapped dinner plate with Rose Helen's supper on it.

"You kids aren't students, are you? That one, he isn't a waiter sneaking food in from some sorority he just stole it from where he sets table and serves the sisters their lunches and dinners, is he? Because I run a respectable house with railroad workers, beauticians, cashiers, Air Force wives and food handlers. This isn't any authorized university housing I do here to baby-sit a bunch of all-grown-up kids on the excuse that they're here for an education, while the truth is that the male grown-up kid is mostly just interested in finding some agreeable female grown-up kid who's willing to take his pecker and hold it inside her for a while."

"I don't steal it," Edward said.

"What's that?" Mrs. Green said.

"The food," he said. "I don't steal it."

"Well, all right," Mrs. Green said, "so you don't steal it. That's still no call to go shouting at each other at all hours of the day and night and make the kind of mess I see here on the fl——"

"They give it to me themselves. I'm no thief. I don't steal it. They make up the plates themselves. For her, for Rose Helen. 'Here,' they tell me, 'you're friends with them, you know where she's living, why don't you go on and take these scraps to her? We won't miss them, we'd only have to throw them out. Why should they go to waste? This way, we'll know that at least she's eating well. She was one of us, after all. We took her in once and made her feel welcome. What difference does it make that just because she thinks she had a falling out with us that she should go hungry? She's had a hard enough life as it is.' So I didn't steal it. The Chi Phi Kappas give it to me for her themselves."

"The *hypocrites*," Rose Helen shouted, "the *hypocrites*!" She started to cry.

Druff wouldn't leave. Rose Helen said no, he had to. She said that once he'd picked everything up he'd tossed on the floor, he could stay but that she expected him to observe the usual curfew.

That night she tried to kill herself. Mrs. Green and one of the railroad workers saved her life. They called the authorities and, afterward, Mrs. Green had the decency to call Druff at Mrs. Reese's to tell him what had happened.

She was still being held for observation when he proposed. Both of them understood that his proposal of marriage and her acceptance had nothing at all to do with forgiveness, or mercy, or either of their sorrows.

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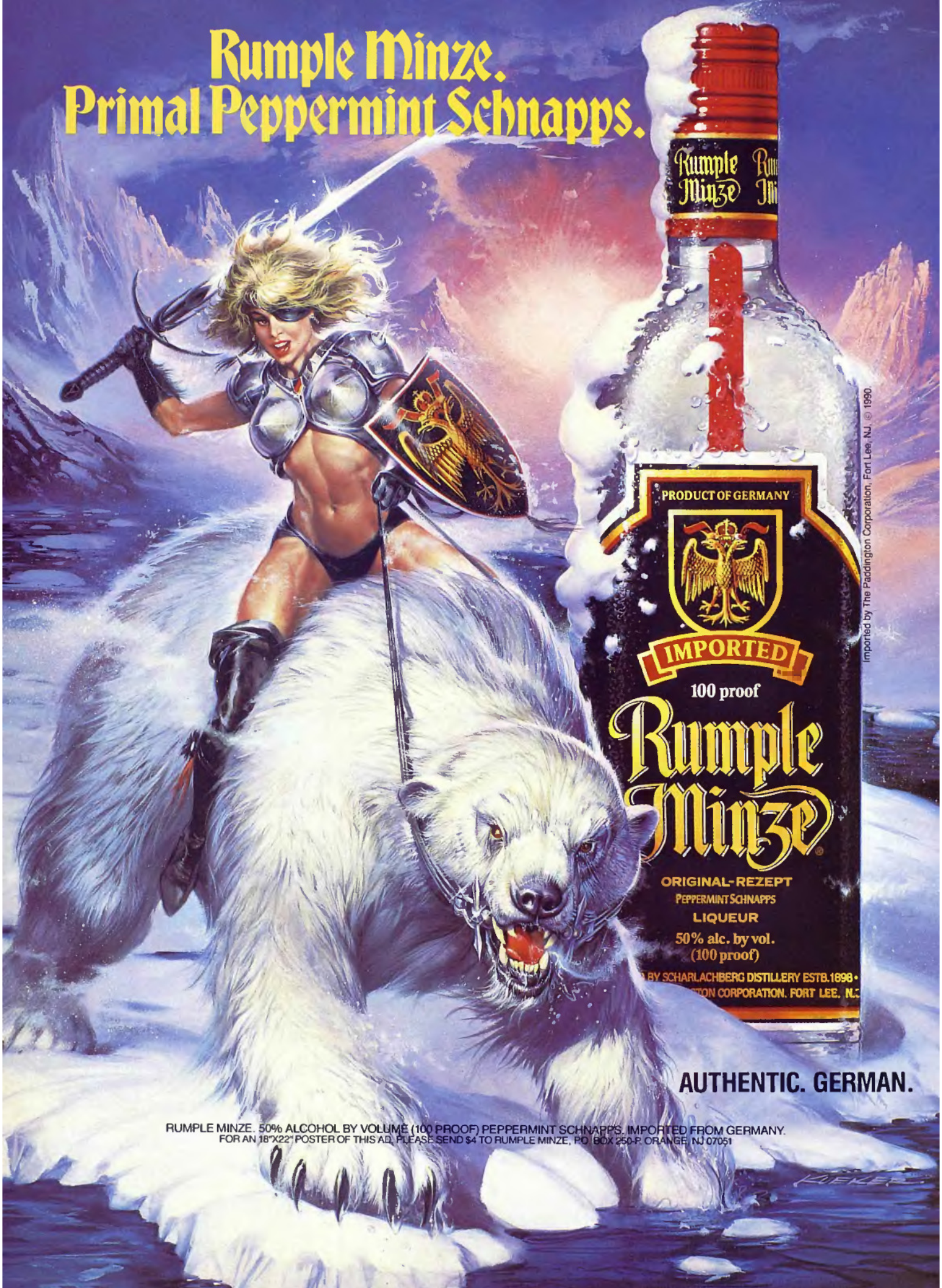
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PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

SIX PIPES A-SMOKING

Bing Crosby had it all together in the movie *Holiday Inn*. There he was with luscious Marjorie Reynolds, a roaring fireplace and his trademark pipe. What better way to enjoy Christmas than with a blonde, a blazing hearth and a briar? No wonder more pipes are sold during the month of December than at any other time of the year. Forget the snowstorm outside; the warmth of a pipe helps keep spirits bright. And as Hef discovered, a pipe definitely adds to your image. For relaxing after all the gifts have been opened or for a late-night smoke with that special someone while waiting for the jolly old fat man to appear, here are six great pipes—and some nifty accessories—perfect for yuletide puffing.

STEVE CONWAY

Below: Antique brass pipe rack, from Kentshire Galleries, New York, $900. Pipes on the rack, left to right: Walnut-finished Charatan Perfection, $270. Ferndown Canadian with a silver band, $215. Comoy Bulldog with a silver band, $125. Ascorti Christmas pipe in a limited edition of 500, $125. In front of the rack, left to right: Titanium-and-gold pipe companion, from Davidoff, New York, $80. Nightcap pipe, from Dunhill, Beverly Hills, $1050. Nording straight-grain Aristocrat, $165. Napa-leather tobacco pouch with spring-seal closure, $190, leather matchbox sleeve and smoker's matches, $90, and Oriental tobacco, $9, all from Davidoff. (For information on Where & How to Buy, see page 240.)

No Lure in Fur

Singers BJORK of the Sugarcubes (left) and NATALIE MERCHANT of 10,000 Maniacs aren't usually so closemouthed about their opposition to wearing fur. At Rock Against Fur, they mimed the antifur poster for the camera.

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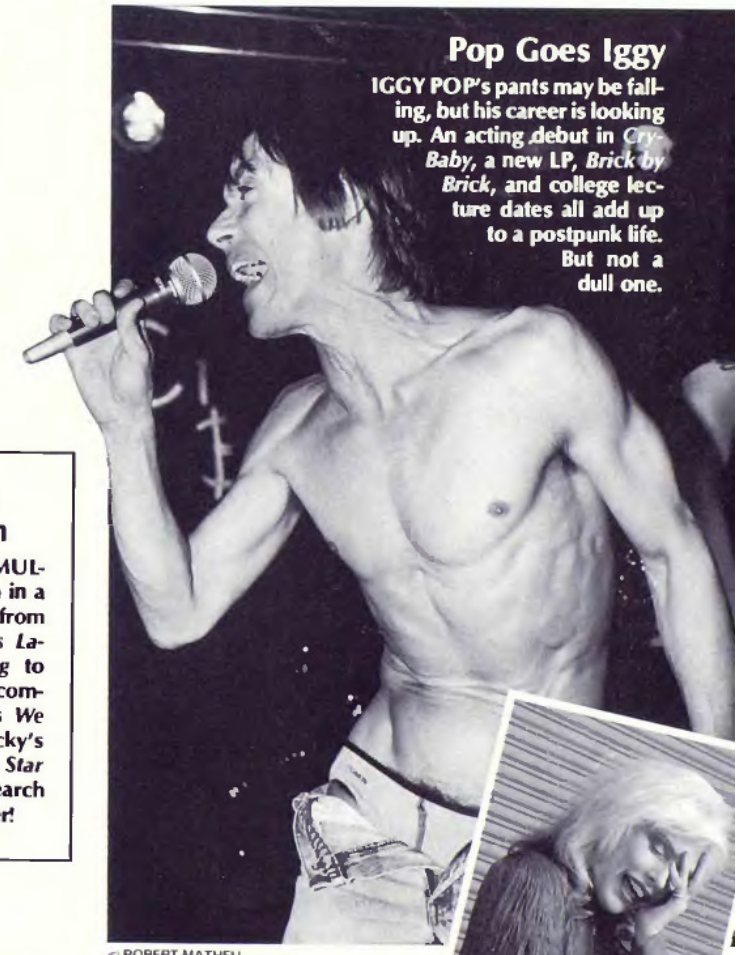
Blonde Ambition

Actress BECKY MULLEN can be seen in a variety of places, from cable's *Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling* to music videos to commercials to TV's *We Got It Made*. Becky's up for a spot on *Star Search*, but our search already is over!

Pop Goes Iggy

IGGY POP's pants may be falling, but his career is looking up. An acting debut in *Cry-Baby*, a new LP, *Brick by Brick*, and college lecture dates all add up to a postpunk life. But not a dull one.



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Fringe Benefit

DEBBIE HARRY has been on the road for months, first with Tears for Fears, more recently with the Tom Tom Club and the Ramones. She sang her Blondie chestnuts, regaled the crowd with cheesecake and had a few laughs.

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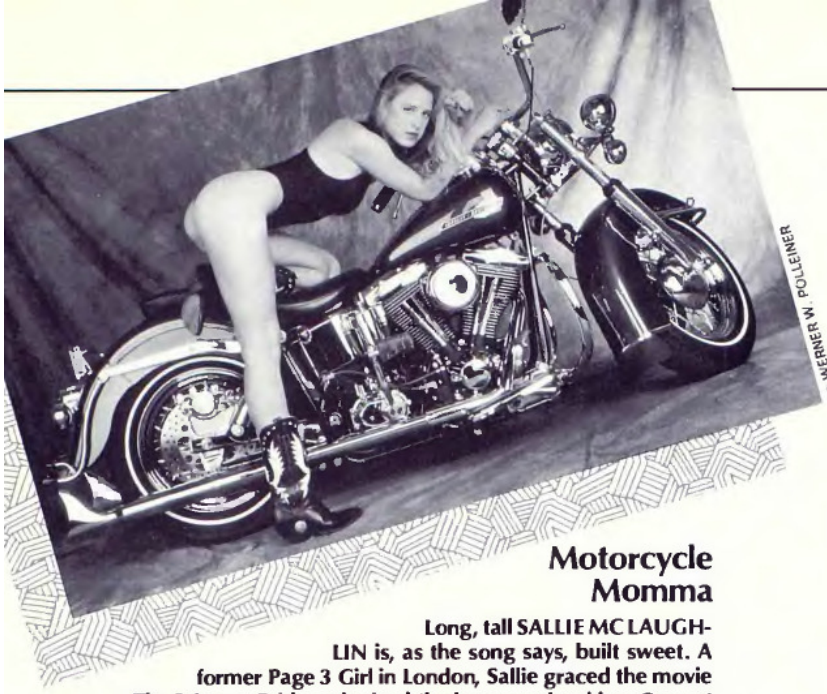

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Motorcycle Momma

Long, tall SALLIE MCLAUGHLIN is, as the song says, built sweet. A former Page 3 Girl in London, Sallie graced the movie *The Princess Bride* and raised the hormone level in a Guns n' Roses video. Our hormone level shot up after Sallie started basic bike maintenance.

Rule, Brittania

The citizens of Alberta weren't whistling *O Canada* when they voted BRITTANIA 1990's Best Chest. We second that emotion. For more, look for a poster and see her in the movie *The Hitcher*. We wouldn't tell her to take a hike.

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No Burn Marks

BILLY JOEL may be looking skeptical, but his wife, CHRISTIE BRINKLEY, knows better. By midyear, Billy's concert tour was breaking North American box-office records and his album *Storm Front* had gone triple platinum. Christie's chart-topping herself. Looks like he *did* start the fire.

GOLDILOCKS AND THE SYNTHETIC BEARSKIN

There's nothing like a bearskin rug to bring out the animal in a guy. And now you don't have to go hunting to adorn the hearth with a fuzzy trophy. WagAl's Inc., at 4821 Burris Drive, Louisville, Kentucky 40291, manufactures synthetic grizzly and polar bears that are about as close as you can get to the real McCoy. Two sizes are available: a six-foot rug for $399 and an eight-foot model for $449. WagAl's offers more than 100 border colors to choose from. Delivery time is about six to eight weeks. That should give you enough time to clean out the library and order more firewood.

THE SAN FRANCISCO WHISKY TRAIL

San Francisco is the third-largest Scotch market in the United States, its consumption being nearly 9,000,000 bottles a year. To make it even easier to find your favorite blend or single malt, The Scotch Whisky Information Center, 1675 Broadway, New York 10019, is offering an oversized San Francisco Scotch Whisky Trail map that includes a guide to the city's 100 best bars and restaurants for sipping the nectar of the clans. (Of course, Edinburgh Castle restaurant is on the map.) There's plenty of lore on San Francisco's Scottish sites and history, too (the San Andreas Fault was discovered by a Scot). The cost of the map is only two dollars—half of which will go toward the preservation of Muir Woods, the redwood forest that is a national monument just north of San Francisco. We'll drink to that.

PUT ON A HAPPY MOUTH

If your morning-after mouth sends your significant other running for cover, maybe it's time you tried IntiMint, new sugar-free mints that adhere to your gums and freshen your breath for about two hours. A bottle of 200 IntiMints costs $34.95 and provides some 400 hours of refreshing protection—provided, of course, you're not one of those nervous gnawers. To order, phone 800-695-MINT. But no heavy breathing, please.

GO SOUTHWEST, YOUNG MAN

Hankering to tour the Arizona desert near Scottsdale with such legendary local guides as Maddog and Sex Machine? Then give Cowboy Desert Tours, at 602-941-2227, a call. They offer a four-hour scenic tour in an open or enclosed jeep for $55 per person, including six-gun shooting, a great nature walk and sodas. And if there are ten or more in your party, they throw in a water-balloon ambush. Don't say we didn't warn you.

HARLEY HOLIDAY

If you're as tired as Santa is of battling old man winter's icy breath, check out Harley-Davidson's newest line of wind-cutting outerwear. No, it doesn't just include variations of the classic Hell's-Angels-bent-for-leather jacket. Leather, yes; but the designs are contemporary and functional, with deep pockets and reinforced nylon thread. One style we particularly like is the black Harley trench coat for about $500, featuring a short stand-up collar and a full lining. The line also includes hats, boots and medium and short jackets. All are available at Harley-Davidson stores.

MORE GHOSTS OF CHRISTMAS PAST

That "squeezing, grasping, covetous old sinner" Ebenezer Scrooge is back in a new hardcover edition of *A Christmas Carol*, published by Stewart, Tabori & Chang. The text, of course, is the same classic holiday tale that Charles Dickens wrote 147 years ago. But the illustrations are by Roberto Innocenti, a self-taught illustrator from Florence, Italy, who does a wonderful job of capturing the haunting details of the world's most famous ghost story in 24 full-color illustrations. The price: just $25. Even poor old Bob Cratchit could afford that.

OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

"This is a collector's item, not a toy for children," reads the box in which Mdvanii (pronounced med-*vah*-nee) is packaged. Mdvanii is the love child of BillyBoy, the owner of Surreal Productions in Paris. She's a 10"-tall doll that collectors the world over are clamoring to own. Why? Under her designer dresses, Mdvanii is anatomically correct, and her make-up is by artist Mel Odom, a *Playboy* regular. Mdvanii costs $195 sent to Collector's United, P.O. Box 1160, Chatsworth, Georgia 30705.

PIN ONE ON

The late, great Patrick Nagel has left a legacy of terrific art. And now his widow, Jennifer Dumas, is making one of his images available as a 2¼" limited-edition brooch, handmade in cloisonné (shown here). One thousand editions are being sold by Acme Studios, at 800-447-ACME, for $95.35 apiece, postpaid. Each, packaged in a velvet pouch, comes with a numbered certificate.

ONE FOR THE MONEY

At this holiday time of the year, before you dole out your hard-earned shekels to the next extended palm, take a look at *The Giver's Guide*, by Philip English Mackey. It's a resource book on the world of charities that will help you evaluate organizations (including information on top executives' salaries) and understand the ways to give and the effects of your giving. No, *The Giver's Guide*'s price of $14.95 isn't tax deductible.

NEXT MONTH

HOT JAZZ

TENSE PROMISE

DESIGNATED DRINKS

PLAYMATE REVIEW

"SPIES IN THE HOUSE OF LOVE"—HANG OUT AT TODAY'S MEET MART AND YOU'RE MORE LIKELY TO SNARE A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR THAN A DATE. A REPORT FROM THE FRONT BY **PAMELA MARIN**

SHE'S THE HOTTEST FEMALE DIRECTOR IN HOLLYWOOD. **PENNY MARSHALL** IS ALSO BASHFUL, QUIRKY, DRIVEN, HILARIOUS AND THE SUBJECT OF AN IMPROBABLE *PLAYBOY PROFILE*—BY **JOE MORGENSTERN**

"DRINKS FOR DESIGNATED DRIVERS"—BOOZE-FREE OPTIONS FOR HIGH-SPIRITED HOLIDAY REVELERS—BY **RICHARD LALICH**

"THE MALE WARRIOR"—GET SET FOR THE NEXT REVOLUTION. IT'S ALL ABOUT HANGING TOUGH AND TAKING HEART. AN IMPORTANT VIEW OF MEN IN THE NINETIES—BY **ASA BABER**

"APERTO E CHIUSO"—ALLENSON'S MUCH YOUNGER THIRD WIFE HAS JITTERS ABOUT HIS DRIVING—AND HIS FIDELITY. A STORY BY **JOHN UPDIKE**

"THE PROMISE"—POLICE TRAINEE EILEEN BURKE POSES AS A HOOKER FOR A LUNATIC HOLDING HIS GRANDDAUGHTER HOSTAGE—FICTION BY **ED MC BAIN**

"PLAYBOY'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF JAZZ AND ROCK"—PART TWO: MUSIC WITH ATTITUDE—WILD TIMES AS JAZZ SWEEPS NEW ORLEANS AND GETS THE REST OF THE COUNTRY SWINGING

PLUS: SIZZLING **LENA** (*ENEMIES, A LOVE STORY*) **OLIN** ANSWERS **"20 QUESTIONS"; HELMUT NEWTON** VENTURES INTO VOYEURISM; **GARY COLE** PICKS THE WINNERS IN OUR ANNUAL **COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW; "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"** AND A NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY TO END ALL PARTIES

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: AN INSIDE LOOK AT **SADDAM HUSSEIN** AND THE CRISIS WITH IRAQ; THE SECRET TO BETTING POINT SPREADS; **ROBERT DOWNEY, JR.,** VENTS HIS SPLEEN; **MADONNA** VENTS EVERYTHING ELSE; REAL ESTATE FOR THE APOCALYPSE; THE MURDERS THAT SHOCKED HOLLYWOOD; REEL RIBALDRY FROM **SISKEL** AND **EBERT;** AN INTERVIEW WITH **GEORGE STEINBRENNER;** PLUS MUCH, MUCH MORE

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